2 June 1979 US $1.50c (by air)/Canada 80c 20p

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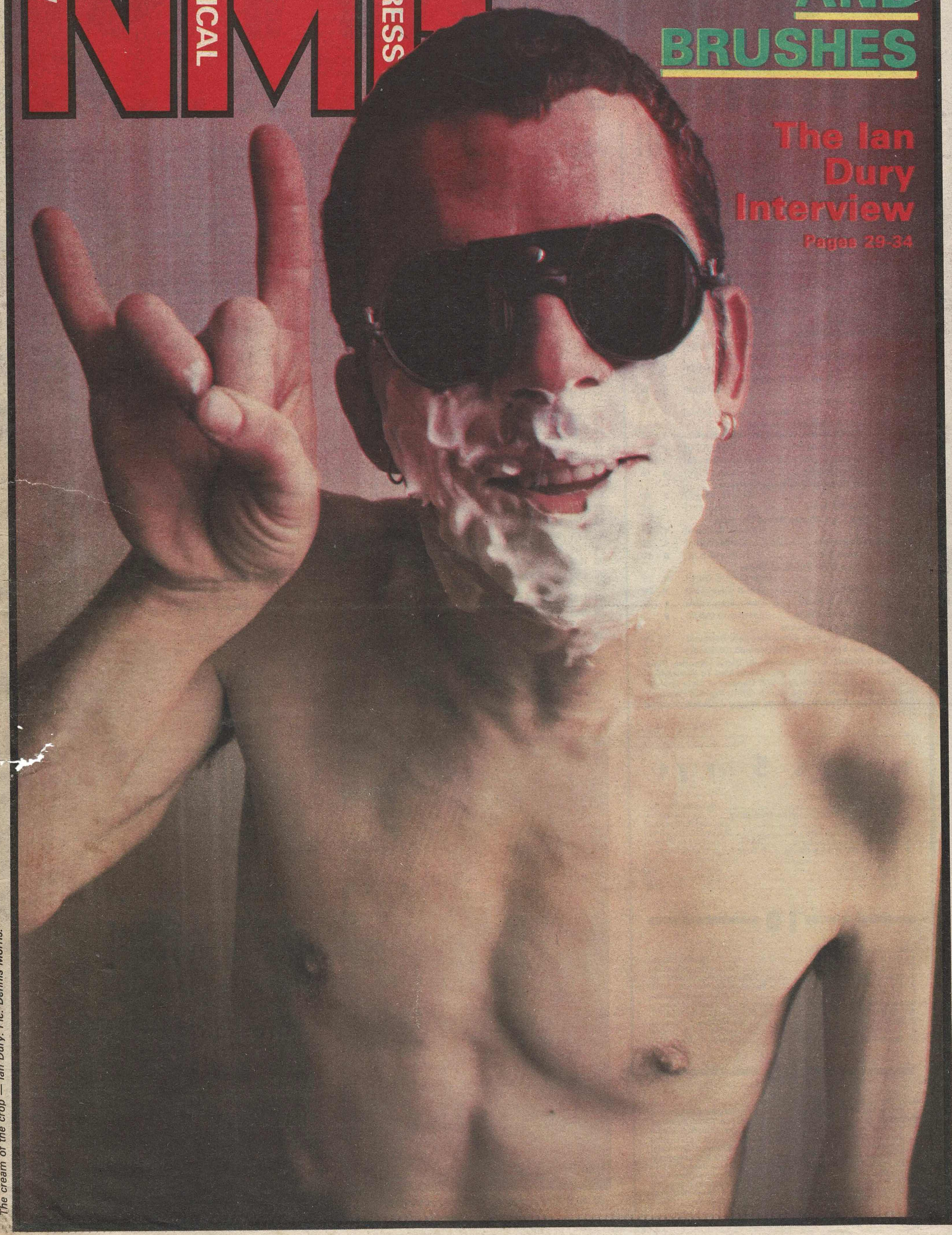
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NEW PAINT AND BRUSHES

The Ian Dury Interview

Pages 29-34



The cream of the crop — Ian Dury. Pic: Dennis Morris.

CHARTS

Week ending June 2, 1979

uk singles

This Last Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(8)	**Sunday Girl**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	2	1
2	(4)	**Dance Away**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	3	2
3	(3)	**Reunited**	Peaches & Herb (Polydor)	5	3
4	(2)	**Pop Muzik**	M (MCA)	7	1
5	(14)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth, Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	5
6	(6)	**Does Your Mother Know**	Abba (Epic)	4	4
7	(1)	**Bright Eyes**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	10	1
8	(10)	**Parisienne Walkways**	Gary Moore (MCA)	5	8
9	(15)	**Boys Keep Swingin'**	David Bowie (RCA)	4	9
10	(22)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	10
11	(11)	**Roxanne**	Police (A & M)	5	11
12	(7)	**Knock On Wood**	Amii Stewart (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	5
13	(5)	**Hooray Hooray It's A Holi Holiday**	Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	5	3
14	(19)	**Theme From The Deerhunter**	Shadows (EMI)	3	14
15	(9)	**One Way Ticket**	Eruption (Atlantic/Hansa)	6	8
16	(25)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead (Philadelphia)	2	16
17	(18)	**Cost Of Living EP**	Clash (CBS)	2	17
17	(20)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	2	17
19	(16)	**Jimmy Jimmy**	Undertones (Sire)	4	16
20	(29)	**The Number One Song In Heaven**	Sparks (Virgin)	2	20
21	(—)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)	1	21
22	(24)	**Nice Legs Shame About Her Face**	Monks (Carrere)	4	22
23	(—)	**Masquerade**	Skids (Virgin)	1	23
24	(13)	**Banana Splits**	Dickies (A & M)	5	10
25	(—)	**Bridge Over Troubled Water**	Linda Clifford (RSO)	1	25
26	(—)	**Gertcha**	Chas & Dave (EMI)	1	26
27	(—)	**H.A.P.P.Y. Radio**	Edwin Starr (RCA)	1	27
28	(12)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp (A&M)	8	6
29	(—)	**Are Friends Electric**	Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	1	29
30	(30)	**Love Song**	The Damned (Chiswick)	3	26

UP AND COMING: Is There Anybody There / Another Piece Of Meat — Scorpians (Harvest); **I Want You To Want Me** — Cheap Trick (Epic); **Accidents Will Happen** — Elvis Costello (Radar); **Say When** — Lene Lovich (Stiff); **We Are Family** — Sister Sledge (Atlantic); **The Lone Ranger** — Quantum Jump (Pye).

years 5 ago

Week ending May 28, 1974

1	**Sugar Baby Love**	Rubettes (Polydor)
2	**This Town Ain't Big Enough For Both Of Us**	Sparks (Island)
3	**Shang-A-Lang**	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
4	**The Night Chicago Died**	Paper Lace (Bus Stop)
5	**Don't Stay Away Too Long**	Peters & Lee (Philips)
6	**There's A Ghost In My House**	R. Dean Taylor (Tamla Motown)
7	**Red Dress**	Alvin Stardust (Magnet)
8	**Break The Rules**	Status Quo (Vertigo)
9	**If I Didn't Care**	David Cassidy (Bell)
10	**Waterloo**	Abba (CBS)

10

Week ending May 28, 1969

1	**Get Back**	Beatles (Apple)
2	**Dizzy**	Tommy Roe (Stateside)
3	**Man Of The World**	Fleetwood Mac (Immediate)
4	**My Sentimental Friend**	Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
5	**My Way**	Frank Sinatra (Reprise)
6	**Behind A Painted Smile**	Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
7	**The Boxer**	Simon and Garfunkel (CBS)
8	**Ragamuffin Man**	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
9	**Love Me Tonight**	Tom Jones (Decca)
10	**Come Back And Shake Me**	Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)

15

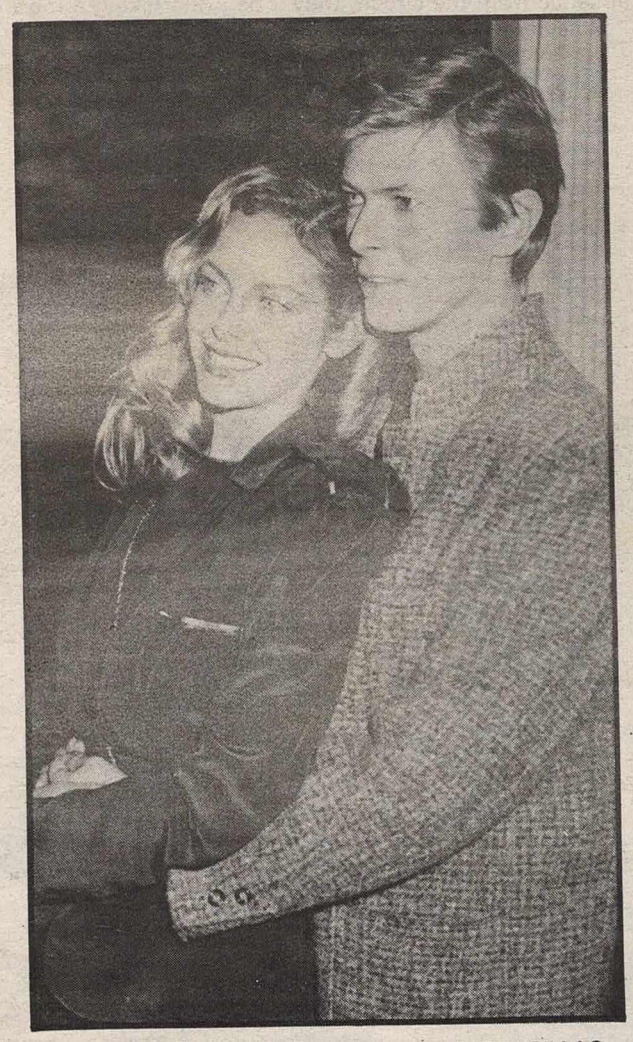
Week ending May 27, 1964

1	**You're My World**	Cilla Black (Parlophone)
2	**Juliet**	Four Pennies (Philips)
3	**It's Over**	Roy Orbison (London)
4	**My Boy Lollipop**	Millie (Fontana)
5	**Constantly**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
6	**A Little Loving**	Fourmost (Parlophone)
7	**No Particular Place to Go**	Chuck Berry (Pye Int.)
8	**The Rise And Fall Of Flingel Bunt**	Shadows (Columbia)
9	**My Guy**	Mary Wells (Stateside)
10	**Don't Throw Your Love Away**	Searchers (Pye)

uk albums

This Last Week				Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Voulez Vous**	Abba (Epic)	4	1
2	(2)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	9	1
3	(3)	**Fate For Breakfast**	Art Garfunkel (CBS)	6	3
4	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp (A & M)	10	2
5	(6)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	2
6	(11)	**Manifesto**	Roxy Music (Polydor)	10	6
7	(5)	**Black Rose**	Thin Lizzy (Phonogram)	5	2
8	(9)	**Dire Straits**	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	13	4
9	(30)	**Do It Yourself**	Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	2	9
10	(19)	**The Billie Jo Spears Singles Album**	Billie Jo Spears (United Artists)	2	10
11	(23)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	2	11
12	(7)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees (RSO)	17	1
13	(10)	**Last The Whole Night Through**	James Last (Polydor)	6	10
14	(14)	**Out Of The Blue**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	70	3
15	(13)	**Barbra Streisand's Hits Vol 2**	(CBS)	12	1
16	(8)	**C'est Chic**	Chic (Atlantic)	17	1
17	(15)	**Outlandos D'Amour**	Police (A&M)	4	9
18	(—)	**A Monument To British Rock**	Various (Harvest)	1	18
19	(25)	**The Undertones**	The Undertones (Sire)	2	19
20	(12)	**Country Life**	Various (EMI)	8	4
21	(17)	**Manilow Magic**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	13	2
22	(16)	**Lionheart**	Kate Bush (EMI)	18	10
23	(27)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)	3	18
24	(—)	**Bat Out Of Hell**	Meatloaf (Epic)	37	2
25	(22)	**Go West**	Village People (Mercury)	3	22
26	(24)	**Livin' Inside Your Love**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	5	21
27	(18)	**Hi Energy**	Various (K-Tel)	4	16
28	(28)	**The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle**	Sex Pistols (Virgin)	13	5
29	(—)	**Spectral Mornings**	Steve Hackett (Charisma)	1	29
30	(—)	**Rock Legends**	Various (Ronco)	1	30

UP AND COMING: Life In A Day — Simple Minds (Zoom); **Gimme Some Neck** — Ron Wood (CBS); **Remote Control** — Tubes (A&M); **No More Fear Of Flying** — Gary Brooker (Chrysalis); **Love Drive** — Scorpians (Harvest); **Lodger** — David Bowie (RCA).



DAVID BOWIE and SIDNE ROME. Pic: ANDRE CSILLAG.

us singles

This Last Week			
1	(2)	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer
2	(1)	**Reunited**	Peaches and Herb
3	(9)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
4	(6)	**Love You Inside Out**	Bee Gees
5	(3)	**Heart Of Glass**	Blondie
6	(8)	**Just When I Needed You Most**	Randy Van Warmer
7	(5)	**Shake Your Body (Down To The Ground)**	Jacksons
8	(10)	**The Logical Song**	Supertramp
9	(4)	**In The Navy**	Village People
10	(11)	**Disco Nights (Rick Freak)**	GQ
11	(7)	**Goodnight Tonight**	Wings
12	(19)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
13	(22)	**She Believes In Me**	Kenny Rogers
14	(16)	**Ain't Love A Bitch**	Rod Stewart
15	(23)	**You Take My Breath Away**	Rex Smith
16	(17)	**Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy**	Bad Company
17	(12)	**Love Takes Time**	Orleans
18	(18)	**Renegade**	Styx
19	(20)	**Deeper Than The Night**	Olivia Newton-John
20	(27)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
21	(—)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire with The Emotions
22	(—)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
23	(24)	**Honesty**	Billy Joel
24	(28)	**Making It**	David Naughton
25	(25)	**Get Used To It**	Roger Voudouris
26	(—)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
27	(—)	**Shine A Little Love**	Electric Light Orchestra
28	(29)	**(If Loving You Is Wrong) I Don't Want To Be Right**	Barbara Mandrell
29	(30)	**Hot Number**	Foxy
30	(13)	**Love Is The Answer**	England Dan & John Ford Coley

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

us albums

This Last Week			
1	(1)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**2 Hot!**	Peaches and Herb
4	(5)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
5	(7)	**We Are Family**	Sister Sledge
6	(4)	**Spirits Having Flown**	Bee Gees
7	(6)	**Minute By Minute**	Doobie Brothers
8	(10)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
9	(9)	**At The Budokan**	Cheap Trick
10	(8)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
11	(11)	**Go West**	Village People
12	(15)	**Sooner Or Later**	Rex Smith
13	(17)	**Flag**	James Taylor
14	(12)	**Parallel Lines**	Blondie
15	(13)	**Disco Nights**	GQ
16	(22)	**At The Budokan**	Bob Dylan
17	(14)	**Dire Straits**	Dire Straits
18	(16)	**Destiny**	The Jacksons
19	(20)	**52nd Street**	Billy Joel
20	(24)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
21	(19)	**Blondes Have More Fun**	Rod Stewart
22	(18)	**Evolution**	Journey
23	(26)	**Pieces Of Eight**	Styx
24	(21)	**Livin' Inside Your Love**	George Benson
25	(25)	**The Cars**	
26	(30)	**Running Like The Wind**	Marshall Tucker Band
27	(23)	**Sheik Yerbouti**	Frank Zappa
28	(27)	**Enlightened Rogues**	Allman Brothers Band
29	(28)	**Bustin' Out Of L Seven**	Rick James
30	(—)	**Wave**	Patti Smith Group

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

disco

All 12" singles.
*** denotes import.**

1	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward (TK)
2	**Get Another Love**	Chantel Curtis (Key*)
3	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden and Whitehead (Philadelphia Int)
4	**Dancin' At The Disco**	Lax (Prelude*)
5	**Super Sweet**	Wardell Piper (Midsong*)
6	**When You Wake Up**	Candi Statton (Warner Brothers)
7	**The Best Beat In Town**	Switch (Gordy*)
8	**Hot Stuff**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)
9	**Je Survivai**	Regine (Prism*)
10	**Full Tilt Boogie**	Uncle Louis (TK*)

Chart Supplied By: Quicksilver Soul Source, 36 Hanway Street, W1.

reggae

All 7" pre-release.

1	**Children Crying**	Congos (Congo Ashanty)
2	**Proper Education**	Micky Dread (Steppers)
3	**Cricket Lovely Cricket**	Jah Thomas (Midnight Rock)
4	**Cell Block 11**	Dillinger (Flag)
5	**O Lord Deliver Us**	Prince Alla (Dawn)
6	**Ain't No Love**	Ken Boothe (Hulk)
7	**Marshall Dreadlocks**	Clint Eastwood (Yabby U)
8	**Blow Mr Latty**	Latty Gusang (Dread At Controls)
9	**Superman Superdread**	Trinity (Chrysalis)
10	**Red Gold and Green**	I Roy (Gusse)

Chart supplied by: Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W1.

Lizzy likely for Reading

THIN LIZZY are considering an offer to headline one of the three nights at this year's Reading Festival, which as usual takes place during August Bank Holiday weekend (24-26).

A spokesman for the band said they have received a number of offers to perform at major open-air events this summer, and are likely to accept one. At present, Reading is favourite — not only because of its prestige, but also because the band will be working in the States for much of the summer, and are unlikely to return here before August.

Meanwhile, Lizzy have a new single titled 'Do Anything You Want To' released by Vertigo on June 8 — it's taken from their current hit album 'Black Rose', which has now qualified for a Gold Disc in Britain.

MARQUEE LAUNCH NEW BOWL VENUE

A NEW OPEN-AIR venue in Milton Keynes is — if all goes well — to stage its first concert on Saturday, July 21. The site is an old quarry which has been reclaimed into a crescent-shaped bowl, and which will eventually be capable of accommodating 100,000 people. The Marquee Club, organisers of the Reading Festival, have been asked to take it over for five years — and they plan to start on July 21 with an experimental low-key event which they hope will attract about 15,000 or 20,000 people.

Said promoter Jack Barrie at the Marquee: "We're looking for half-a-dozen good bands for the show, who collectively could attract about that number of people. Next year we'll be looking for 30,000, and the following year 50,000 — until eventually we build it up into Britain's nearest equivalent to the Hollywood Bowl".

THE 'OO in Cannes recently, with current keyboards man 'RABBIT' BUNDRICK (right)

WHO'S PLAYING THE STADIUM?

IT NOW SEEMS virtually certain that rock will be returning this summer to the giant Wembley Stadium, London's soccer showplace, after an absence of several years. One major concert is known to be almost finalised for August, and there's a possibility of a second event being staged there the same month.

Widespread reports in rock circles this week suggest that The Who have settled on the stadium as the venue for the major open-air comeback gig they've been promising us. And the band's John Entwistle pinpointed the date as Saturday, August 18.

Official Who sources still insist that no date or venue for the concert has yet been settled. Said a spokesman: "There are a number of possibilities still open, Wembley and Knebworth among them."

But despite reports elsewhere last week, Knebworth promoter Frederick Bannister denied categorically that he'll be staging a second show (after Zeppelin) with The Who. So everything seems to be pointing to Wembley — which would give 80,000 people (the official police limit for a rock concert) the opportunity of seeing The Who in action.

ZEP ticket mania

RESPONSE to last week's announcement that Led Zeppelin are making their stage comeback after two year's absence on August 4, when they headline the prestige Knebworth event, has been phenomenal.

Harlequin Records, who are accepting postal bookings, have been inundated with applications. And their branches all over the country, as well as those of Virgin Records, have been swamped with enquiries about tickets going on sale to personal callers.

Full details of the points of purchase, and the precise dates and times of opening, are published on pages 18 and 19 of this issue.

It's stressed that the volume of mail-order bookings will in no way affect the allocation of tickets to these purchase points. Explained promoter Frederick Bannister: "A certain number of tickets have been set aside for postal applicants. The rest have been distributed as fairly as possible to the various personal sales points."

He added that the demand already has been "the most incredible in my experience", and it seems unlikely that few — if any — tickets will be left after next Monday.

Meanwhile, bearing in mind that no mail orders will be opened until this coming weekend, there is still time to apply by post. The address is Knebworth Concert, c/o Harlequin Records, 201 Oxford Street, London W.1. Make cheques and POs payable to "Knebworth Concert" and enclose SAE. Tickets are priced £7.50, including VAT.

● Rest of the Knebworth bill has not yet been finished, but an announcement is expected next week. It's understood that negotiations are almost complete for a top American act to appear, as well as three other attractions. More details in our next issue.

Groovies gigs

DATES AND VENUES have now been confirmed for the June tour by The Flamin' Groovies — which, as reported last week, has been hastily re-scheduled after an agency switch threatened its postponement. The tour ties in with the release by Sire this weekend of the band's new album 'Jumpin' In The Night', followed by their single 'Absolutely Sweet Marie' on June 15. It's likely that one or two more gigs will be slotted in to their schedule, but those finalised at the moment are:

London Camden Dingwalls (June 13), Sheffield Limit Club (14), Newport The Village (15), Liverpool Oscar's (16), Dumfries Stagecoach (17), Edinburgh Tiffany's (18), Aberdeen Raffles (19), Bradford University (20), Birmingham Barbarella's (22), High Wycombe Town Hall (25), Oxford Wadham College (27) and Bournemouth Town Hall (29). The visit concludes with an appearance in the Dublin Festival on Sunday, July 1.

STRANGULATION 40-gig tour planned

FRESH FROM their headlining spot in the Loch Lomond Festival last Saturday, The Stranglers are already planning more open-air appearances this summer. They are considering several offers, including one for an outdoor gig in Lancashire on August 18, and are said to be "almost certain" to top Belgium's Bilsen Festival the next day (19). Their next UK tour is now scheduled for the autumn and, to compensate for their lengthy absence from the circuit, they'll be undertaking a massive itinerary of about 40 dates.

More immediately, they fly to Spain next week to play three concerts, then travel on to Paris to start work on their new album in the Pathe Marconi Studios. This will occupy them until the end of July, which means that Hugh Cornwell's plans to play some solo gigs that month are now likely to be shelved. Instead, release of his solo ablum 'Nosferatu' is now likely to be put back, so that he can promote it more effectively on The Stranglers' tour of Britain — which will follow a series of French gigs in September.

Buzzcocks: Hyde Park threatened

THE BUZZCOCKS' proposed free open-air concert in London's Hyde Park, planned for August 18, looked this week to be encountering some degree of official opposition — even though the Department of the Environment has already given permission for it to take place. It seems the D. of E. has only now got around to inquiring who The Buzzcocks are, and what their drawing power would be in terms of audience numbers — and they don't very much like the sort of answers they've been getting!

An official of the Department called NME to ask about the band, and admitted it was only one of a number of enquiries he was making. He observed that, at best, "a sizeable police presence would be needed" — and at worst, it might be necessary to "re-think the whole thing". He claimed the Department has the power to revoke permission for the concert to go ahead, but hoped "it wouldn't come to that." Much depends upon the outcome of a meeting between D. of E. officials and promoters Asgard later this week.

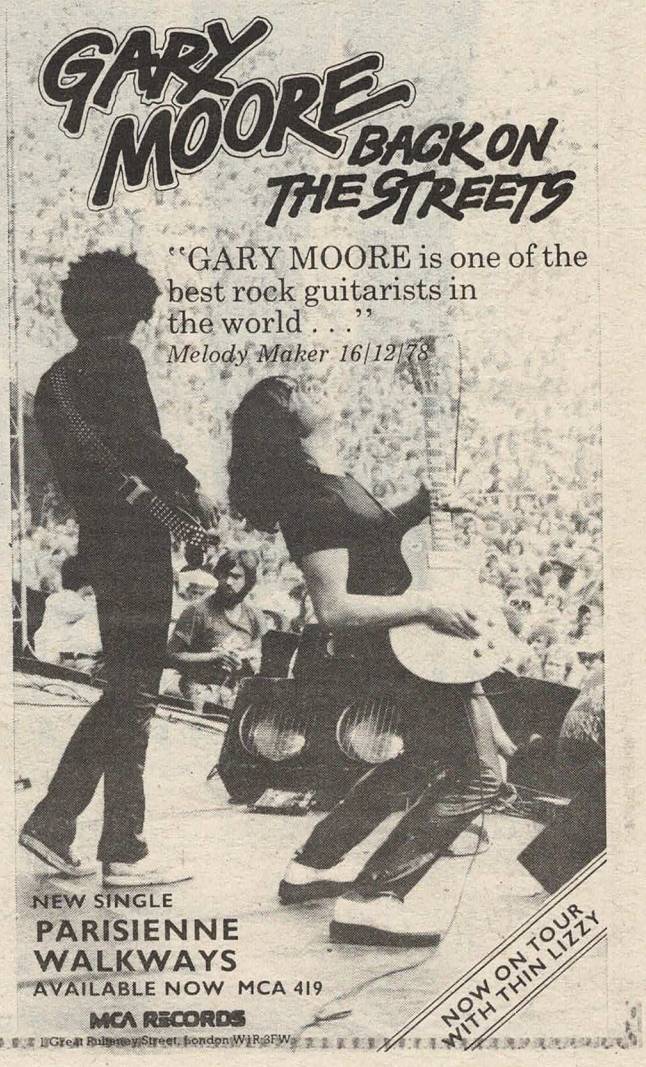
— BUT THEY MAY PLAY DEEPLY VALE EVENT

THE DEEPLY VALE People's Free Festival is being staged again this year for the fourth time — and it's understood that The Buzzcocks are among the bands who have expressed interest in taking part. The six-day event runs from August 2 to 7 inclusive, and the organisers say they hope to have a big-name act headlining every day. Last year's festival attracted 18,000, and a bigger attendance is expected this year. The site is on the A56 Burnley out of Bury road, about 14 miles north of Manchester.

● Glastonbury Fayre (June 21-23) tickets are being sold through Virgin shops all at the one price of £5, as apparently the computer couldn't cope with advance cut-price offers. Hi-Tension and John Cooper Clarke are the latest additions to the bill.

Weather Report — three concerts

WEATHER REPORT return to Britain in early July to play three major concerts — at London Hammersmith Odeon (7 and 8) and Brighton Dome (9) — and this will be their last UK visit for at least a year. They'll be playing a full two-hour set, with no support act, and all three shows start at 8pm. Hammersmith tickets are available now priced £4.50, £4, £3.50 and £3; the Brighton box-office opens on June 11 and prices are £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50. The band are currently mixing a new album, still untitled, which hopefully will be ready for release by CBS at about the time of their visit.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RECORD NEWS SPECIAL

● **Maggie Bell's** title song from the TV series 'Hazell', written and produced by Roxy Music's Andy Mackay, is now available in limited picture-disc form — with a photo of Maggie on one side, and Nicholas 'Hazell' Ball on the other. Originally released by Swan Song last year, it's now reissued to coincide with the current series.

● **Scarecrow,** a band with a large following on the London gig circuit, have released a live album to mark their tenth anniversary — titled 'Spilt Milk', it was recorded at the Marquee Club and Camden Brecknock. Available by post priced £3.75 (including p&p) from Spilt Milk Records, 3 Hormead Road, London W.9.

● **Noosha Fox,** former lead singer with now-defunct group Fox, returns to the recording scene this weekend after a mysterious absence. Her new single 'The Heat Is On' is released by Chrysalis in both seven and 12-inch forms, both in picture sleeves. She is currently in the studios working on a new album.

●**Wings,** whose new album 'Back To The Egg' was announced last week, have their latest single issued by EMI tomorrow (Friday). The tracks are 'Old Siam Sir' and 'Spin It On', both taken from the new LP and both Paul McCartney compositions.

● Out this weekend is a **Rolling Stones** album titled 'Time Waits For No-One: Anthology 1971-77'. It's the band's last release under their deal with WEA Records, and is a compilation of tracks from their previous six sets for that company.

● Heavy metal band **Marseille,** who have been touring Britain with Judas Priest, have a three-track single titled 'Over And Over' issued by Mountain this weekend. They've just started work on their debut album for the label, with John Punter producing.

● The soundtrack album from **'The Muppet Movie',** which opens in London this week, has been acquired by CBS for mid-June release.

● The single 'Can't Stand Losing You' by **The Police** is re-released by A&M on June 22. It's taken from their hit album 'Outlandos D'Amour', but failed to get off the ground when it was originally issued last year. Meanwhile, **Bobby Henry** — who supports The Police on their UK tour starting this week — has his single 'Soho Sad Show' out on the same label this weekend. And still with A&M, Dickies keyboards man **Chuck Wagon** has a solo single titled 'Rock'n'Roll Won't Go Away' issued on June 8.

Ramones: double live and film soundtrack

THE RAMONES' live double album 'It's Alive' — recorded at London Rainbow on New Year's Eve, 1977 — is released by Sire this weekend and retails at only £4.99. It features the band with their original drummer Tommy (Erdelyi), who also co-produced it. The set — which is virtually a 28-track Greatest Hits collection — will not be issued in America.

Meanwhile, the band's first feature film 'Rock'n'Roll High School' is now on release in the States. The soundtrack features a live Ramones medley recorded at the LA Roxy, plus two new studio tracks. New World Pictures are setting up a UK distribution deal, and the film should be in British cinemas by late summer. The soundtrack LP — also featuring Nick Lowe, Eno, Devo, Eddie & The Hot Rods, Alice Cooper and Chuck Berry — will be issued by Sire to coincide with the movie's opening here.

● **Darling,** the group featuring ex-Slack Alice singer Alice Spring, have their single 'Do Ya Wanna?' issued on Charisma on June 8 — with their album 'Put It Down To Experience' following a week later. They've been booked as support act on the upcoming UK tour by Manfred Mann's Earth Band.

● Lightning Records are launching a subsidiary label called Scope, which will make available in-demand disco material, mainly licensed from small companies. First singles this weekend, both on 12" and 7", are 'Love Disco Style' by the **Erotic Drum Band** and 'Silly Games' by **Janet Kay.** Distribution is through WEA.

● New Bristol label Fried Egg Records bows in with 'I Can't Help It', the first single from local band **Shoes For Industry,** who were recently on the 'Be Limp' college tour and are likely soon to be supporting Wild Willy Barrett on the road. Another Bristol band **The Wild Beasts** will have a single out later in June.

● Independent label Cherry Red have picked up the UK rights to the latest **Runaways** LP, recorded late last year when the band's line-up was Joan Jett, Lita Ford, Sandy West and Vicki Blue. Titled 'And Now . . . The Runaways', it's released on June 29 and will be available in different colour vinyls. Tracks include The Beatles song 'Eight Days A Week', Slade's 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now' and a Steve Jones song called 'Black Leather'.

● Mark Perry, Dave George and Dennis Burns have a single titled 'The Force Is Blind' issued by Deptford Fun City Records this week under the name of **Alternative TV.** With the addition of Henry Badowski and Gillian Hanna, they have now expanded into **The Good Missionaries** — and as such, will be recording a studio album in July. It will be preceded in mid-June by a live album compiled from various ATV/Missionaries tapes.

● Stiff Records, who have already met with considerable success in establishing Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet, introduce a new girl singer **Kirsty MacColl** this weekend with the release of her debut single **'They Don't Know'** (first 10,000 copies in a picture sleeve). Aged 19, Kirsty is from Croydon and she's the daughter of folk singer Ewan MacColl, composer of the classic 'First Time Ever I Saw Your Face'.

● **Steve Hackett's** new single is a re-recorded version of a track from his current album 'Spectral Mornings'. Titled 'Every Day', it's issued this weekend by Charisma.

● Out this week on the Deb label (through EMI) is the album 'Wolf And Leopards' by **Dennis Brown.** Recorded over two years ago, it's regarded by many people as his best LP to date.

● Latest '20 Greatest Hits' collection is by **Creedence Clearwater Revival,** and it's issued next week by Fantasy, who plan a massive advertising campaign to boost it.

● On June 8, Trojan release what they describe as "the ultimate in reggae compilation double albums". Titled 'Rebel Music', it contains 28 tracks by 21 different acts all in the roots-reggae mould, as opposed to the pop-reggae school. Artists include **Peter Tosh, U. Roy, Dennis Brown, Bob Andy, I. Roy, Keith Hudson, Gregory Isaacs** and **Big Youth.**

SMIRKS SIGN A DEAL

THE SMIRKS are lining up a series of dates to coincide with the June 8 release of their new single 'To You'/'New Music' — it's on their own Smirksongs label but, on this occasion, is licensed and distributed by Virgin. And following their recent upheaval with Beserkley, which ended in their departure from the label, they expect to sign a new long-term contract with a major outlet this weekend. The band play London Kensington Nashville with John Dowie supporting tonight (Thursday), Manchester Apollo with The Skids (June 14) and a charity gig at Lancaster New Planet City with China Street and The Fall on June 16. Several other June dates are being finalised.

NEWS ROUND-UP

THE BEE GEES set out at the end of this month on their first major concert tour since 1976. They'll be playing over 50 shows in 38 U.S. and Canadian cities, from June 28 through until late summer. It's still expected that they'll be performing in Britain during the autumn (probably at Wembly Arena), but there's still no official word.

JUDAS PRIEST are tonight (Thursday) playing their second concert at Birmingham Odeon. Their original gig on May 16 was curtailed when they failed to arrive at the venue until 11 pm (due to filming in London), by which time most of the audience had been forced to leave. They've also slotted in two shows at Douglas I.o.M. Villa Marina this Sunday (7 and 9pm), tickets on sale at the doors.

RADIO 1 introduces a new regular disc-jockey this weekend. He is Al Matthews, a black New Yorker now living in London, and he takes over the Saturday late-night show 'Discovatin' from Chris Jones — who moves to the Saturday 7.30 — 10 pm spot. Mike Read switches to the Sunday pre-lunch spot, while Noel Edmonds takes a summer break, though he returns in the autumn.

THE ACCELERATORS have June gigs at Stoke Green Star (tomorrow, Friday), Manchester Bowden Vale Club (6), Ellesmere Port Bulls Head (14), Knighton Norton Arms (16), Leeds Staging Post (23), St Helens Haresfinch Club (25) and Liverpool Masonic (27). More are being set.

THE EXTRAS are to headling a special show at Sheffield Polytechnic on June 8, in support of the Legalise Cannabis campaign. They also have a couple of London gigs — at West Hampstad Moonlight Club (this Saturday) and Canning Town Bridge House (June 6).

KAY RUSSIA are a new rock outfit who started life as Gilbert O'Sullivan's touring band, and they have dates this week at Dorking Betchworth Hall (this Saturday) and London Camden Music Machine (next Tuesday). Their single 'Louise' will be issued on their own label in July.

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS play a one-off at Oxford Exeter College this Saturday (2) . . . **BLUE** follow their appearance in last weekend's Loch Lomond Festival with a London date at The Venue in Victoria on June 8.

THE TABLE are going back on the road in mid-June having now, they say, "saved up enough money to buy their own equipment". They've been rehearsing for two months with new men Richard Rae (drums) and Tim Cox (lead guitar and vocals), who joined original members Russel Young (bass and vocals) and Tony Barnes (rhythm guitar).

MAX WEBSTER, the Canadian heavy metal outfit who supported their fellow countrymen Rush on their recent British tour, headline a couple of London gigs in their own right next week — at the Marquee Club on Friday and Saturday, June 8 and 9.

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BETTE BRIGHT ON THE ROAD

BETTE BRIGHT & The Illuminations hit the road again at the end of June, playing a 12-venue tour set up by John Giddings of the MAM Organisation. It's not yet known exactly which musicians will comprise The Illuminations for this outing, although it's confirmed that former Rich Kids Glen Matlock and Rusty Egan — who were with Bette on her last tour — will again be in the line-up.

Dates confirmed this week are Newport Stowaway (June 26), Wolverhampton Lafayette (27), Nottingham Sandpiper (28), Exeter University (29), Liverpool Eric's (30), York Pop Club (July 2), Leeds Fan Club (3), Leicester Polytechnic (4), Sheffield Limit Club (5), Birmingham Barbarella's (6), London Camden Music Machine (7) and Jacksdale Grey Topper (8).

● THE ADVERTS play their first London date this year when they headline at the Music Machine on June 23. The band's new single 'My Place' is issued by RCA this weekend, with their recently-completed album to follow shortly. MAM are lining up a full tour for them to coincide with the LP's release.

● THE POLICE have made one or two changes in their UK tour starting this week. With their gig at Edinburgh Tiffany's cancelled, they now play the city's Odeon tomorrow (Friday) instead. This Saturday's date in Liverpool switches from Eric's to the Empire. And they have an extra show at Nottingham Rushcliffe Leisure Centre on June 9.

● ANGELIC UPSTARTS slot in extra gigs at Wolverhampton Lafayette (tomorrow, Friday), Bradford University (Saturday) and Reading Caribbean Club (next Monday). As reported, they're also with The Skids at London Lyceum this Sunday (3).

● THE RECORDS have cancelled the first four dates of their headlining tour, due to start this weekend — at Wolverhampton (2), Bristol (3), Liverpool (5) and Weston-super-Mare (7). The tour now gets under way on June 8, and two new gigs have been tacked on to the end of the schedule — at Liverpool Oscar's (June 30) and Bristol Locarno (July 1).

● THE DAMNED have at last found a venue in the Newcastle area which will accept them — it's the Rex Hotel, Whitley Bay, and they play there on June 6. Two alterations to their tour schedule reported last week: Newport The Village (tomorrow, Friday) is added, and Portsmouth Guildhall (this Sunday) is cancelled.

CHART STARS FOR BRITAIN

Boney M and Abba on tour

BONEY M return to Britain in the late summer for a nine-venue concert tour, including appearances at two of the largest halls in the country — London Wembley Arena (September 4) and Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (19). Other dates are Sheffield City Hall (3), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (8 and 9), Glasgow Apollo (15 and 16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Preston Guildhall (18) and Deesside Leisure Centre (21). One more date may be added.

Promoters Kennedy Street Enterprises say that tickets should be on sale by this week —at Wembley and Birmingham prices are £6, £5 and £4; elsewhere they range from £7.50 to £3. From September 10 to 14, the group will be playing selected concerts in Ireland.

Their last UK visit was in December, when they headlined a short sell-out tour. Probably the most consistently successful MOTR act in the British charts over the last couple of years (though Abba may dispute that), Boney M will have a new album and single released to coincide with their tour.

ABBA play five nights at London Wembley Arena from November 5 to 10 inclusive, followed by two nights at Stafford Bingley Hall (11—12) and a show at Glasgow Apollo (13).

Ticket prices are £7.50 and £6.50 (Wembley); £7.50, £6 and £5 (Stafford); and £7.50, £6.50, £5 and £4.50 (Glasgow).

Wembley bookings will be accepted by post now — postal orders only to Abba Box Office, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL (enclose SAE). Tickets will also be available by personal application from June 16, and full details of how to apply — also for Manchester where applications are not accepted until June 8 — will be given in our next issue. Glasgow bookings are by personal application only to the box-office at the Apollo Theatre.

Abba also play Dublin Royal Society on November 14 (£8.50, £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50).

Sylvester due in

SYLVESTER, dubbed as "the world's most outrageous disco artist", returns to Britain for a midsummer tour which includes a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on June 23. Other confirmed dates are Swindon Brunel Rooms (22), Blackpool Tiffany's (24), Newcastle Maddisons (25), Middlesbrough Maddisons (26), Edinburgh Usher Hall (27), Norwich Cromwells (29), Watford Bailey's (30), Birmingham Barbarella's (July 1), Leicester Bailey's (2) and Brighton Sherrys (3).

Tickets are available now, and prices at Hammersmith are £4, £3 and £2 — though they vary considerably elsewhere. To coincide with his visit, Fantasy release a new Sylvester single on June 8 titled 'Stars' — the 12-inch version is coupled with 'Body Strong', while the pink-vinyl seven-inch has 'Never Too Late' on the B-side. His new album 'Mighty Real' is also due out in early June, and will be advertised on TV.

EW&F RETURN

EARTH WIND & FIRE, who played a short series of selected British concerts earlier this year, will be back here in the autumn to undertake a longer tour — most probably with The Emotions as their support act.

EW&F are about to go on the road in the States with their brand new stage show, which is apparently much easier to transport than their previous set-up — and it's because of this greater freedom of movement, coupled with the considerably lower expenses incurred, that they'll be able to play many more UK dates on their next visit. As reported last week, the band's eighth album 'I Am' is released by CBS on June 8.

KWESI'S TWO LONDON GIGS

LINTON KWESI JOHNSON, who is seen only seldom on the London gig circuit (his last appearance was at Brixton's A Little Bit Ritzy in April), headlines a couple of gigs at the Marquee Club on Sunday and Monday, June 10 and 11. He's supported by Rico and his band, and admission is £1.75 (advance) and £2 (doors).

On the circuit

REAL THING'S SHOWS

THE REAL THING follow their recent hit single 'Can You Fell The Force' by playing a series of British dates this month, including a major London concert at the Hammersmith Odeon on June 19. Other confirmed gigs are at Brighton Top Rank (15), Dunstable Queensway Hall (16), Liverpool Empire (17), Manchester Free Trade Hall (18), Birmingham Odeon (20), Newcastle Mayfair (22), Douglas I.O.M. Palace Lido (24), Sheffield City Hall (26) and Cardiff Top Rank (27).

TOURISTS TREKKING

THE TOURISTS, who attracted favourable reaction in their support spot on the recent Roxy Music tour, begin their own series of gigs next week. They tie in with the June 8 release by Logo of their album, with their name as its title. So far set are Sheffield Limit Club (June 7), Manchester Factory (8), Norwich East Anglia University (9), Birmingham Barbarella's (14) Jacksdale Grey Topper (16), Leicester University (22), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (23), Dumfries Stagecoach (24), Edinburgh Tiffany's (25), Scarborough Penthouse (26), Liverpool Eric's (28), Wolverhampton Lafayette (29) and Dudley J.B.'s (30).

WILKO PLAYS SEVEN

WILKO JOHNSON'S Solid Senders are playing seven dates in June, between recordings sessions for their second album — at London Camden Music Machine (9), Cambridge Trinity College (12), Hull University (15), Sheffield University (16), London Camden Dingwalls (28), Cambridge Lincoln College (29) and Cromer West Runton Pavilion (30).

DIONNE BACK IN UK

DIONNE WARWICKE pays her first visit to Britain for three years to play Birmingham Nite Out (June 11—16) two shows at Southend Cliffs Pavilion (17), Manchester Golden Gerter (18—23), two shows at London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (24) and Sheffield Fiesta (25). Her album 'Dionne' (produced by Barry Manilow) and single 'I'll Never Love This Way Again' are both released by Arista on June 8.

MUNGO RE-EMERGE

MUNGO JERRY begin a new series of dates next week. So far set are Coventry City Centre (June 7), London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College (8), Winchester King Alfred College (9), Durham Bede College (12), Doncaster Yarborough Club (13), Scarborough Penthouse (14), Loughton College (15), London Camden Music Machine (16), Swansea University (18), Cardiff College (19), Coventry Warwick University (28), Reading University (29), Walsall West Midlands College (July 4), Norwich Exchange Theatre (5) and Gloucester College of Education (6). Lead singer Ray Dorset will have his new single 'Dancin' In The Street' issued by Polydor during the tour.

NOT SO LITTLE ACRE

LITTLE ACRE, already set to support John Miles in an open-air concert at Wolverhampton West Park this Sunday, have dates in their own right at Bromsgrove Stars Night Club (June 4), London Islington Hope & Anchor (6), London Kensington Nashville (7), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (8), York College of Ripon (9), Loftus Social Club (10), Wolverhampton Sports Club (11), Cambridge Emmanuel College (12), Birmingham University (15), Bristol Granary (16), London Fulham Golden Lion (17) and Walsall Town Hall (19).

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CURVES! WAISTLINE! And a hot new album!

ELECTRIC CHAIRS (from left): Val Haller, Wayne, Elliott Michaels, Henri Padovani, J. J. Johnson

What more could a nice girl like WAYNE COUNTY want? Not much, you'd think — except perhaps for an interview with JOHN HAMBLETT. And pix by MIKE LAYE.

WAYNE COUNTY sat comfortably back into her easy chair; a reclining portrait of a movie star today in a black and spangly, lowcut, high-riding number that screamed CURVES . . . . WAISTLINE . . . . . .

The white painted French windows were open, and from a dusty street level the feel of gruff traffic and early evening sunshine served as an arch prop for the pleasant laughter and half-glimpsed spoken phrases generated by the small group of friends and acquaintances who lounged and lolled on the flaky, first floor balcony.

These friends, drinking lager and chilled white wine, were indirectly involved really, mainly involved with nursing the amicable Indian Summer Atmosphere; spilling it back into the closely shaded room, causing the occupants to turn, sometimes, and smile . . .

Wayne County: "I've seen lots of men who appeared to be very masculine, but to me they were women because I got that certain vibe off them. I think that under the right circumstances a man could definitely get *you* into bed. But you'd probably go for a trans-sexual (pause for laughter), especially one who's in-between, still got both y'know? I get that same feeling from David (Cunningham). I think that David definitely has some trans-sexual tedencies.

"Physically speaking you would make a great woman; you've got that lean face, small hands, and you have beautiful arms. With the right hormones, honey, you could be one of the girls."

She looked around at the rough circle of laughing males, inviting them to take her seriously, smiling ambiguously. She looked at me, and I was laughing also — indecently glad there was no mirror to look into.

This was the first time I had met Wayne County. We met amongst all manner of semi-loaded paraphernalia, most of it spread carefully over the top of a very large, brown trunk with metal enforced corners that stood about three feet from the floor and doubled as an occasional table.

Around the jumbled trunk-table sat those directly involved; most of the people responsible for 'Things Your Mother Never Told You' (The Electric Chairs' third, and finest, album).

To my immediate right, next to County, hunched forward in a too-low seat, was Val Haller, the Chairs' bassist — tall, angular, mildly spoken, relatively accentless, with an easy, unaffected line in subtle gestures and low-key mannerisms.

Haller was born in Sheffield, the son of a Methodist minister — a fact I found staunchly puzzling, and almost exciting, but there again . . .

County: "We played in a church hall once where they served cups of tea and little cakes and people were there with their kids. Well, I got real crazy. I didn't want to play 'Fuck Off'. I said, I'm not going to play 'Fuck Off' to four year olds.' But we did, eventually.

"*And* the vicar lived right next door . . . I stole a Bible. I read it all the time. I'm anti-religious, but not anti-spiritual so I can read the Bible and really enjoy it because there are some amazing images in it. I think that Val really loves it when I get religious. When we play 'Rock'n'Roll Ressurection' I just look over at him and he's really getting into it . . . OH ALRIGHT PRAISE THE LORD" . . .

Haller: "My parents, when I played them the first album with 'Rock'n'Roll Ressurection' on it, said 'that singer must've listened to a lot of black preachers'."

County: "Honey, I was raised in those kind of churches. They just used to jump up on the pews and *punch each other in the head with their Bibles* . . . ."

THE ROOM was tall, long, empty-ish, grandly cheap and warmly drowsy, the type of room you could fall asleep in and not worry about waking up in a strange place. It was on the first floor of an old house with a cracked pane of glass in the double-front doors and an absentee landlord . . . *and showered celluloid images of hundreds and thousands of immortalised performances by cosmetic lips, red, bright, damp, cupid bowed* . . .

Henri Padovani: "Rock'n'roll is an attitude; if I play a Corsican song on my guitar it would still be rock'n'roll because I'm playing it. Rock'n'roll is the attitude of the people who play it."

Padovani, a Corsican, one of the two Chairs' lead guitarists, was seated on the left of County. He appeared to be about the same height as me — 5' 8" — but with considerably more muscle. His black hair was swept back from his forehead in classical fashion (hungrily) and grew long and almost curly at the back of his neck. He appeared to be very intense, but he also laughed a lot and enjoyed playing football in the park.

County: "I guess I tend to put a stricter definition on rock'n'roll than Henri. But there again, I don't think you should necessarily stick to a rock'n'roll label. Ask a Teddy Boy what rock'n'roll is . . . I've always felt rock'n'roll should be subversive. I've always imagined, ever since I was a kid, that rock'n'roll is chipping away a little bit of that stone at a time, and I *love* it.

"I love to think that we're doing our little bit. *Chip chip chip.* I wouldn't do it unless I thought that we were capable of that. I couldn't get into that straight pop thing, it's so *acceptable* . . . although some people can do that and remain subversive. The Buzzcocks are great at that. I love The Buzzcocks."

At the far end of the room a stereo system provided a regular beaty-current of b/w music — seemingly unaided; a fairly loud and catholic selection that somehow never seemed to reach any closer than the opposite side of the table, still . . .

. . . *Straight blonde hair, combed, cute and reminiscent of all the surreal-lacquered, technicolour glamblondes ever (hopefully, maybe). The beige beret perched, just so; sylishly dropped to one side — oh forget the French, because* . . .

. . .

■ *Continues over page*

■ *From previous page*

On Padovani's right, kneeling, dressed in faded jeans and a tight, sleeveless T-shirt was J.J. Johnson. He looked pretty much like you'd expect a rock drummer to look — muscular arms, strong shoulders, not tall, but physical. One thing he did have to his credit was a very weird little beard about a quarter of an inch wide that started under his lower lip and stopped just short of the point of his jaw. He has said he likes to listen to a lot of early Roxy Music, Eno and Miles Davis, which is interesting.

J.J. Johnson: "We wanted to be very subversive on this album, but in an accessible way. We wanted to try different approaches, but keep that rock'n'roll feel there."

County: "Yeah. I think about that sometimes. I think, well, if it goes too far then it must cease to be rock'n'roll, but where is that point, who can decide? You can stick anything under a label like rock'n'roll. You could even call Beethoven rock'n'roll. Somebody could argue with you that Beethoven was rock'n'roll because at that particular point in time the thing he was doing, blah, blah, blah. But I don't think that you can define it like that. To me, rock'n'roll must have a feeling — even if it's a mechanical feeling — of *humanity*. In my mind, I picture rock'n'roll with a human element."

One thing I should mention is the Window. It was a really strange Window; huge, round, divided into sections, leaded like a glass half-orange almost. It was built on the inside wall much too high for anyone to look through; this struck me as being a strange place to build such a Window. It reminded me of a church. Anyway . . .

. . . this is not a French beret, this is a film star beret. Who wore a beret like that? Rita Hayworth maybe; one of those virgin madonna types. Must've been . . . . . .

. . . David Cunningham sat attentively, legs loosely crossed at the ankles, between Johnson and me. Producer of the album, Cunningham appeared to be marginally contemporary, which is to say young-ish, thin-ish, short-haired, and straight-trousered etc. He had a noticeably soft line to his face and demeanour that suggested and invited confidence and private jokes.

Cunningham: "How did I get involved? Oh, I don't know. I turned it down originally. I mean they're rock'n'roll, and I thought I might take the edge off that. I didn't think that I would be very good at it, but on the other hand it seemed the least likely thing for me to do so I thought why not?"

County: "You're leaving out the part about where I ran into you in that bar, and you were dead drunk, passed out, and I brought you home and nursed you back to health. And conned you into doing the album. (Laughs)"

Cunningham: "(Also laughing) Yes, I suppose that's true. What I want to do next is an album with one side Wayne and one side Lena Zavaroni. She doesn't know this yet . . . I think Lena Zavaroni is just coming up to that age when she'll want to rebel against the whole world. And that could be astonishing. Wayne and Lena. I just like women singers. I won't work with anybody unless there are women involved, and I think that Wayne just about passes the test.

"Actually I hadn't a clue what I was going to do with this band, I hadn't heard any of their other albums, I just went along to watch them rehearse and we spent an afternoon in somebody's flat playing old Tamla Motown records and Country Joe, and all kinds of bizarre things that I would not have associated with The Electric Chairs and this was interesting. This was definitely interesting. There was something happening, it was there, in the band. . ."

County: "Exactly. It was there already. All we needed was a sympathetic producer to bring it out. Our second album could've worked if we had a sympathetic producer — the material was there. 'Midnight Pal' (off 'TYMNTY') was written seven years ago. I wrote that song in '72 and the vocals I used on it then were the same as I use now — I just never recorded it before because I wanted to wait until we had the right sound to use it in. I mean, I've

always wanted to sing in that Dietrich style rather than just yelling but nobody ever took the time or effort with me before."

Wayne occasionally played with her nails while others around her talked. Thinking about, perhaps, new nail polish, or nail files, or Christ knows what. She appeared to be thinking, but not being a psychic medium or massive gambler . . .

. . . There seemed to be a lot of dust in the room, not settled on objects so much as floating around, obscuring what would've been the sharp lines and contrasts of the grotesquely (quasi) Victorian cucumber sandwich and China Tea wallpaper.

Haller: "The fact that we've been together as an unchanged unit for something over a year also helped, I think. When we went into the studio to record that second album Henri had only been in the band for about a month, and going into the studio under those sort of conditions can be a little unsettling."

County: "We were rushed into doing that second album. Even while we were recording it, even *then*, we knew we wanted to do something different. We knew we wanted to get away from that heavy metal riffing sound but we were given no time to get it together, no time . . . ."

Padovani: "This is the first time we have ever been allowed the facilities, the time and a producer we felt really comfortable with. That's why this album is so much better than the first two. This is the first album we have ever been really proud of."

IT HAS been suggested that the indisputable excellence of 'TYMNTY' is due in no small part to the Cunningham production technique. I couldn't argue that his contribution has been great (he is obviously a superb producer and anybody who needs further proof should refer back to the Magnificent Flying Lizards single 'Summertime Blues'), but there can be no denying the fact that the material on this album is so far superior to any of The Electric Chairs' previously recorded efforts that the margin is comical to ponder.

The attitude of the musicians has never felt so relentless and uncompromisingly committed, and musically they have never before attempted to expand themselves over such a broad and fascinating front — from the basically standard, tongue-in-cheek fare of 'Wonder Woman' to the desperate atmospherics of 'Waiting For The Marines'.

And, perhaps even more importantly, County herself has never before managed to insinuate her vocals into the fibre of the regular world with such convincing sharpness and subtle depth.

Now, just how much Cunningham is responsible for that, well . . .

Cunningham: "I thought that, apart from the songs, I would like to try some improvisation. Rock improvisation — improvisation that it would be natural for the band to play. That's how 'C3' came about. 'C3' stood for Construct 3, or at least it did in my notebook, and there was also a 'C1', 'C2' and 'C4' . . ."

J.J. Johnson: "I related that to Control 3, that's what it made me think of."

County: "I never really thought about it. I just liked the sound of it."

(When she wasn't speaking her eyes didn't seem to be saying anything. Her mannerisms gave nothing away beyond the crassly obvious — nerves, irritation, nothing more than that.)

Cunningham: "Well, that's interpretation. They took something that basically came out of me and made it their own. The thing that was most interesting for me working with this band was the fact that they were never content to just take something and use it; they took things and placed them in their own context, through their view of the world. That is why there is definitely a dynamic there."

"County: "All the time we were making this album I knew it was worthwhile."

I SUPPOSE you're bound to get a lot of dust in grand old houses like that, though I must admit that all that yesteryearness did seem to be curiously at odds with all those cartoon rock'n'roll animations who appeared to have stepped straight off the zap-pow pages.

For a brief moment this naggingly evasive conflict made me think of all the random elements that go to make up this kind of situation; strange house, somebody else's wallpaper, total strangers out of sight but clearly audible, rock'n'roll records, a tape machine, empty lager cans, a mattress occupying space that was probably intended to fit a Baby Grand, a Corsican, an art school graduate, the son of a Methodist minister, a drummer, a table that was designed as a trunk.

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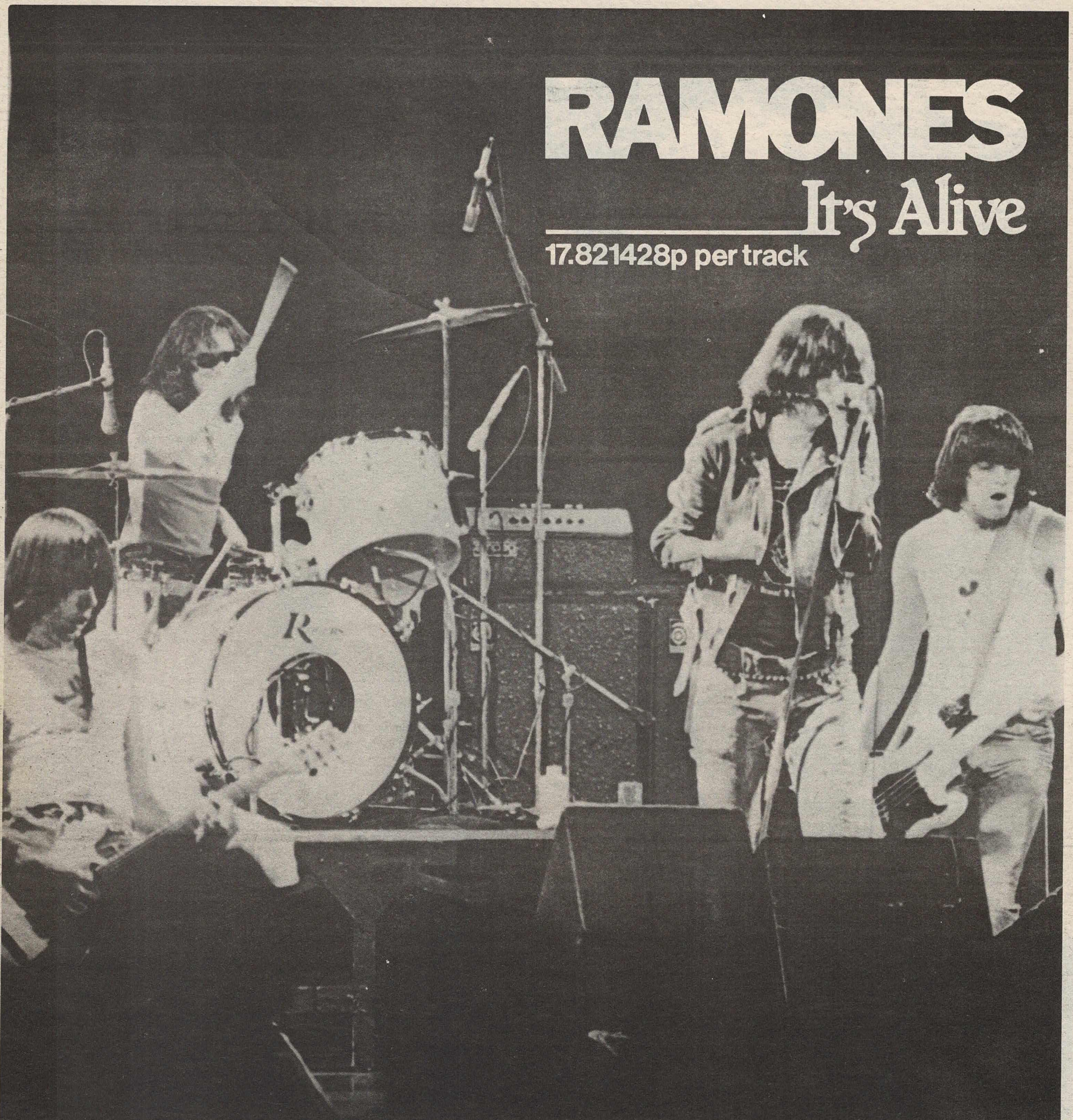

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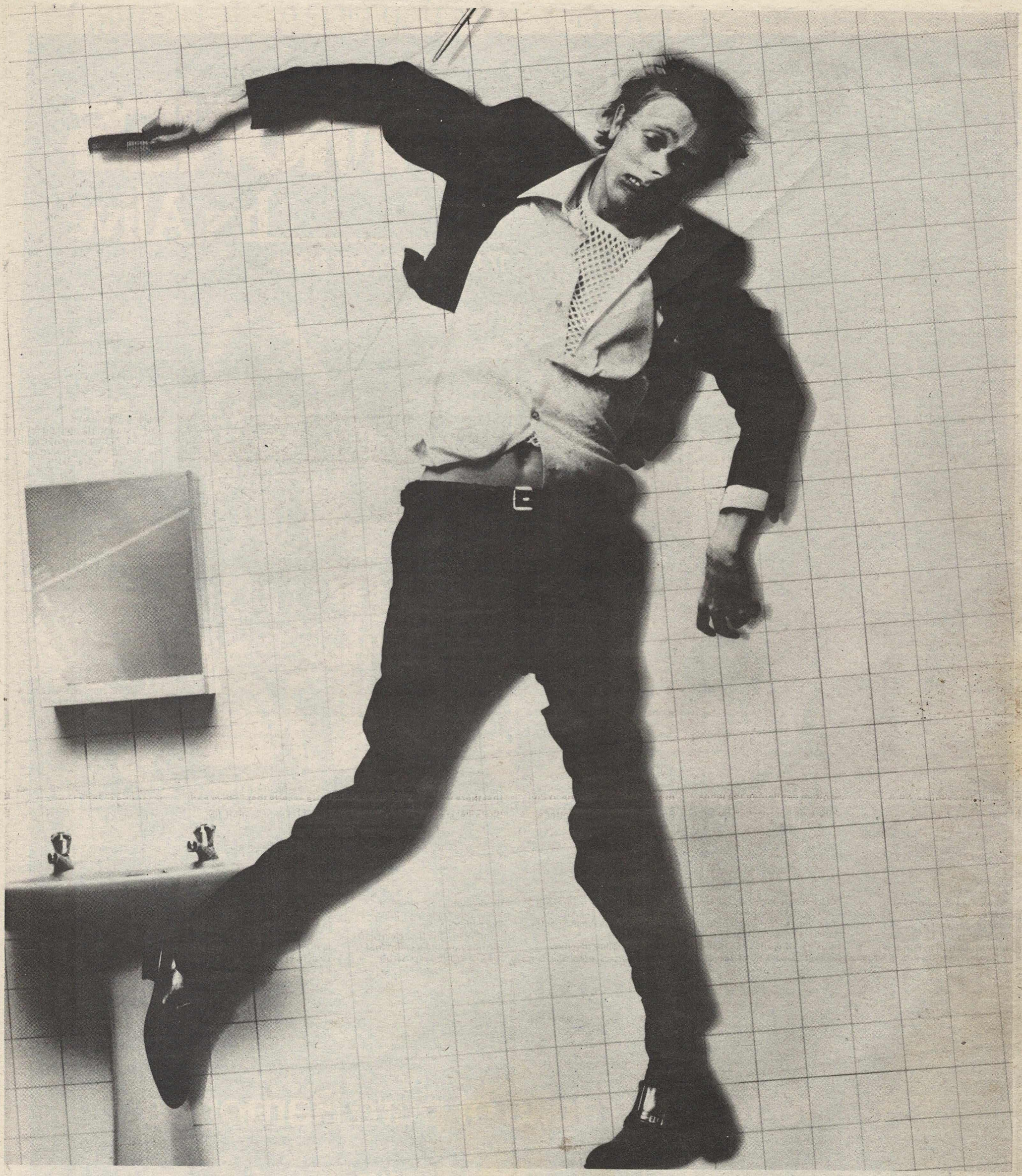
TEENAGE LOBOTOMY
BLITZKRIEG BOP
I WANNA BE WELL
GLAD TO SEE YOU GO
GIMME GIMME SHOCK TREATMENT
YOU'RE GONNA KILL THAT GIRL
I DON'T CARE
SHEENA IS A PUNK ROCKER
HAVANA AFFAIR
COMMANDO
HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW
SURFIN' BIRD
CRETIN HOP

LISTEN TO MY HEART
CALIFORNIA SUN
I DON'T WANNA WALK AROUND WITH YOU
PINHEAD
DO YOU WANNA DANCE?
CHAINSAW
TODAY YOUR LOVE, TOMORROW THE WORLD
NOW I WANNA BE A GOOD BOY
JUDY IS A PUNK
SUZY IS A HEADBANGER
LET'S DANCE
OH OH I LOVE HER SO
NOW I WANNA SNIFF SOME GLUE
WE'RE A HAPPY FAMILY

SRK2 6074

SIRE



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POST CARD

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David Bowie
New Album
Available now

RCA
Records and Cassettes

Pursey and fans tune up for PCJ&K by invading Clash bash. Pic: Justin Thomas.

What A Bunch Of Swankers

THE BAND they're already calling the 'Supergroup' of the '80s still seems to be a long way from hard fact. That marriage of fine minds and noble intellects — who, for the sake of argument, we'll call Pursey, Cook, Jones and Kermit (PCJ&K) — are even now embroiled in little matters of contract fulfilment with at least three very interested and potentially stubborn parties whose influence may impede our heroes' progress for at least six months.

Nevertheless, the news that Jimmy Sham, man of the people, might be fronting a power punk combo composed of those ex-Pistol stalwarts Steve and Paul exploded in Carnaby Street last week like a hot horse chestnut. No expense was spared as the *Thrills* desk whisked its intrepid team to the far corners of the globe and The Nag's Head in Hersham High Street.

Just as well we did too, for as they say, the Lord delivers to he who stands and waits, and we finally tracked down James Pursey Esquire indulging in his favourite pastime, the sacred art of dog watching. Yon Pursey has been flashing the sheets a bit of late, adding substantially to his fleet of greyhounds here, tending to the lame amongst them there, and gambling incurably around the nation's speeding mutt stadia.

It was in some such place that our reporter noticed the arched eyebrows and angelic if dirty faced Pursey. But before he could say 'Tom Robinson' young Jim was out of his cage and three quarters of the way down Woking bypass with only the dying strains of a withering 'No Comment' subsiding into the ether. Our man collected his winnings and went home.

Meanwhile, another scribe was dispatched to go and stand outside the plush Cook and Jones gaff in London's W1. After spending an entire weekend balancing on a dustbin and peering through a crack in the former Pistols' lace net curtains — studiously ignoring the taunts of passing Scottish gentlemen the while — he was approached by an affable geezer who informed the writer that the cuddly duo has split the scene some two minutes prior to his arrival.

A few phone calls revealed that Jones had vacated his room altogether in order to set up residence in his new Hampstead apartment which, according to Nils Stevenson, Banshees manager and Paul Cook's new co-habitee in the old premises, is "set up just like a whore house."

Jones' recent musical activities, apart from producing the likes of Joan Jett, have revolved around a project paying homage to Phil Spector, utilising the latter's "Wall of Sound" technique on a fearsome remake of The Ronettes' 'Do I Love You,' wherein Stephen duets delightfully with the splendid Ms Chrissie Hynde (A Pretender late of this parish). The results are so promising that there could even be an album of Jones Plays Spector in the pipeline.

The possibility of a new band including Pursey, and going under the probable moniker of Swankers, has in fact been mooted by Jones and Cook for some time. After Rotten's departure it seems that there was a possibility of 'Swindle' star Ten-Pole Tudor sporting the Sex Pistols microphone, a choice particularly pleasing to Malcolm McLaren. Jones, however, preferred to refer darkly to an anonymous gent under contract for just one more album to Polydor, a description that fits Pursey like a glove.

Interestingly, those close to the relevant chest claim that the Cook/Jones split from McLaren is mostly due to his nixing the Sham connection. Pursey was approached at a time when things were bad for Sham — about the same time that he announced his retirement at the Friars Aylesbury debacle.

What might have been pure supposition gained a veneer of proof when a *Thrills* scout chanced upon one Dave Treganna, alias Kermit, the Sham bassman and fourth actor in the drama.

He asserts that "Steve and Paul first approached Jim (Pursey) in February. He considered the offer and when all that shit came down, plus us having always rated Steve and Paul as players, we decided to give it a shot. It'll be down to the four of us but there are still loads of legal problems involving the company."

The major stumbling block is that Sham 69 are contracted to deliver not three albums to Polydor — two down, one to go — but four, if the company decide to retain their option clause. Says Kermit: "That's a real spanner in the works. It means the group could become operative in a month or it might take six. Although I can't talk completely for Jimmy he sees the alliance as something new and fresh."

Indeed the foursome have already managed a work-out at Polydor and all were satisfied with the results and want to get on with it for real.

Treganna and Pursey have felt that Sham's days were numbered for several months. A new album, recorded at The Chateau in France, cost them a grand a day to complete and they don't relish the prospects of recording a fourth. As their first album was live it won't make sense for them to buy out of the contract with another stage document.

In any case, Sham's drummer Mark Cain is already seeking alternative employment. He applied for a job as a milk salesperson with the Milk Marketing Board but was not short-listed. His replacement Ricky Goldstein, formerly of The Automatics, signed on in time to cut the new LP but his gig is said to be temporary.

Polydor themselves proved to be extremely tight lipped when *Thrills* rang them, maintaining a "No Comment" silence but adding that "Pursey is under contract and obviously he will fulfill it. Other than that we're reluctant to discuss the matter, though of course Jimmy, Steve and Paul are just good friends."

Virgin's official statement is merely that "Steve and Paul are looking for a bassist and a vocalist and they may or may not have found them. Secondly, the pair are still signed to Glitterbest (or Glitterbust) and their obligations there are not sorted out." And the Pistols still owe Mr. Branson six volumes of an eight-album set according to their contract.

The man who may yet hold the key to the ever unfolding melodrama, Malcolm McLaren, has not been sighted for weeks now and is reportedly ensconced somewhere in Gay Paree, licking his tent and retiring to his wounds.

And with that, *Thrills* bids you all a fond adieu, dusts off its as yet unplayed copy of 'Four Way Street' and remembers the days when these young sprogs were grateful for any contract at all.

Remember where you read it last.

SHARES BONO

THRILLS

The Lady Fails To Vanish

FARCICAL SCENES at Brighton last Friday night when the local CID turned out to arrest Wayne County at the end of her gig at Sussex University. Wayne responded by trying to escape from the venue hidden in a flight-case.

Patrol cars were called in to block every exit from the campus; police dogs scoured the grounds; and plain-clothes men mingled with dispersing punters as they tried to track down the elusive County.

Finally, the two roadies trying to smuggle Wayne into the group's equipment truck ran slap into a bunch of CID men. One became suspicious and with a cry of "'Ello, 'ello what's all this then?" demanded that the case be opened. On spying the startled County inside he remarked, "Okay sonny, you can come out now."

Wayne was taken into custody until Monday morning when she appeared in Bow Street magistrates' court on an assault charge. This referred back to an incident some weeks ago at the London Lyceum when The Electric Chairs were playing a gig with The UK Subs. A few Subs fans took a dislike to the Chairs and canned them mercilessly. Wayne had already been cut by one can when another, still half-full, hit her on the head. Foolishly she snatched up the can and hurled it back towards the person who'd thrown it.

She missed. The can hit a young girl who was standing nearby, and cut open her face. An ambulance was called, her parents complained to the police; and the charge of unlawful assault was prepared. Three weeks later our speedy and efficient boys in blue turned up to arrest Wayne at the Brighton gig. They wouldn't tell anyone there *why* they were after her, and manager Bob Black panicked a little. He wanted to get Wayne back to the hotel and call a lawyer before facing the police — hence the fiasco with the flight-case.

Wayne pleaded guilty, was fined £50 and ordered to pay £50 damages. She greeted freedom with the immortal words, "My, it took a long time to get home from that gig." Bob Black and one roadie still face charges of obstruction; the second roadie managed to slip away while Wayne was clambering from the flight-case and is now believed to be on a banana boat heading for the Argentine.

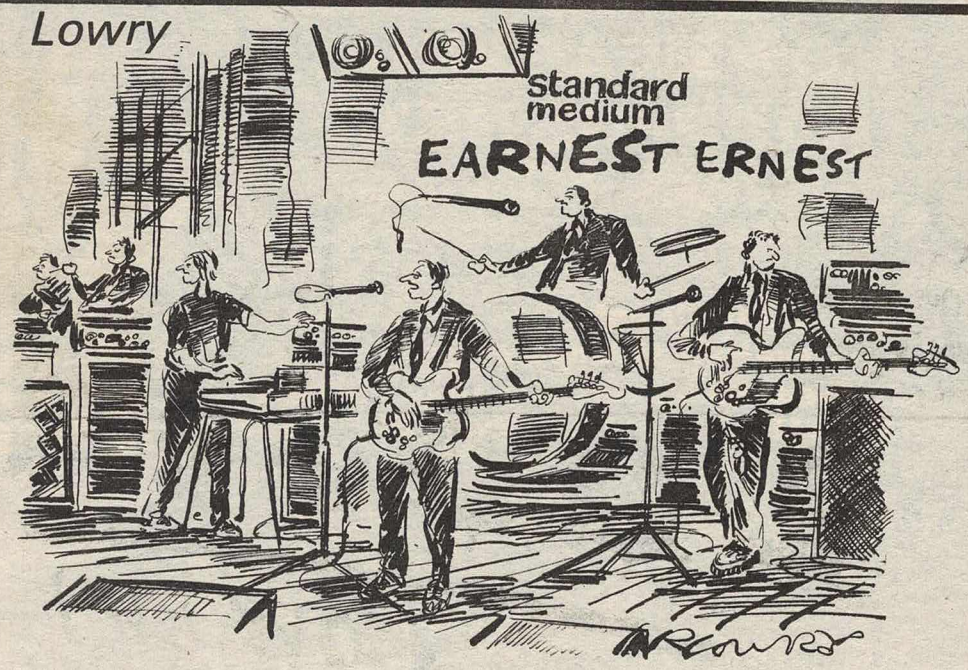
Thus ends the strange affair of the blonde popstar, the beer can and the Brighton Flight-Case Heist. But the real question that remains unanswered is: How much longer will promoters sell cans at rock gigs? Do they make more money that way, or is it that they simply can't afford to buy some plastic glasses?

A small can of lager at the Lyceum costs 45p.

County keeps her counsel

CHER LOCK-HOLMES

THRILLS


Lowry
standard medium
EARNEST ERNEST
" Thank you. That song was about a stucco wall. This next one's a dance number, it's about a washing machine."

Steve Hackett on tour

June

21 EDINBURGH
Odeon

22 SHEFFIELD
City Hall

23 LEICESTER
University

24 LIVERPOOL
Empire Theatre

25 BRIGHTON
Dome

27 HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
Pavilion

28 WOLVERHAMPTON
Civic Hall

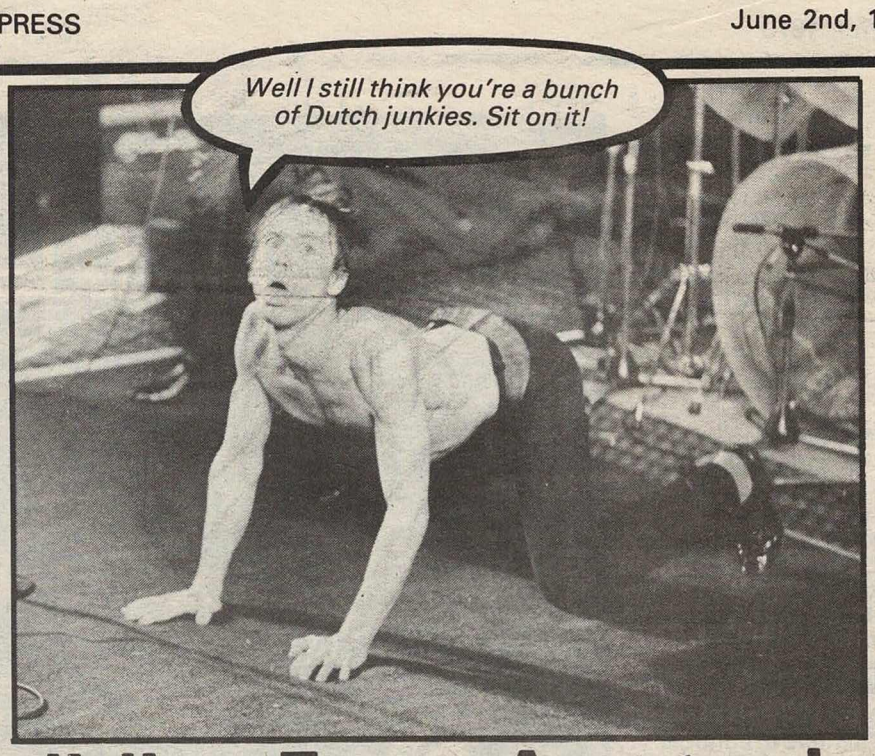
29 SOUTHAMPTON
Gaumont

30 HAMMERSMITH
Odeon

July

1 OXFORD
New Theatre

Steve Hackett
Spectral Mornings
CHARISMA
CDS4017
Also available on cassette 720 8625
NOW HEAR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT
Steve Hackett's new album 'Spectral Mornings.'
'Every Day' /'Lost Time in Cordoba'
Steve Hackett's new single to be released on June 1st, with a new remixed version of the album track 'Every Day'. CB334



Splitlips From Amsterdam

NEWS REACHES us — as we cower in our Carnaby St. cave, beseiged by howling football fans from north of the border, Jimmy — that punk godfather Iggy Pop has been socked for his sins in Amsterdam.

Iggy, who used to let ferrets loose on his bare chest and then rub sulphuric acid into the wounds, ONSTAGE!, crossed blades with some Dutch Hell's Angels. They put up with Ig's playful use of napalm and elastoplast, but could not restrain their gall following a piquant comment directed their way: "Junkies".

Anyway, a letter was sent backstage to the Pop's manager threatening death if an apology was not forthcoming. As the ageing Pop torso rushed backstage at the end of his set, he was pursued by the aggrieved honchos and punched on that sculptured nose of his, which bled profusely.

He fled back *to* the stage for an encore and an apology.

IGGY MILKSOP

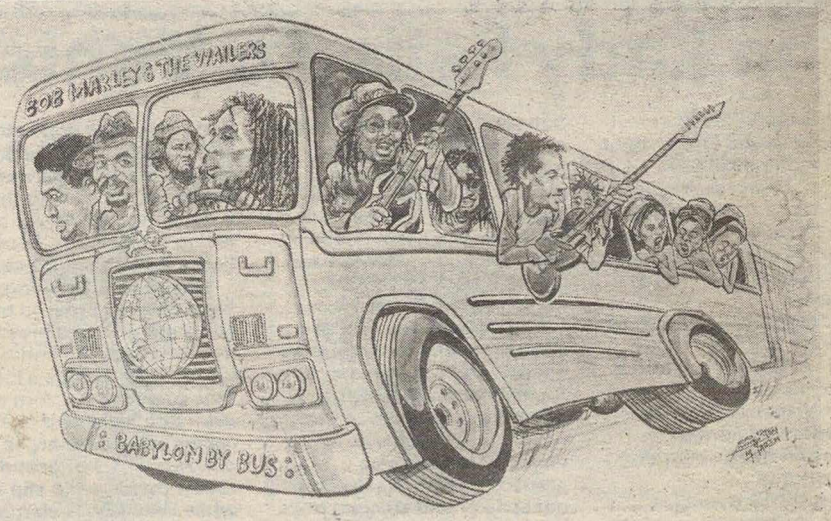
THRILLS

BLACK-MAEL CORNER

GAZING IMPARTIALLY at this picture, you may come to the impression that the depicted is just another All-American dickhead. This is because you are a SMART PERSON! You are absolutely correct, as it happens, but with one important proviso: this man is (gasp) a pop music singer! He is more renowned for hanging about in a group with his even more absurd looking brother, singing in a high squeaky voice that gives dogs migraine and makes humans suffer from an irresistible urge towards uncontrollable laughter. He has even reverted to type and appeared on *Top Of The Pops* in satin shorts (snerk!). Why are this man and this page too small for the both of us? Tune in next week as Blackmail Corner's "Suss The Schnook" Dept delivers the embarrassing goods.

SAM LUSER

THRILLS



FOR RIGHT now I wan' tell yuh . . .

. . . that issue III of *Movement Of Jah People*, the quarterly Bob Marley and the Wailers' newsletter, has just dropped through my letter-box direct from its new editorial address at Bob's Wailing Yard at 56 Hope Road, Kingston 6, Jamaica.

Formerly operating out of Miami, the newsletter doesn't just deal with that ickle fan club business but, as it reads beneath the editorial masthead, gives "I the opportunity to reason and exchange ideas, contribute to the progress of Jah music world-wide and share the truths of Rastafari."

The current eight-page tabloid-sized issue, for example, contains much vital ital: the text of H.I.M. Emperor Haile Selassie's speech in Kingston in 1966, a detailed map of Ethiopia, a piece on the origins of Dreadlocks (Leviticus 19, verse 27: "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard"), a glossary of Rastafarian vocabulary (Israel: Soldier of the Lord; Iwah: In these times, in this time) plus a dietary discussion including hints and recipes for those who have decided to "lock" flesh.

And in case you just dig the music, an order form and complete listing of 45s out on Bob's Tuff Gong label is also included.

One year's issue of *Movement Of Jah People* are available from 56 Hope Road, Kingston 6, Jamaica for five US dollars.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS

"You're a goddess, Roy, as it 'appens . . ." Lee looks askance. Pic: Tom Sheehan.

CONFESSIONS OF AN R&B GRAFTER

LEE BRILLEAUX is a man who long ago got his act together. He walks it tough, but talks it polite. And having sampled a glass of the hair of the dog and chewed on a filter-tip, he reckons that the hardest point in any band's career comes after they've savoured success on their own turf and discover that just an hour's plane hop across the channel, they're right back at square one: unknown, unfeted, under-paid and forced to double-up in cheap digs.

"Having to start all over again from scratch . . . doing all those things you did five years ago can be hard on most bands. It hurts, because you get used to the little luxuries like having your own hotel room with a shower. But you've gotta be very realistic about such things."

Sharper than a trouser crease, Brilleaux has been quick to learn from his and the Feelgood's mistakes. Instead of waiting for a new audience to come to them, they spend the best part of each year out on the road drumming up business.

Their forays in America have taught the Oil City Slickers that outside of a miracle there's no real short-cut to wherever they're headed. The US press may have been prepared, but they were in the minority. Out in the sticks supporting — of all people — Gentle Giant, the kids just didn't know what to make of our chisel-toed champs.

"Thought we were the local Mafia come down to sort 'em out," recollects a bemused Brilleaux. "See, out there they're so conditioned to having everything hyped-up ... and believe me, we were hyped-up something wicked. The record company didn't realise that they were desperately trying to make an image out of nothing. No wonder a lotta kids were confused. We made a half-hearted attempt to go along with it — whatever *it* was — but we quickly realised that it was destructive and not good business, so jettisoned the whole idea."

He empties his glass before continuing. "Images can be useful to a point, but they can also be extremely dangerous if you're stupid enough to start believing in them. Our image has always been that we've never had one.

"We've never been in fashion, so we've never been out of fashion."

The quintessential mid-'70s guts 'n' glory Brit-rock combo, Dr. Feelgood were the first band in living memory to buck the system by their sheer presence, refusing to be side-tracked by the superficial trappings of success and conform to accepted record biz politics.

"We showed that it was possible to do things on one's own terms," claims Brilleaux, drawing hard on a cigarette. "Now, I'm not saying for one moment that we set a new trend — that trend would have happened anyway. We just demonstrated that you could cut out all the usual bullshit."

It's to their credit that they've retained their credibility in a profession where there's a price on everything.

"We never set out to turn the business on its head," says the man. "All that we've tried to do is impress people that we wanna do it our way and use the business to our advantage without selling out. Over the last five years we've gone from being extremely hip — I mean, we really was the bee's knees — to a position where we still continue to work on our own terms."

Truth is, the Feelgoods wouldn't even begin to know how to pose if they enrolled at Lucy Clayton's School Of Charm.

"It doesn't pay," says Brilleaux, offended at the thought. "What's the point in starring it, posing about in flash Rolls Royces and playing the kind of music for which we are known? That's the big mistake so many bands continue to make. They aren't prepared to go out and slog around the small clubs, they just wanna steam right in at the top with the big PA and lighting rigs.

"In the long run, all the posing doesn't do you any real good as a person. Look, I do a job which I enjoy and I'm fortunate enough to get paid for doing it. And, if I have to start making sacrifices as far as my personal life is concerned, then I just ain't interested. I reckon there should never be any conflict between one's values and the way one conducts business as a professional musician.

"From the outset," he continues, glass in one hand, a cigarette in the other, "we never set out to try and grab as much money as possible or, for that matter, earn any bread. We started out playing the music that we wanted to play and not with any big idea that one day we were gonna make a lotta dough outta it.

"If I went back eight years to when we first put this band together, what's happened to us since 1974 is way beyond our wildest dreams. Especially when you consider that we used to send out circulars offering to play anywhere for nothing or at the most, expenses."

That's why the Feelgoods are still prepared to maybe drop a few quid to win over foreign audiences. The work may be hard, but it pays dividends. In total, they now sell as many records in Europe as they do in Britain — and overall sales are on the increase.

"No matter what you do in this world," Brilleaux theorises, "even if it's selling dodgy ball-points down the market, you've gotta be a grafter and if you're prepared to put in the hours then the chances are you'll succeed."

Unlike most bands, Brilleaux doesn't regard playing before 300 fans in a club somewhere in Holland as a loss of status. "If you wanna increase your following, go out and work for it. Also, there's always an opportunity to play a loose set and maybe throw in an old James Brown number which is something you might not dream of doing at the Hammersnith Odeon, just because it might not come off.

"When you're constantly on the road, you can afford to take those risks. Furthermore you're in contact with what's happening at roots level. The Feelgoods were an accident. Like getting a parking ticket, throwing it away, having the computer foul-up and never getting fined. If you've got that kinda luck going for you, it's best to stick with it.

"As it happens," he concludes, "we've more or less got our own thing pretty well sewn up."

As it happens, he's right.

ROY CARR

THRILLS

After the holocaust

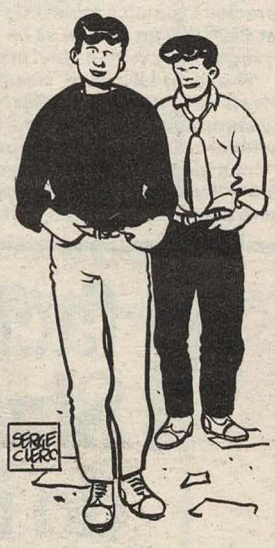
IF THEY do drop the Big One all traces of *NME* may get wiped away along with half the human race. Hard to believe, I know, but horrifically true. Not so *Rolling Stone*, though, because thanks to the services of Western States Atomic Vaults Inc (WSAV) the entire microfilmed back issues of *Stone*, along with the personal effects of founder Jan Wenner, will be preserved for eternity.

Wenner is just one of hundreds of far-sighted company leaders who are busy stashing their most important documents under mountains to make sure they survive nuclear attack. The Bank of America, Mobil Oil and IBM have their records safely interred. The films of Walt Disney are preserved alongside the laws governing the State of Hawaii.

Many companies have sprung up in recent years catering for this new growth industry. A company called Perpetual Storage is even offering His-and-Her atomic-proof security vaults deep in Utah's Wasatch Mountains. A snip at just £45,000 for a 50-year lease.

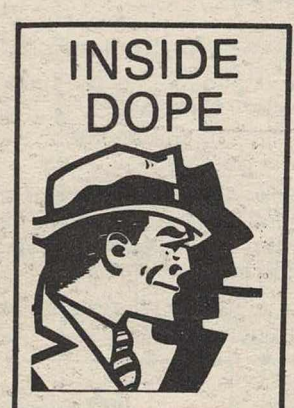
DICK TRACY

THRILLS



They'll be busting you for having Rizlas next

. . .



ON TUESDAY, May 15, at around 10.30 in the morning, six uniformed police burst into the premises of *Rock Dreams* in the Chelsea's King's Road, flashed a warrant and proceeded to round up some £1000 worth of paraphernalia — pipes, chillums, scales, tooters — plus drug books, copies of *Home Grown* and *Furry Freak Brothers* comics.

They bundled them into a van and disappeared.

The goods belonged to Dave Cowdrey who, through his company Tootwell and Stone, had been dealing in paraphernalia and other merchandise for some seven years without problems. Now, it seems, the police are aiming to make his business the centre of a test case to try and get the sale of paraphernalia outlawed by Parliament.

This new development comes hard on the heels of similar legal moves in various American States (see *Inside Dope*, 31.3.79) but in the US they're up against a powerful lobby, the Paraphernalia Trade Organisation (PTA), headquartered in Philadelphia, who control a market worth between an estimated quarter of a billion dollars *(Village Voice)* to $3 billion a year *(Time)*.

In 1977 Government figures put the annual sale of rolling papers at 150 million packets.

In addition the PTA publish their own magazine called, naturally enough, *Paraphernalia*, and 38 per cent of the pages of the commercial drug monthly *High Times* are filled by its members' adverts.

All of which is a long way from the British scene, though business here is growing fast. The latest issue of *Home Grown* is supported by adverts by some 14 paraphernalia wholesalers and retailers. According to its publisher Lee Harris — who also runs his own paraphernalia business in Portobello Road — last year £100,000 worth of goods were imported. These came principally from the US but also from India, the Far East, South America, and this does not count the accessories supplied by the growing home craft market.

In London there are at present around a dozen main paraphernalia outlets, a further 30 or so are now operating outside the capital and more are opening every week.

The immediate effect of this recent bust has been to make the various paraphernalia merchants forget their competitiveness and join together to form a Paraphernalia Retailers Association — which last Thursday met to discuss the issues involved.

Their legal eagle is radical lawyer David Offenbach, who is also handling Cowdrey's case and who was a speaker at last year's Legalise Cannabis Campaign conference and the main defence lawyer in the 1971 *Oz* obscenity trial.

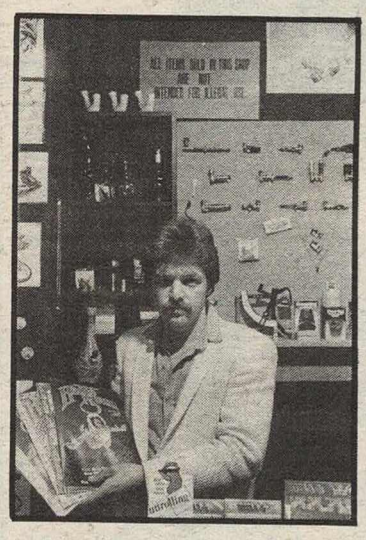
In a phone interview he told *Thrills* that, despite continual calls and letters to the police, he had still been unable to ascertain exactly what law his client is to be charged under.

His views on the case were clear: "People don't take drugs because of the existence of paraphernalia."

Using the same logic, he pointed out that car dealers should be charged for selling vehicles that kill people in accidents and that writers of crime fiction should be had up for encouraging crime.

He commented: "What is irresistible for elderly bureaucrats is the combination of sex, drugs and music." He sees this bust as yet another move by what he terms the "killjoy society" who "want to stop young people enjoying themselves". He believes that when it comes to the question of drug use "people have a right to decide for themselves" and that, at root, this latest case is "a freedom of expression issue".

When asked whether he thought the bust heralded a new era of marijuana repression he said: "Not if I can do anything about it." Fighting talk.



Rock Dreams proprietor Dave Cowdrey. Pic: Mike Laye.

Lawyers defending paraphernalia cases in the States are worried by the fact that the wording of new prohibition laws are often so broad that recordings, posters and song titles could come under the ban. Album covers showing marijuana, cocaine or other chemical substances, even the suggestion of drugs in song lyrics might be outlawed.

Offenbach plans to contact the PTA's defence lawyers to discuss tactics. Without wishing to give the police any ideas, he suspects that they will try and stretch the Obscene Publications Act to prosecute his client.

He pointed out that *Cain's Book*, an intimate portrait of a junkie written by Alex Trocchi, was successfully declared obscene under this Act, and the ruling passed at that time was that the Obscene Publications Act was not confined to sexual matters. This issue also came up during the *Oz* Trial.

If this turns out to be the case, David Offenbach's expert experience will prove very useful.

More news as it happens.

● THE LATEST issue of *Home Grown* should be of particular interest to *NME* readers, featuring as it does a piece by Mick Farren on Sex and Drugs and Rock 'n' Roll, an article by George Melly entitled 'A Jazzman's View of Dope' and an interview with Peter Tosh on Rasta, Reggae and Ganja.

The issue also contains welcome news on Danny de Souza, currently languishing in a Turkish jail on drug charges, who was the subject of a piece by this writer in *NME* at the time of the release of the movie *Midnight Express*.

Home Grown reveals that the film's director, Alan Parker, has sent Danny £240 and, as a result of the publicity surrounding Danny's case, a new organisation called the National Council for the Welfare of Prisoners Abroad (NCWPA) has been set up to help other people in similar circumstances. More news on their activities at a later date. They can be contacted at 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 3PR.

Home Grown No 5 is available from Alchemy Publications, 253 Portobello Road, London W11. (Price 60p plus 20p p&p).

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

SPOT THE BALL

AS SID and Doris Bonkers roar approval from the touchline, Everton's exciting number 7 shirt Bert O'Lucci dribbles up the pitch and down his shorts in record-breaking style.

Believe it or not, the curly-mopped man fannying about above is none other than the Hamburg FC starlet and European Footballer of the Year Kevin Wotsisface, in London last week to promote his new pop record, nip into Vidal Sassoon's for a swift perm and, er, something else . . . oh yes — to play for England and help the white-shirted wizards piss on the hapless rabble from North of the border. As for the couple in the background, they are in actuality a pair of Bundesliga chiropodists, keeping a watchful eye on Kev's precious tootsies (currently valued at £400,000 an ounce) as he juggles dangerously with a vinyl artefact.

The record is called 'Head Over Heels In Love' and on it Mr Keegan is accompanied by his chums Smokie, who are also the writer-producers. "I'm a big Smokie fan," says Kev, 5'6". "I've met a lot of pop people and been disappointed — they seem to live in a very false world. But Smokie are the first pop group I've met who have all got their feet on the floor. I find them really natural and in their business that's not normal, is it?"

Is Herr Keegan (favourite group The Moody Blues, followed by Eagles, Wings and '60s Motown) serious about smashing the pop charts? "I never do anything *too* seriously because I'm not that serious a person, but I never do anything just for a laugh either."

Kevin looks forward to charting the disc's progress in *NME* which he has sent to him in Chermany even though it arrives about six weeks out of date. "But it comes in handy," he says, "because my dog has just had a litter and the pups are shitting all over the place."

Latest score: SCOTLAND 0 ENGLAND 12 (R Stewart 4 o.g., K Keegan 6, C Norman, P Spencer — J Jordan arrested for GBH)

THRILLS

■ *Mr Keegan's record is reviewed on page 24*

Richard Hell buys Television!

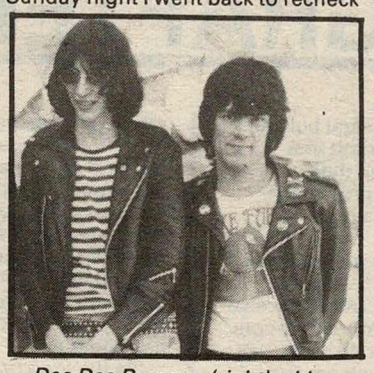
LAST TUESDAY it was Tom Verlaine Day again. Tommy and I live in the same neighbourhood, so for me Tom Verlaine Day comes more than once a year, unlike the rest of you peons.

Every once in a while I catch the boy slinking down Seventh Avenue or Twelfth Street or in and out of stores I also frequent, this giant bubble of VIBE and ATTITUDE encircling him as he walks, so thick you bounce off it half a block away and wonder what hit you.

Us being such close neighbours and all, you'd think Tom and I would exchange howdydos at least once in a while, but it never happens.

That's because before I lived here I was flown in once in 1976 to see The Ramones. It was around the time their first album was released, and The Ramones were playing Max's and Television were playing CBGB's the same weekend —this weekend finds The Rousers and Lyn Todd and Peroxide at Max's, while CBGB's features The Rudies and Regina Richards and the Red Hots. So I went to see TV on Friday night — I'd met Tom before with Patti — and turned out to be seemingly the only rock critic alive who wasn't wild about 'em. I thought they sounded like The Grateful Dead on a bad night.

Next night I went to see The Ramones and loved 'em, then Sunday night I went back to recheck TV, figuring there had to be more there than I'd seen Friday or so many people wouldn't be talking about 'em. Still didn't dig them. After it was all over I walked up to Tom in front of CBGB's and said, "Hey man, look, ever since I got here on Friday, the first words outta everybody's mouth I've met have been not 'Hello, Lester, how ya been?' but 'whaddaya think of Television?' So what I wanted to tell you is, look *who the hell cares what I think of your fucking band?* Let's just be friends."



Dee Dee Ramone (right) with brother Joey: Vietnam calling.

He got all weird cold and fishy, and later I heard he told Peter Laughner, "Yeah, I don't think Lester's gonna make it in New York." The fact that I like both Television albums enough to place them in my top ten two years running and reviewed the first one extremely favourably has not alleviated this.

So now Tom and I walk around the neighbourhood not speaking to each other. I'd speak to him except he's a dreadful bore, one of the dreariest people alive, the quintessence of Null. We share the same bank; I saw him converting to pounds before his first English tour. We have the same laundromat, even pass each other in the street with our full bags of dirty BVDs and used hankies, and sometimes I feel like going up to him and saying, "Hi, Tommy — *washday?*" but we never even look each other in the eye.

The worst Tom Verlaine Day I ever had was once when we crossed paths on Thirteenth Street, me just coming from the laundromat and him en route, and no sooner had I passed him than half a block on I crossed paths with noted *Village Voice* pundit James Wolcott, who, like (the original) Elvis, lives on junk food. Once I'd safely turned the corner onto Sixth Avenue, I turned around to look at him and sure enough, he was walking into Burger King. I turned my head back just in time to almost smash into Liz and Rick Derringer. A few minutes later I came out of my grocery store and was walking down Sixth Avenue again, just about to 12th St, when whoosh — here, suddenly materialising around the corner was: Tom Verlaine!

By now I was getting dizzy; there was no question this was going to be a horrible day and the only thing that might half fix it would be to go home and hide my head under the covers. First, though, I decided to get a slice of pizza, so I walked down to Ray's Pizza at 11th and 6th. My repast calmed me somewhat, and as I was walking home up Sixth I decided to stop off at the newsstand and buy a magazine. Only trouble was, just as I was crossing the street to do it, I saw Tom Verlaine, this time walking

"Looking for a good time, Lester?" Tom Verlaine hides in phone booth. Pic: Joe Stevens

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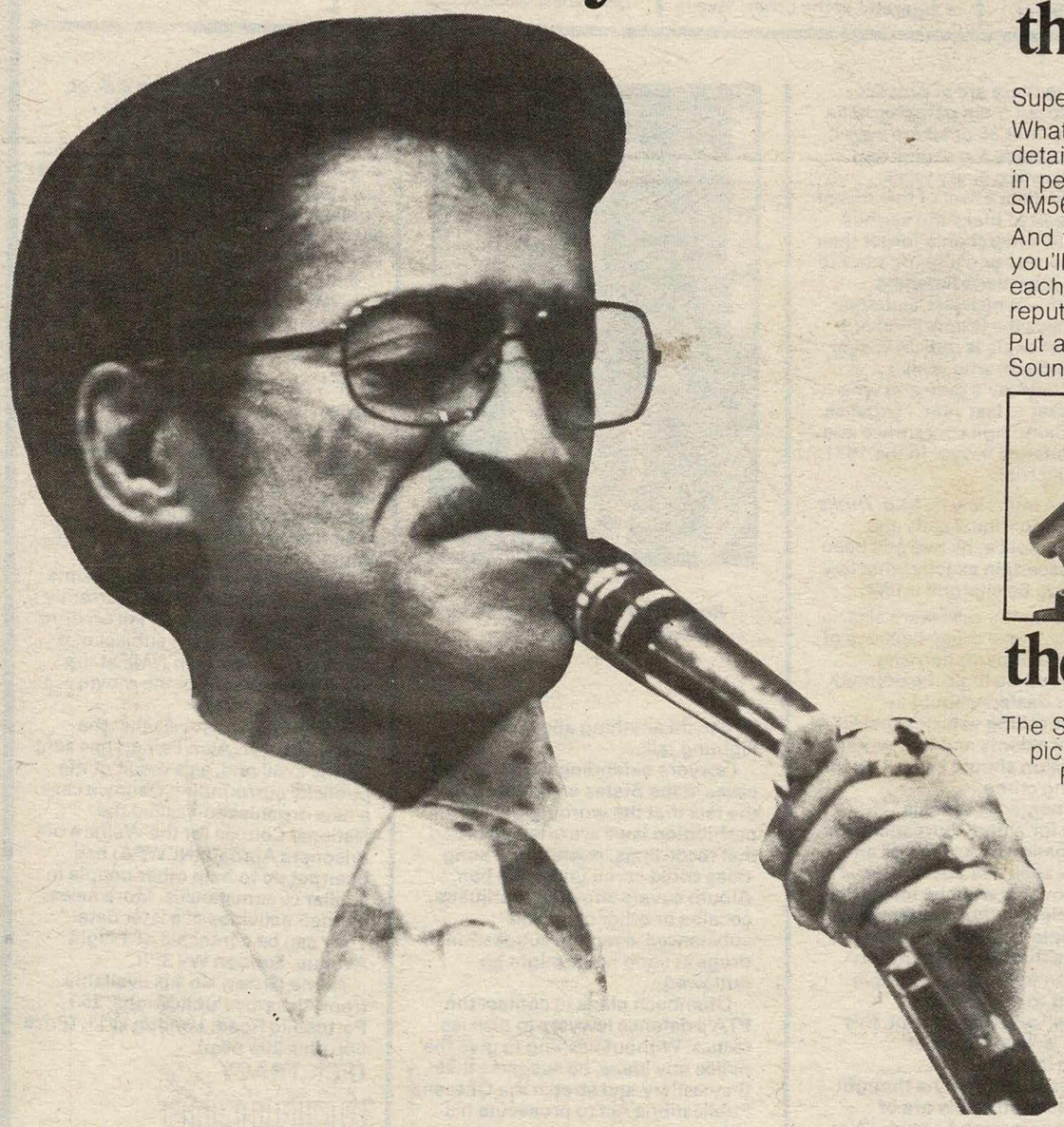

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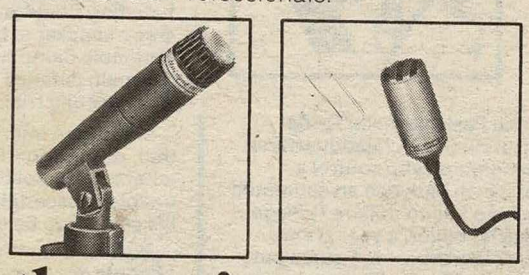

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BACK IN THE USA BY LESTER BANGS

down Sixth towards me. He went in the door of my newsstand.

I hesitated, almost went straight home then and there, then decided no, you must be a man and face these things. So I walked into the newsstand. There we stood, Tom and I, side by side, gazing at the magazine rack. Finally, he walked out without buying anything. A moment later, so did I. Thinking at the time, how about that, I've got something in common with Tom Verlaine: neither one of us can find anything to read.

Well, things have been going on like this for about two years now. The other day I was walking up Broadway on my way home when I did espy, not so far away and getting closer by the second — Mr Television. He got closer. I got closer. We both looked in opposite directions, he off to my left and me off to his. Just as we were about to pass each other, however, the hilarity of the whole thing finally overcame me. I started involuntarily to smile. Then I grinned. I chuckled as he passed me, and howled all the way home.

Only trouble was that after that the whole rest of the day I was in a state of depressed confusion and didn't know why. Which is something to think about the next time you laugh at one of Tom's lyrics.

● Saw Richard Hell the other day too. Actually I see Richard more often, but then I should because we're friends. One of the reasons we are friends is that two years ago when I told Richard that I thought his Ork EP sounded like dead junkie music, he just laughed and said wait for the album. Another time later he took me out to dinner and picked up the check.

That is a friend.

So one day last month I'm standing in the drizzle on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Eighth St., waiting for my new girlfriend, who works as a bouncer at CBGB's, to finish up a phone call, when I glance in the window of Crazy Eddie's stereo store and think to myself, there's another guy that looks like Richard Hell. But then, Hmmm, thinks I to myself, there's only one person in the world who wears that same old drab soot-smeared beige overcoat his whole life — hey, it *is* Richard Hell, in Crazy Eddie's buying a TV set; so I walk in and say hi to him and Susan Springfield, his steady girl and majordomo of The Erasers and new band Desire.

Richard is comparative shopping for colour TVs this afternoon and has narrowed it down to two portable sets. Now he is squatting on the floor, squinting intently into the picture tube of one, about an inch from his face. The picture on this one is all grainy and blurry, while the other is clear and sharp. The Muppets, are on *Sesame Street,* and Richard is talking to them.

"Hey, Muppy . . ." he says. He's all stoned, weaving, doesn't take his sunglasses off to check out the two screens.

"I think this one over here is better," I say.

"I dunno," he says, indicating the grainy set, "I'm kinda leanin' towards this one." He used the right word.

"What happened to your old TV set?" I ask.

"I dunno . . . lost it somewhere . . ." he says. He's smiling. One thing I'll say for Richard, he's always smiling when he talks to you. That's 'cause he really gets a kick out of life. As Bob Quine of the Voidoids said to me the other day. "He can't seem to make up his mind whether he wants to be a rock star like Elvis Costello or just go die. So he keeps vacillating." Richard sees humour in all things.

I forget which TV set he took, I just saw him stumble over to the counter, throw two or three hundred bucks at the guy behind it, and walk out. My last sight of him that day was Richard and Susan trying to hail a cab on Sixth Avenue, Richard toting the boxed TV on his shoulder as he staggered and weaved, about to drop and break it right there in the middle of the street.

Patti: she's got brains.

● Before we broke up, my old band got to open up for The Ramones at several class dates around this area in March and April. We even played the Palladium. But I don't want to tell you about that. What I want to tell you is what Dee Dee said to me during the sound check on the afternoon before we played Princeton: "Yeeah, meyen, my greatest regret in life is that I never got to go and fight in Viet-naam. I dunno, I might notta liked it . . but I sure wish I'd had a chance to find out."

● Patti Smith has moved to Detroit. That girl always did have a lotta brains.

THRILLS

■ *Mr Bangs' new single is reviewed on page 23*

Whatever happened to Public Image Ltd?

TREADING SEAMLESSLY where others fear to acknowledge, *Thrills* once more brings you all the news we haven't got.

Following last week's startling revelation that we haven't the foggiest notion where, what or with whom Miles Davis might be playing, here comes the latest non-copy on the London rock scene, Public Image in particular.

Richard Dudanski, we can reveal, is indeed now resident in the PiL drumming seat, replacing Jim Walker, whose wherabouts are unclear. He could have buggered off to Canada, he could be piaying in a combo called The Pack. Beyond that, all the Public Image pressperson will say is that his (Walker's) reasons for departure simply hinged around dissatisfaction with musical direction in the group structure (don't they always?).

The rumour that Walker had been twanged in the ear by Jah Wobble was denied.

Dudanski himself was 'at liberty', as we in the trade say, following the demise or partial-demise of the very - wonderful - sometimes Bank of Dresden, they of infamous widespread Inner London graffiti and infamous very - wonderful - always bassist, etc, Jane. Very hip socialites will already know, of course that Dudanski had previously played with The (original) Raincoats, and The (not so original) 101'ers. Just kiddin', Joe!

The hippest of the hip will know also that the aforementioned Jane is now playing with The Modettes — a new destined - for - pop - fame all-girl four-piece outfit (light brown, exaggerated lapels, long sleeves, white silk scarf).

And while we're on demises, etc, the always - extremely - unpredictable Westbourne Grove pub-venue The Chippenham has received its no - more - pop - music orders from local police and residents. The Chippenham will be remembered by many as one of the best reasons for being out - of - doors - late - at - night for the best - part - of - the - first - half - of 1979; host in its time to such as The Tesco Bombers, Vincent Units, Bank of Dresden, Raincoats, Scritti Politti and others too forgotten to mention.

Um, where were we . . . oh yeah, Public Image. They have been in the studio a lot recently. They will be gigging real soon. There will be a new single real soon. Nobody knows for sure what it will be.

What more could you possibly want to know?

This has been a public image dis-information service.

JOE PUBLIC

THRILLS

From left: Colin Moulding, Andy Partridge, Terry Chambers, Dave Gregory. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Life Begins At The Hop (or does it?)

STEVE CLARKE travels to glamorous downtown Reading to meet XTC's new boy and engage in the usual fruitless speculation about whether they're on the way to Top Of The Pops. Or not.

IT'S IRONIC that of all the rated new wave bands XTC should have had to wait longest for a hit single. Since their debut '3D' EP in 1977 they have had form in a big way — credibility with a big C.

And not only have they been *fancied*, they've also been a primary influence on any number of faceless new wave combos. Turn on John Peel's show any night and you're bound to run up against a group whose basic inspiration is the XTC sound, all jumpy phrases, hiccupy vocals, clever-dick rhythms and crazed plastic organ.

Even a relative old-timer like Bill Nelson, deny it as he does, has been influenced by XTC in his latest incarnation Red Noise.

All the more strange that XTC stand poised to capture their long overdue singles success now that their Eno-esque keyboard player Barry Andrews is no longer in the fold.

"When Barry left I felt in a bit of a spin," reveals a cold-ridden Andy Partridge who's nevertheless in good spirits after a more than satisfactory gig at Reading University.

"Good God — this is half the sound of the band walked straight through the door. But after a couple of weeks I thought, 'Goodness gracious, maybe it's not — why don't we just continue and say, All right, we'll be whatever we sound like next, whatever pops out of the bag' — and a guitarist popped out of the bag."

The guitarist is Dave Gregory, a longtime friend of the boys in the band and a fellow Swindon local to boot: "We used to pester the same music shop proprietors. . ."

XTC is his first excursion into the realms of professional rock'n'roll. Formerly he played with a Swindon R&B band, D. Gaber and The Gaberdines, where the main points of reference were Dr Feelgood and The Pirates — though his knowledge of the XTC repertoire was so extensive that when the band asked him to play their second single 'This Is Pop' at the audition he inquired whether they wanted the album version or the single.

A fan of Steely Dan, Gregory is a genial, easy-going sort who is also, incidentally, a diabetic — which makes the rigours of the road that much harsher because of his need to eat regular meals.

Partridge first approached Gregory while XTC were in Boston during a ten-venue visit to the States in January. It was in America that he first realised all was less than hunky dory between Andrews and the rest of XTC — even though back in October when I saw the band on the road in Ireland Andrews came on like a man who wanted fast out of rock'n'roll.

Being the group's 'natural leader', it seems Partridge had more of a gulf between him and Andrews than the rest of the group, and because of this he was the last to realise the keyboard player's growing discontentment.

"The other two seemed to keep it from me," he says. "Barry told me he was quitting as soon as we got back from America, although it came as no surprise. He was obviously going in a different direction to the rest of us.

"We didn't like his songs very much. That's basically what it stemmed from. The two songs he had on 'Go 2' (the last XTC album), it was a bit of a fight to get them on. We had three numbers of his which we recorded but didn't make it on to the album.

"We had arguments. . .It would have meant dropping some of our songs — by Colin and me — which we felt were better songs. We set the identity of the band and we didn't want to spoil it so quickly.

"Obviously Barry had to get his own group — which he did."

Didn't they toy with replacing Barry with another keyboard player?

"I sort of wanted to, but the other two dissuaded me, and made me see sense by saying that he would only be compared with Barry whatever he did. Which was true. So we said, 'Okay, let's have a guitar player, preferably one who can bash out a bit of keyboards.' 'Cause we do three numbers with keyboards to (adopting Clive Dunn voice) ignite the old memories for the people who liked us with Barry."

JUDGING FROM the new single, Colin Moulding's 'Life Begins At The Hop', and the band's performance at Reading, Barry Andrews quitting XTC and Dave Gregory joining them is the best thing that could have happened.

After all, at the end of last year they were stagnant. Despite receiving rave reviews, 'Go 2' only attracted 2,000 punters more than that its predecessor, that masterpiece of modern pop 'White Music', selling no more than 32,000.

Save for a handful of cuts — 'Beat Town', the current set opener, comes to mind — 'Go 2' left me disappointed. Partridge doesn't wholeheartedly agree with me, but he obviously has reservations.

"I think it was a bit foggy in places. I would have liked it much more direct and primitive. A bit more like the feel of 'White Music', which was basically played live with just a few things added here and there."

The tour scheduled to promote the album didn't attract the numbers they had hoped for either.

"It was a really bad turnout," recalls Partridge. "We were at our most obscure around that time. We may have scared audiences away."

And 'Are You Receiving Me', a number not included on 'Go 2' for which Stranglers producer Martin Rushent was drafted in, failed to achieve the chart success XTC should have had with both previous 45s 'Statue Of Liberty' and 'This Is Pop'.

To aggravate the situation still further, other and newer signed Virgin acts like The Skids and The Members were getting hits while staunch veterans XTC were still in the cold. Yet virtually every week a quick run-through of the music press would pay witness to the new wave barometer XTC undoubtedly are.

"I feel pride every week when I look through the music papers," says Partridge. "Each week we're a metre for a dozen bands. A thousand and one bands, Slats, Slots, Slits, Sluts. You know, The Bums, The Tits. . .the sort of bands with *modern* names.

"There are a lot of people who've come up with that stacatto feel. I can't exactly name people. I don't know whether they've been influenced so much as hitting upon the same thing at the same time."

Although Barry was still with XTC, however tenuously, when the band went to America, their visit seems to have been a turning point. Despite its manifest faults there is no shortage of energy over there — something noticeably lacking in our own section of the globe — and it's not uncommon to return from a Stateside jaunt feeling recharged.

"For the first time in months they felt they were wanted," opines Virgin PR Al Clark who accompanied them to the States. None of their records have been released in America, but their allies Talking Heads were anxious that the Yanks should get to see them, so they invited XTC to support them at New York's Beacon Theatre on New Year's Eve. After flying over on Air India's stand-by service (if there's one thing XTC aren't, it's glamourous), a few other dates were fitted in, including three two-sets-a-night stints at NYC's punk emporium CBGBs.

With the exception of one date in Philadelphia, XTC packed the admittedly small venues they were playing to the proverbial rafters.

"We were quite chuffed," is how Andy puts it. One thing, though — those comparisons with the Heads do rather rattle him: "I suppose we must have been aware of what they (the Heads) were doing, though I can honestly say I've not nicked anything from them. Whether things have come out consciously I don't know."

Which brings us to the present — XTC all set for a huge hit with 'Life Begins At The Hop' and playing the best I've ever seen them play. Contrary to Gavin Martin's somewhat vitriolic review of one of the Irish dates in a recent issue of this august journal, I can only report that with the addition of Gregory XTC are a rejuvenated outfit, and not only that but a good deal more accessible.

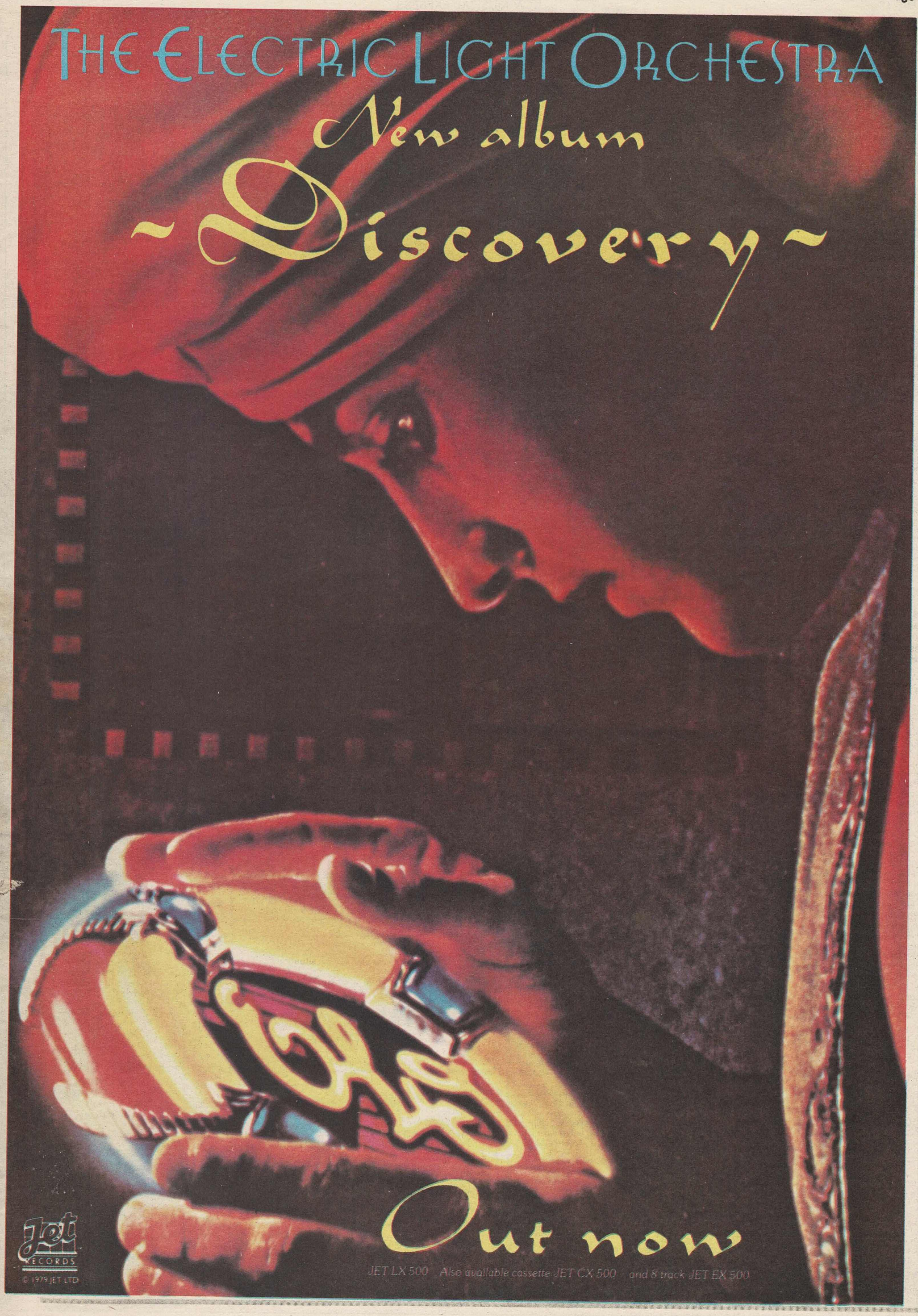
With Gregory's Wilkoesque guitar they're much more of a rock and roll band. Unlike Partridge's strictly modern guitar, Gregory also gets into a bit of blues-wailing, which is just fine by me — and the rest of the crowd at Reading.

With three guitars (Andy, Dave, and bassist Colin) in their front-line, XTC are also greatly improved visually. They *look* a much more potent outfit.

The current set features four new songs, an exemplary version of the new single, and another peach, 'Making Plans For Nigel', a slow-burning somewhat stealthy number high on melody and with a classic XTC rhythmic weave. On first hearing the other two new songs were not so impressive, and despite the excellence of it all I still felt that XTC would benefit still further from some stringent quality control.

That they can write intelligent and irresistible 'modern' pop chunes and execute them with superlative rock

■ *Continues page 47*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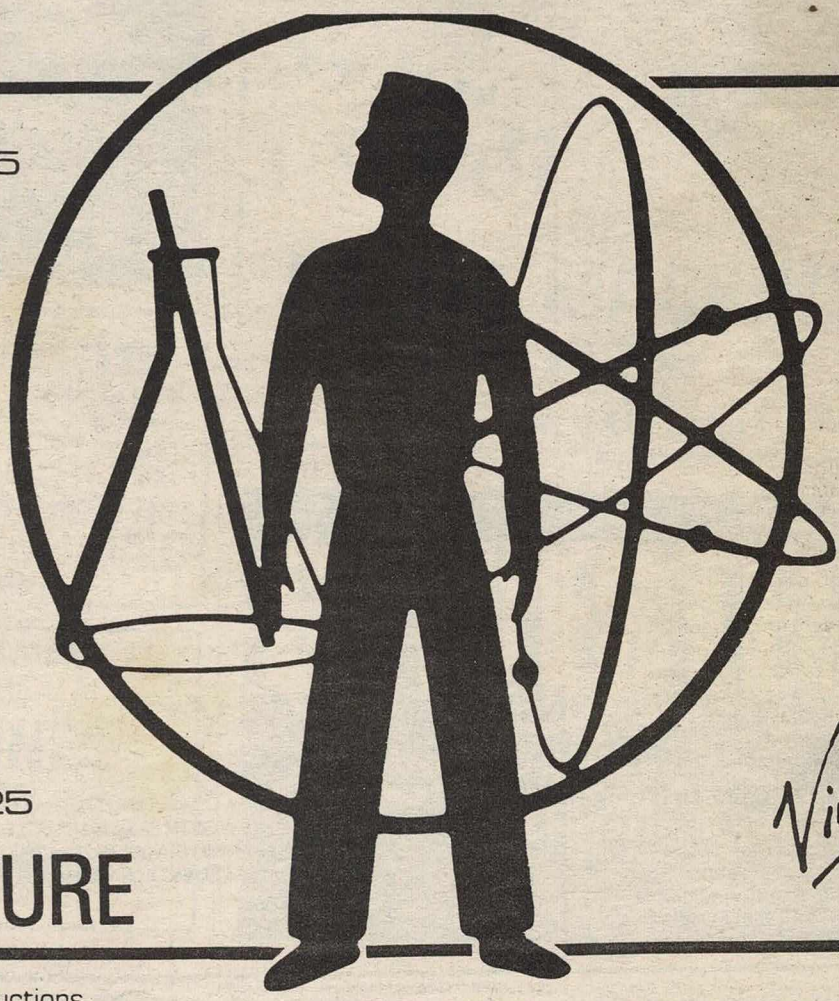

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THE THOMPSONS & SON. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

A CONVOCATION WITH AYATOLLAH THOMPSON

Yayha and Ruqayya (alias RICHARD and LINDA THOMPSON) discuss Amputation, Stoning People To Death and The Destruction Of The Touareg over a working breakfast with Infidel reporter GRAHAM LOCK

HERE AM I, in a Hampstead tearoom, where a large Danish pastry is sharing my plate with a classic liberal dilemma. Richard Thompson, a writer and guitarist I've long admired, is staunchly defending the Islamic practice of cutting off a thief's hand.

"About a man who steals, the Koran says you should forgive him. If a man's hungry and he's got less than you, then you can't punish him because *you* should have given to him. If a man steals continually, then you can cut his hand off. But it's very rare. In Saudi Arabia I met the man who used to do it and he said that in all the time he had the job it only happened about twice."

Linda Thompson, who I'd rate as one of the country's finest singers, agrees with her husband. "I hate to sound fascistic, but a thing like that is a great deterrent. There isn't the same crime rate in any Islamic country as there is over here."

Is that so? I push my pastry disconsolately around the plate while my stomach sinks to the floor. Here are two people whose records have won a corner in my heart and now they sound like they're coming from somewhere far to the right of a *Daily Telegraph* editorial, if such a thing is possible. I mean, doesn't amputation seem just a little *barbaric?*

Richard disagrees. "I can't see it as barbaric if the man's an habitual thief. If all you believe in is this world, nothing beyond molecular matter, then it makes no sense; but if you believe in something beyond this world, in some inner capacity, it makes more sense.

"In Italy it's the thieves who cut *your* hand off. If you've got a diamond ring and you're walking down the street — CHOMP — they'll have your whole hand off, they don't mess about. Which is the saner society? One which allows a thief to do that?"

Well, it's not exactly "allowed" in Italy. It is against the law.

Linda: "But they do it 'cos they're not frightened of the law. People rape, people murder, 'cos they're not frightened of the consequences."

Well, remind me to leave my diamonds behind the next time I go to Italy. But surely there are other ways of tackling crime than Islam's punitive extremism?

Richard demurs. "I don't make the rules. I don't know if I could cut off a man's hand. I don't think I could."

Heartened by this glimpse of humanity I press ahead. What about the practice of executing adulterers? Now that really is barbaric. Isn't it?

"The punishment in the Koran is stoning to death," replies Richard. "I don't see that as a barbaric thing. But again it's very rare."

Not barbaric? How do you justify *that?*

"Because adultery is a worse thing."

Huh!!! My jaw sags, my eyes pop; all my, er, wet liberal principals start whizzing round my head in protest. I mean, how do you *possibly* justify *that?*

Richard shrugs. "Well, if you enjoy it, get on with it. That's all I can say. It kills the heart. Like I said, if all you see is this world, it doesn't make *any* sense."

When I maintain my disdainful scepticism about spirits, after-lives and similar argots of mystification, the Thompsons move onto the attack.

"If you don't believe any of this," demands Richard, "how come you're working for the *NME?*"

Sorry? The *NME* is a spiritual journal?

"'Cos if this *is* all there is, what're you doing with the garbage? Why don't you earn lots of money, get a Rolls Royce and yacht, go and live in the Mediterranean, have so many girlfriends you can't get through them all, and have all the things you want in the world?"

Well, er, I don't think those are the things I want.

"What do you want? Whatever it is, go and get it," urges Linda. "A lot of people would brand us as fanatics, but we've seen what we want and we're going after it with a vengeance. And that surprises people, 'cos everybody wants to compromise. Nobody will say 'stuff you and your rules and your ideas'."

Hang on, though. Aren't there some rules you can't just ignore? What do you do, for example, about paying tax?

Richard grins. "I evade tax at every possible opportunity. I play a game with them. I always pay late 'cos inflation is far ahead of their interest rates.

"If you have to live in a world of usury — which it is, everyone's locked in it, everyone's got a mortgage or whatever — then borrow as much as you can. Borrow thousands, 'cos then they need you, and you've got them over a barrel. Borrow millions — all from the same bank! It's what Onassis did. The bank would do anything for him, 'cos if he went under, they went under.

"It's a horrific system. But if I can't avoid it I'll exploit it."

THE THOMPSONS have tried to avoid it. Between the appearance of their recent 'First Light' album and their previous studio release 'Pour Down Like Silver', there was a three-year hiatus, some of which time was spent trying to set up a Moslem community in East Anglia.

"It was an attempt to build a village from scratch," says Richard. "Setting it up on principles from the Koran. I think it was a bit of a fantasy."

What went wrong?

"What we tried to establish was a very pure thing, and theoretically a very sane society, but in order to do that in our age it seems you have to completely isolate yourself. And that was self-defeating, because communication and social flux is the most important part of a community.

"It made me aware that this society is very global — you can't escape it. If you want to live in an alternative way you have to live as a kind of virus in the corporate body."

The Thompsons now live as a kind of virus in Hampstead; and their Moslem community flourishes in a similar way around London and Norwich. They've been involved with Islam for several years, initially at Richard's instigation. How had Linda felt about it at the beginning?

"I was very frightened and very resentful of it. I didn't understand Islam so it scared me. And I did search around for viable alternatives, but in the end I reached the same conclusions that Richard had — though not until a long time after."

You don't find many Islammic practices biased against women? Like, a man can have three wives but a woman can only have one husband.

Linda shurgs. "Emotionally — the way women are made — they just couldn't handle having three husbands."

Really? And men *are* emotionally capable of coping with three wives?

Richard intervenes with an explanation that this law was specifically designed to protect women. Widows were apparently plentiful at the time of the Prophet, and this law enabled a man who was already married to take one into his household and provide for her. When I ask if it wouldn't have been fairer to draw up a law which made it easier for women to be financially independent, Linda leans towards me confidentially.

"Look," she says, "I know a bit about women, and women *need* security. They *like* to depend on a man."

About here I give up the Thompsons as a lost cause.

ARABIAN CULTURE has, not surprisingly, had an increasingly pervasive influence on Richard Thompson's songs. On the latest album, 'First Light' and 'Sweet Surrender' unveil responses to Islam; while 'Strange Affair' and 'Layla' are translations from Morrocan and Algerian lyrics.

There are discernible constants in Thompson's music — his familiarity with English folk (harking back to his days with Fairport Convention), his love for early rockabilly — but there's also been a continual shift in the focus of his lyrics.

His solo debut, 'Henry The Human Fly', reiterated the folk heritage and revealed a macabre sense of humour. In 1972 he married Linda and the next year saw the release of the first duo album, 'I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight', still one of the most impressive records of the decade. A uniquely bleak appraisal of work and love in modern industrial society — about how people exploit and are exploited and the nothing at the end of the capitalist rainbow — it nonetheless closes with a movingly optimistic statement in 'The Great Valerio.'

Subsequent albums — the jokey 'Hokey Pokey', the sombre 'Pour Down Like Silver', the live'n'out-take collection 'Guitar-Vocal' — showed a gradual move away from specific social themes to more personal and broodingly introspective lyrics. They also proved he was one of the world's most distinctive guitarists; a master of emphatic understatement and clipped, gloomy romanticism.

I'd read that Richard no longer liked his previous albums. True?

"I think I reserve the right not to like them. It's quite reasonable."

What's wrong with them?

"It's not that there's anything wrong — or right — with them. I just don't find them interesting any more. They're like spin-offs really, from one's energy — the energy you put out to get through life. They're sort of like droppings you leave along the way — though that's putting it too strongly."

Hmm. I remark that, er, I like these droppings more than I like 'First Light'. Richard asks how I think the latter differs from earlier albums. I say I found it colder, more detached, less *passionate.*

■ *Continues over*

SHEIKIN' ALL OVER . . .

■ *From previous page*

Linda: "I can understand that. There's not so much pain in the new songs. I think you and I, the people who liked Richard's songs, related to the hopelessness, to the really desperate sentiment behind them. Some of them were like, music to kill yourself to. But obviously one wants to eradicate that feeling within oneself, and once you do there's not the emotional plummet in the songs that there was."

I thought I related to their realism; to their ability to face the worst and still find hope. But Richard takes up Linda's point.

"I'm not interested in emotional music anymore. I don't like it. The best music is the music of the heart, music that comes *direct* without any emotion channeling it. People like Bob Dylan, Hank Williams, Sleepy John Estes. The thing about Dylan is that he speaks from a place inside him. It's not emotion, it's what's been called soul. Aretha Franklin is soul, Shirley Bassey is emotion.

"One thing I consciously avoid these days is recycling a particular emotional state in the music. I don't want to go through that thing of rehashing one's own dramas. If you sing a song every night, every night you look into that song. I'm more careful now which songs I look into."

There seems to have been a change in the political content of the songs, too. Something like 'The New St. George' could have been written from a socialist perspective.

Richard: "I'm not a Socialist. Not at all."

But at least those songs advocated social change, were critical of the people in power? And there's 'Time To Ring Some Changes' on last year's Albion Band album.

Richard: "I've never wanted social change. I've always wanted change for myself first of all, and then for other people — but in a way that gives them satisfaction. A political change like that" (his hands describe a half-circle) "would leave people less happy. The only politics is within onself; and it spreads out from oneself.

"The leaders of the Russian Revolution ended up sleeping in the Tsar's bedroom. Unless people change themselves, how're they gonna change anything else? All they do is re-establish what went before. It's the history of revolutions."

But in those early songs there was a great deal of sympathy for the poor, for the underdog?

"I've got a great deal of sympathy for those people. But humanitarianism starts with your immediate environment, with the man who knocks on your door and says 'I'm hungry'."

In Hampstead? What do you do, send out cheques?

"Sending out a few quid for the needy is absurd. As far as I can see, the money that goes to organisations like UNICEF and Oxfam goes to turning a noble people like that Touareg into enslaved idiots who can't move a muscle without a machine."

Linda: "There was a place in Mauritania where they used to have droughts — which they survived — but the UN came along and drilled wells deeper into the water table. For a few years, there was an abundance of water, then they had nothing. They'd used up all their resources, and there was a *real* drought. The machines had moved in and blown the whole thing."

Richard: "And what happened was that the Touareg were forced into the cities. The Touareg are some of the finest people I've ever met — the way they lived in the desert was so harmonious — but they were forced into these tenements and they just didn't know how to live there. They didn't know how to go to the toilet, they were shitting out of the window. It was a terrible situation. There was disease everywhere.

"So UNICEF doctors were flown in to give them jabs against everything — which they'd never needed before. And they were told, 'You can't go back to being a primitive

people again — instead of drawing water in a primitive way, we'll give you a simple pump.' So they give them a pump, then something in the mechanism breaks down and the next step is a dependence on the supply line. And the technology becomes a little more sophisticated, until these people are totally hooked on the supply line — until they're connected up with Western industry.

"Forgive my cynicism, but it seems to me that that was the idea in the first place. 'Cos the people behind UNICEF and Oxfam are the big banks, the central trading banks. They finance it all."

Linda: "So we do still care about all that."

Richard: "But it starts at home. It really does."

THE THOMPSONS have always been peripheral figures on the music scene; staying out of the limelight and carefully avoiding the standard ploys needed to become 'stars'. They're reputedly difficult to interview; but today they remain friendly, talkative and good-humoured, even though I spend most of my time trying to dismiss their whole way of life. Coming back to their three-year absence from the record biz, I ask what other acitivites — apart from the Moslem community — they had been involved with.

Richard: "Oh, pigeon-racing, ferrets, falconry, archery."

There were stories in the press that you'd split up at one time?

Linda: "Yeah, we remember reading them. It was extraordinary. We've had our ups and downs but we've never split up. Truthfully, I mean, I've run home to mother a couple of times but it's never been for more than a week."

Well, I asked because a lot of the songs on 'Pour Down Silver' seem to be about separation.

Richard: "Yeah, that's how I see existence. You're separated from reality and what one looks for is the *connection*. In many cultures — Arabic, Japanese — there are a lot of songs which describe that connection in the allegory of a love song."

Does that explain the obviously allegorical 'Layla' on 'First Light'?

"It's an allegory about two lovers — to symobolise a man's search for truth and reality."

Oh. Good. Is there any connection with the destructive allegorical woman of ' Calvary Cross'?

"No, there's a difference. The woman in 'Calvary Cross' was music; a view of music as something that can possess you — in that you're working for it, rather than the other way around. Now the roles are reversed. I used to feel very enslaved by music, but not any more."

Enslaved?

"Music is a very strong drug, especially rock'n'roll. You have to have your fix. Like, I used to play guitar every day, it was a *need*. If I didn't play, I didn't feel right, I just had to keep playing — but I got very little out of it. I can play better now through not playing."

After hearing the refurbished 'Night Comes In', featured on the Thompsons' last tour, I'm inclined to agree. But talking about guitar, you have a very jazzy, impressionistic style — any particular influences?

"Well, I like jazz. John Coltrane, Albert Ayler, Duke Ellington, Earl Hines — all the pianists. And I like classical composers. I've always listened to the impressionist composer for guitar lines. Debussy wrote incredible guitar lines, though he didn't know it.

"Django Rheinhart is the guitarist I admire the most. He had such a broad range — he was aggressive, sensitive, fluid, sweet, melodic, bluesy, and all that gipsy spirit as well. The guitar player who had absolutely everything."

Linda: "Except fingers."

Richard laughs. "That's a good line. You should end there."

OK.

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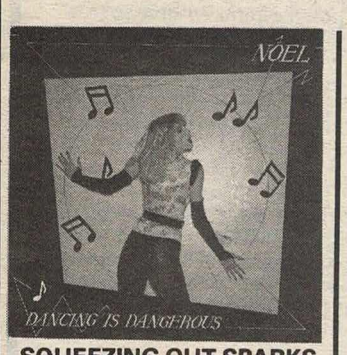


SQUEEZING OUT SPARKS

NOEL: Dancing Is Dangerous (Virgin). Many years ago, when the world and we were a little bit younger and a little bit slower, a dark dreadful pact was entered into: signed in blood drawn by a broken Fender top E string and sealed at midnight with vinyl from a melted-down Albert King single on original blue-label Stax. On pain of being hung by the thumbs over a crowd of Deep Purple fans armed with pitchforks, your present correspondent swore that he was never never *ever* going to say, write or think anything even vaguely complimentary about any artefact even peripherally involving Ron and/or Russell Mael. For nigh-on half a decade this troth, once plighted, was rigorously maintained, but I cracked up when it came to the crunch.

'Dancing Is Dangerous' was not only written but produced by the ludicrous siblings and it's a fine, witty and insouciant a piece of bald-faced absurdity as could be imagined by anyone this side (or even that side) of Robert Sheckley. Cast in the Eurobounce synthomode, it's what happens when *Cabaret* and *They Shoot Horses Don't They?* get spot-welded on a disco floor. Sung in breathy Germanic tones by a lady who is probably the figment of someone's imagination, it's danceable (though most things are these dead dog days), mock-sinister, elegant and wry.

When it's a giant hit and it's inescapable on the radio and everyone's heard it 98 times, I'll probably renew my vow and plead temporary insanity for having written this, but right now I'll cast a ballot for Mael chauvinism and the big beat.

● **A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A RASTA**

STEEL PULSE: Sound System (Island). There is no such thing as a sound system unless it's a Sound System, and this is one of those. Available as 12in discomix and 7in microwave, this is a pick-it-up-and-kick-it ode to sound salvation which reminds me of Marley's 'Roots Rock Reggae' though it probably shouldn't, intended for standing, stepping and swaying purposes. Neither vapid or universal enough for the crossover jackpot, it should still soften Iman and y'all alike for the stronger meat to be found on the upcoming 2nd Pulse album. If you can get busted for skins and chillums, this'll be the next to go. POSSESSION OF THIS RECORD IS INCRIMINATING.

More Singles For Wishing There Was A Ramones Single Out This Week To

● **DON'T STONEWALL, JACKSON**

JOE JACKSON: One More Time (A&M). Recite this as a jerky stop-time litany like the one on Dury's 'Sweet Gene Vincent': TEN-inch PIC-SLEEVE WHITE-vinyl FREE-badge . . . are A&M getting desperate or what? Poor old Joe is so obviously good and so obviously commercial (just ask the Yanks) that A&M probably scream "We wuz *robbed!*" every time they don't get a hit with a track off the 'Look Sharp!' album, and this is one of those. Bouncy, catchy, melodic, intelligent, fun and a *flop* so forget carving the album into progressively smaller slices and haul J.J. and crew back into the studio and have 'em cut a proper single. If the man is on the case the hit will then be garnished and everyone will be happy except Ian Penman (who non-reviewed this single a few weeks back in this selfsame spacelet). You'll get my bill in the morning post.

● **RARE, NO TRIMMINGS**

PAM NESTOR: Hiding And Seeking (Tempus). A record being promoted so hard that our review copy ain't even a review copy: it was loaned to this column by a colleague who succeeded in buying it after visiting a mere nine record shops. C'mon! 'Hiding And Seeking' is the first *bona fide* summer song of '79: plangent, loose-limbed, uncluttered and gently emotional, with a chorus that plays hell with the heartstrings, a warm, spacey Dennis Bovelle mix and a performance from Ms Nestor that's simultaneously caressing and fiercely independent (i.e. well-nigh irresistible).

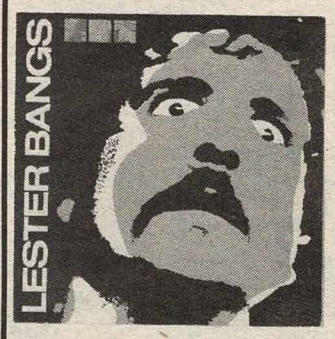
As you may have gathered, this is the — fanfare please, maestro — real true ONE AND ONLY Single Of The Week (even though it's a Lucozade-shaded 12in). Tempus Records have a potential giant hit on their hands if they're capable of getting the sucker into the shops and onto the radio. If they get on the case, Joan Armatrading may end up in rock history as someone who used to work with Pam Nestor (and I ain't just saying that because I'm gonna have to give this copy back to its owner and then go out and get my own).

Reviewed by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

● **TANKS FOR THE MEMORY**

SPIONS: Russian Way Of Life (Egg). If I've interpreted the press release correctly (and you've got absolutely no guarantee of that), Spions are a gang of Hungarian punk rockers (see what I mean?) infiltrating the arts and the media on behalf of the Independent Party Of International Socialism. This is the first of three singles Egg Records are threatening to release presenting propaganda on behalf of different factions and it's a Red Star job on behalf of what the title says. Next on the agenda are a Yellow Star single (presumably Zionist) and a Swastika single (your guess is as horrific as mine). The record is available from your friendly neighbourhood import shop; presumably you can get the press release (which is a barrel of laughs) from Barclay Records in Paris.

If the Spions are kidding, you should be in on the joke: if they're not, proof of purchase of this single may be enough to get you immunity to leave the country 24 hours before IPIS strings me up by the thumbs for reneging on my Sparks promise.



● **THE LESTER BANGS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE**

LESTER BANGS: Let It Blurt (Spy). Another of our boys made it! Lester Bangs is a drunken slob with the sensitivity of a rhino and the self-control of a ten-ton weight in free-fall, but he's also the possessor of more talent than he knows what to do with and in his way he's a seeker after truth. He loses his way a lot and falls on his ass in the mud a lot and crawls on his hands and knees a lot, and his record is ugly and courageous.

Star-spotters will note Voidoid Robert Quine on some of the guitars and Jay Dee Daugherty from the Patti Smith shower on drums and production (with a John Cale mix to boot, and you probably will), but that's just a footnote. As the band slithers and stumbles, Lester launches into a rant at a girl who got pregnant by him and had an abortion (strictly imaginery, one hopes). As ugly and unheroic as it could possibly be, Lester's platter debunks hip misogyny by depicting it in the most unpleasant possible light.

Too many people will take it literally and too many people will say, "Lester's just an asshole" and too many people will just go "Huh?", but 'Let It Blurt' is, despite its faults, a serious attempt at getting to the roots of something. Available from Spy Records, 250 W. 57th St., New York N.Y. 10019, though Faulty Products may be importing it.

■ *Continues over*

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JUNE
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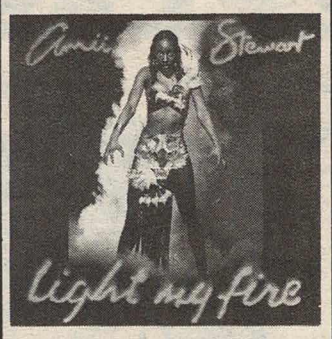
2 LINCOLN Drill Hall
3 LONDON Lyceum
8 SLOUGH Centre Ballroom
9 LIVERPOOL Eric's (2 shows)
10 BRISTOL Locarno
11 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall
12 NEWCASTLE City Hall
14 MANCHESTER Apollo
16 GLASGOW Apollo
17 DUNFERMLINE Kinema Ballroom

Virgin

More Singles To . . . Etc

■ *From previous page*



● **PLATTERS PLATTERS**

PLATTERS (doncha just love 'em?)
PATTI LABELLE: Music Is My Way Of Life (Epic)
NONA HENDRYX: You're The Only One That I've Ever Needed (Arista)
AMII STEWART: Light My Fire (Atlantic). Dig it or don't, Labelle were the god-mothers of all the space-cadet Wonder Women of disco when they broke through in '74 with 'Lady Marmalade' in those outrageous silver suits an' t'ing. Since the band lost direction and broke up, both Nona Hendryx and Patti herself have flailed around not achieving a lot, and neither of these records provide an adequate reflection of the talents involved or any evidence of better to come. The saddest thing in rock and roll is the spectacle of a brilliant vocalist unable to find a focus and if you want to draw any conclusions from the fact that the chief sufferers are usually black women . . . then be my guest.

Amii Stewart sings good, dances good and looks great even in silly outfits, but neither this nor 'Knock On Wood' give any indication of what Amii Stewart (as opposed to her producer, record company and chosen market) is actually into. DIY, Amii.

THE STICKERS: Shake Me (Reliable).
THE MOD FRAMES: Little Miss Lonelyheart (Hit). Pop music! The Stickers (Brits) tackle melodic pop like a reformed punk band and the stylistic collision is almost delightful, while The Mod Frames (Yanks) achieve a degree of early '60s authenticity so telling that I started worrying about being late for school the next morning. Hit Records are based at 279 Church Street, New York N.Y. 10013.

TIM HART: Overseas (Chrysalis). The former lead moustache of Steeleye Span returns to the fray with a mild-mannered blob of soft rock about the joys of tourism and travel. For some reason Tim the co-producer has mixed Tim the singer so far down that he might as well have phoned the vocal in from Norway. A record for Very Nice People only.

KEVIN KEEGAN: Head Over Heels In Love (EMI). Monty Smith tells me that this geezer is a footballer by trade, but in his defence it must be stated that he sings better than Ian Dury plays football. Otherwise, it makes Val Doonican sound like Joe Strummer. Bit of an own goal, ehhh?

CHAS AND DAVE: Gertcha (EMI). At last! Reissued by popular demand! The single of the beer commercial! (I'm afraid I'm too middle-class to feel comfortable listening to this sort of thing. Bit like slumming, y'know?)

DAFNE AND THE TENDERSPOTS: Disco Hell (MAM). A record that dares to suggest that going to a disco is not necessarily a foolproof way of achieving instant nirvana, though it covers its bets by using a disco backing track. Could've done without the occasional mildly racist line (how's that for understatement?) but otherwise A LARF.

RUTH HATCHETT: Keep It Going (Bronze). Anybody want a dumb heavy-breathing nudge-nudge disco record with a picture on the front that somebody evidently thinks is sexy? No? Oh well . . .

PEACHES AND HERB: Reunited (Polydor). Cosy slow disco for complacent couples. Number one in the USA. The sentences are getting shorter. Must be near the end of the column.

THE LURKERS: Out In The Dark (Beggars Banquet). Solid, taut paranoia song by a streamlined punk band currently sounding halfway between early Hot Rods and late Ramones. *Why is there no Ramones single out this week?* And furthermore: how many cats can one household have before people think you're insane? (I bet Bob Dylan wishes he'd thought of that.)

WILD WILLY BARRETT: Let's Play School (Polydor). Isn't it odd that if a noisy, mindless, sexist record is any good you don't really notice that it's noisy mindless and sexist? Anybody who bought 'Nice Legs, Shame About The Face' will go a bundle on this. (I don't care just as long as I don't have to meet 'em.)

HAWKLORDS: 25 Years (Charisma). God, is that how long they've been going.

FRED BANANA COMBO: Jerk Off All Night Long (Warm). Imagine a Hendrix-influenced school band in the year 1968 attempting to be daring. Then forget about it.

THREE PARTY SPLIT: Dubious Parentage (B&C). A good ol' satirical dole-queue politico-punk record, so true to life that even a section where the protagonist decides to vote Tory after a black bus conductor tells him "No room, man" is A LARF, and this is one of those.

JANET MAY: Silly Games (Scope) Cooing Lovers Rock, with the dread hand of Dennis Bovelle audible and correct. Nice (I think I'm going to sleep).

PHILADELPHIA BOYS: D . . . I . . . S . . . C . . . O (Rampage). So that's how you spell it!

VAN HALEN: Dance The Night Away (Warner Brothers); ROBERT PALMER: Bad Case Of Lovin' You (Island). Do you like soul music? Don't all shout at once. Van Halen demonstrate that when a heavy metal band attempts anilingus on the disco market the result is weak-kneed enough to require a pair of crutches just to stand up, while Palmer steals ahead on points by staying inside his range and relying on a tough, resilient guitar groove to carry the action. As these things go, it goes.

RICKIE LEE JONES: Chuck E.'s In Love (Warner Bros). Are you ready for a snappy, muted acoustic guitar groove and brushed drums? Are you ready for a female Tom Waits? Are you ready for a runner-up single of the week? Are you ready for new scientific evidence that suggests that it *is* possible to make a decent record in California (it's just that them other suckers don't know how to)? Are you ready for a sentence that doesn't begin with "Are you ready"? Rickie Lee's perspective is small-town street-corner summertime teen romance, filtered through a '50s bop haze that seems faintly anachronistic, but this single's a treat and you could love it if you tried.

DEVO: The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise (Virgin). Poor dear Devo: too wacky for the mainstream, too drab for the new adventurers of the New Frontier. This time out of the box they sound like an Archies' Christmas record for would-be Martians. What can I tell you? There's a bunch of Scotsmen in funny outfits going nuts downstairs, and I can tell you for sure that *they* wouldn't like it. A-side produced by Ken Scott: imagine being relegated to the B-side at Eno's time of life.

THE RECORDS: Teenerama (Virgin). Like a mouthful of warm Pepsi, The Records' studio sound delivereth not. Maybe they should change their name to The Lives. Why the band's current single, featuring a song which ain't half bad (would you believe a third bad?) should end up so enervated is completely mysterious. Maybe it's the weather.

WHAT DO MIKE ROSSI (ex Slaughter and The Dogs)
HOWARD BATES (ex Slaughter and The Dogs)
PHIL ROWLAND (ex Eater) and **BILLY DUFFY** (ex Nosebleeds) **HAVE IN COMMON?**

See page.....39

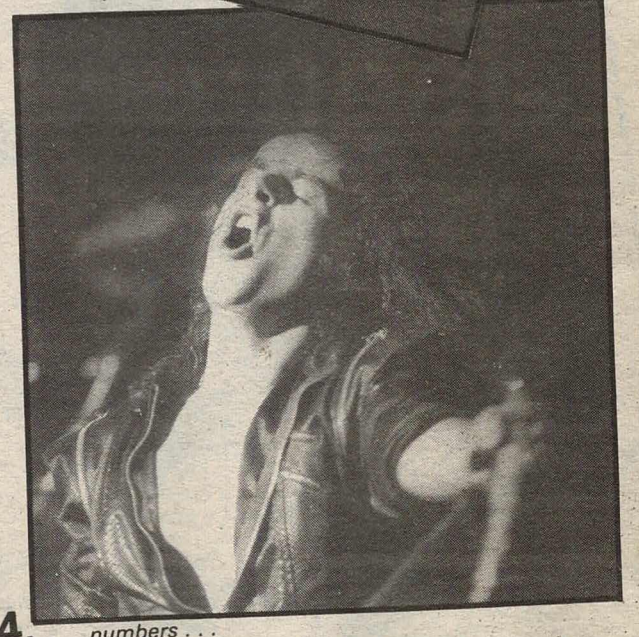
Tear out for a great lager.

KLAUS MEINE

1. *Buffalo . . .*

2. *. . . eating . . .*

3. *. . . by . . .*



4. *. . . numbers . . .*

Thunder. Lightning. Heavy metal frenzy. Skinny Legs.

Our Apocalypse Correspondent, BOB EDMANDS, reports from cosmic Hanley, where the legendary H.M. Hordes assembled to take in a few volts of SCORPION.

"THE SCORPIONS?" says the taxi-driver in Stoke On Trent. "Yes, I knew they were going to be on here. The DJ on Radio Stoke announced it.

"Said he wanted to go. Said he couldn't wait."

This comment sounds a bit sardonic. The cabbie is balding and bespectacled, in his late 30s.

But he continues: "The DJ played one of their songs. It sounded very *exciting.*"

Our small expedition to the West Midlands consists of me and Brian Munns, an EMI press officer. The taxi drops us off at our hotel, the two-star Grand in Hanley, two blocks from the night's venue, the Hanley Victoria Hall.

Hanley, by the way, appears to be a mere two miles from Stoke On Trent although the locals evidently consider it to be a quite separate metropolis.

On the streets, nothing moves. It is, after all, 8.00 pm already and the inhabitants are slippered and slumped behind their net curtains.

The only sign of youthful life is an establishment called 'The Pool Hall' which is braying forth Amii Stewart at a volume that suggests little or no pool is being played.

Munns and I speculate as to whether this might be a better bet than the Victoria Hall. Dutifully, though, we pass by.

The Victoria Hall stands in the exalted company of no less an institution than Hanley Town Hall itself, and opposite a street called Adventure Place. Some hope, I think.

Of the legendary heavy metal hordes there is no sign.

The only indication of anything momentous is a large German van parked outside with the sign 'Internationale Spedition' painted on it.

A scornful bouncer says: "Tickets, please, *boys*," and proceeds to scrutinise them with great care, taking no chances.

Inside it becomes clear why there are no denimmed teenies on the street. They've already arrived, and they're queueing up for cups of Coca-Cola laid on by t'council catering.

"Fourteen hundred", says Michael Lloyd, the local promoter, announcing the night's gate. "This band are going to be monsters.

"We had Magazine down here the other week. What I call a cross-over band. Punk image but come on stage and play Pink Floyd music. Only did 400.

"This sort of thing goes down much better."

Rudolf Schenker, one of The Scorpions' guitarists, has a theory about geography and the nature of audiences.

"In Germany," he says in his carefully considered English, "the audiences in the souss are fantastic good. In the norss, they are a little bit not so good.

"In England it is different. In the norss they have feeling more for our music than in the souss.

"I do not know why."

THE SCORPIONS are on their first big tour of Britain. In Newcastle Upon Tyne the metal hordes are said to be camping on the pavement to ensure tickets. In London, where they have feeling less for The Scorpions music, the Hammersmith Odeon is said to be sold out.

Two years ago The Scorpions played a few small club dates in Britain and nobody much wanted to know. Such a rapid turnaround suggests that there is indeed some kind of heavy metal revival.

But why such sudden success for The Scorpions, who've been around now for eight years?

One reason is that Rudolph's brother is Michael Schenker, former lead guitarist with UFO, well known for his erratic behaviour and tendency towards "illness".

Michael was, of course, dropped by UFO for these reasons, and naturally when he joined up with brother Rudolph in The Scorpions, this generated interest in the band from both the press and the fans.

In fact, Michael had been a founder member of The Scorpions back in 1971, which just goes to show how long they've been in the wilderness. He had time for a whole career with UFO before returning to the fold.

It's no surprise, of course, to discover that Michael is not on the road with The Scorpions. He is ill, as usual.

Drummer Herman Rarebell puts it this way: "I don't have to go into details. He's just ill. Rock and roll ill. I don't have to say any more. I leave it to you. He is just fucked up."

I wonder for a moment whether there was ever any likelihood of Michael being well enough to really rejoin the band as an active participant, or whether this was just a way of providing a bit of publicity.

But this seems an unkind as well as a complicated thought to put to Rudolf and Herman. They are smiling energetically to compensate for their middling English and it's all a bit disarming.

ESSENTIALLY, The Scorpions are just another professional heavy metal band, with not much to distinguish them from the likes of UFO and Judas Priest. They don't run around in baggy pairs of tights or fall off motorbikes but otherwise there's not much to choose.

The Scorpions walk on to the stage as an electric storm appears to break out under the drum rostrum. Blinding white lights flash on and off in a way that's intended to suggest lightning, and there are massive blasts of thunder over the PA.

It's a hard act to follow, and the Scorpions don't quite. At least, not immediately.

They play a few fast riffs to begin with, and there's a tedious mid-section featuring some hammy ballads from the singer Klaus Meine (he even sits down for one of them), but finally they come with their best and most flashy numbers.

The audience's average age is about 13 — what Rudolf calls "a new generation of heavy rock fans" — and their response is indiscriminately enthusiastic.

They go particularly frothy during Herman Rarebell's inevitable drum solo, which consists predominantly of tom-tom tom-foolery.

In fact, Herman lays on a quite spectacular performance. The entire drum rostrum swivels first to the left and then to the right, and suddenly lifts Herman 10 feet into the air, still soloing madly.

As the solo ends two curtains suddenly lift up to reveal Rudolf and the second guitarist Mattias Jabs riffing frenziedly on top of the amplifiers. Errol Flynn would have loved such swashbuckling antics.

"IF YOU wanted to criticise," says a local commentator afterwards, "if you really wanted to CRITICISE, you might say . . the hair! The skinny legs!

"I mean he reminds me of what's his name . . . MAX WALL"

The hair and skinny legs in question belong to Klaus Meine, and I'd been trying throughout the concert to remember who he reminded me of.

Add a pair of spectacles and you might have had a heavy metal Woody Allen, but the dancing put me in mind of the red-headed woman from Abba.

Max Wall, though, is the exact comparison. Just as it's so obvious now that Robert Halford from Judas Priest is Sid Snot.

But H.M. audiences never care. The fantasy is so strong, abetted by their willingness to suspend disbelief, that bands can get away with any kind of silliness.

Not that The Scorpions are intrinsically silly, you understand. Their act is well crafted and professional, and one number called 'He's A Woman, She's A Man' would have deserved a place on Deep Purple's 'Machine Head' album. Great rhythm guitar into from Rudolf, which the rest of the song still manages to top. Nice one.

In the dressing room, after the show, Munns and I discover Rudolf Schenker pissing in the sink. He is smiling broadly.

Munns says: "Lovely, Rudolf". Rudolf grins some more.

So we all sit down together and switch on the cassette, and talk about . . . well, what is there to say?

A word or two about Michael. Liked the bit where Herman's drum kit went up in the air.

"Sank you".

The best bit in the conversation comes when we talk about record companies. The Scorpions used to be with RCA, but now they've switched to Harvest and they're selling records. A number one album in France, top 40 so far in Britain, etc.

Rudolf: "RCA is not so clever. They didn't give us power before. 'Tokyo Tapes' (their live album) was not going so high in the charts as 'Lovedrive' (their new album). We are very happy with EMI. It's fantastic record company for us."

At this speech there is applause from Francis Bucholz, the bass player, who is sitting with us. He is not taking the piss. He also cheers.

Herman: "RCA. They did fucking nothing for us."

Klaus: "Before we come to England, people write to us from England and say they look for 'Tokyo Tapes' album and could not find it."

Herman: "They say they phoned up RCA and said: 'You have a band called Scorpions'. But RCA say to them: 'No, we do not have band called Scorpions.' That was what our own record company say:

"I got the fan letters to prove it."

Ah well . . . We stay to discuss The Scorpions' influences. "Led Zeppelin, Yardbirds, Jeff Beck Group, The Who, The Rolling Stones." We also hear that there are very few metal groups in Germany. "Mainly", says Herman, "It's typical Krautrock."

We then leave as the roadies allow groups of 13-year-olds into the dressing room for autographs. Nice chaps, The Scorpions. Nice smiles.

NEXT MORNING, Munns and I leave the Grand Hotel very early. There is not much to detain us in Stoke On Trent.

At 7.35, we are sitting in the refreshment room at the railway station, waiting for the London train.

Suddenly, there is a loud, belligerent crash of guitars and drums, which causes pale-faced commuters to splutter into their British Rail tea.

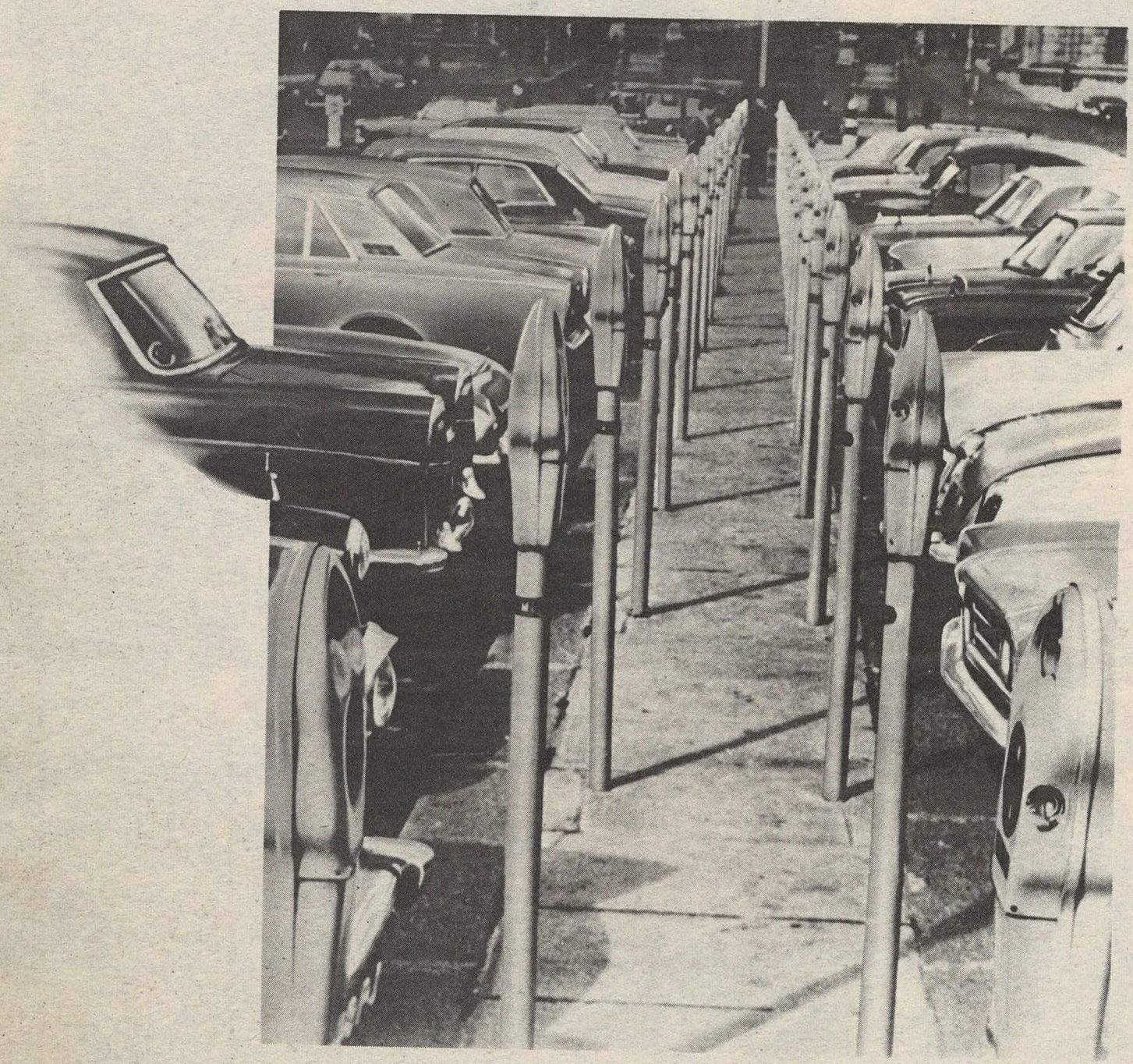
It is The Who's 'Who Are You' played very loudly on the station juke-box. The Who fan is aged about 13 and he is wearing a Rush tee-shirt.

No one attempts to turn the volume down and the music pursues us as we stumble towards the train.

Stoke On Trent may be dead, but the kids aren't taking it lying down.

ZONES

under influence



MUSIC/MODERN

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Album: SPART 1095. Cassette: TCART 1095

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ARISTA

TODAY, THEY'VE MORE IN COMMON THAN JUST JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE & RINGO.

They were all acting just like any other self-respecting Beatles' fan acted.

But that was fifteen years ago, and the thing that's closest to their hearts now was probably the furthest away from their minds then.

Today, believe it or not, they're all probably married with children and a home of their own.

It comes to us all.

And when it does, more people come to the Halifax for help with that first home than any other building society in Britain.

Last year alone, the Halifax granted nearly 150,000 mortgages.

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Mind you, the Halifax is the biggest building society in the world, with over five million savers.

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So when you've stopped screaming and started dreaming of a place of your own, remember, start saving with the Halifax.

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The kind of rock everybody needs.

"Beetroot juice and prune juice help the regularity of the bowels . . ."

THE IAN DURY INTERVIEW

IN THE FAWN and too perfect room 111 of the Ramada Hotel, Ludwigshafen, West Germany, there's four people drinking, smoking, talking and listening. A window has been opened to let some real air in, outside a car or two will drone by occasionally, interrupting an exclusive sort of peace. I sit easily on one side of a low round table; Graham, who works for Stiff Records merchandising, perches on the edge of a bed just to my left; Zen, a petite, strongly attractive Swiss girl lounges at the bottom of the same bed.

On the other side of the table, drinking a golden and frothy beer, his withered, wiry legs pulled almost elegantly up around his trunk, as jerkily mobile in this position as a frisky monkey, is Ian Dury. He's doing most of the talking, his voice something like an expressive, creamy Tommy Cooper's, equally prone to explode into unexpected devouring laughter. Dark eyes, dominating with his hard working mouth and noble, leathery face, dart quickly and hopefully and water a little — perhaps from the sting of suspected conjunctivitis, perhaps from something behind his conversation. He appears to be both menacing and cuddly, disturbing and friendly.

It's early Thursday morning; Wednesday night's performance is two hours back in the memory and thanks to imbibing and inhaling Dury has long relaxed. His conversation is meandering, occasionally mystifying, but always indicative of his constant doubt.

"I think at last there's an equality of aim going around," Dury decides as three pairs of eyes train on him. "Art can be exciting 'cos it's real. Again. Maybe it's never been that before . . . I think now is the age that needs art. Now is the first time that art has ever been necessary . . . because the only way to break out is to break out with pride . . . and break out and feel that you're on a journey of some sort. And rock'n'roll is a massive part of that . . . it's easy and that makes it good, and it's attractive . . ."

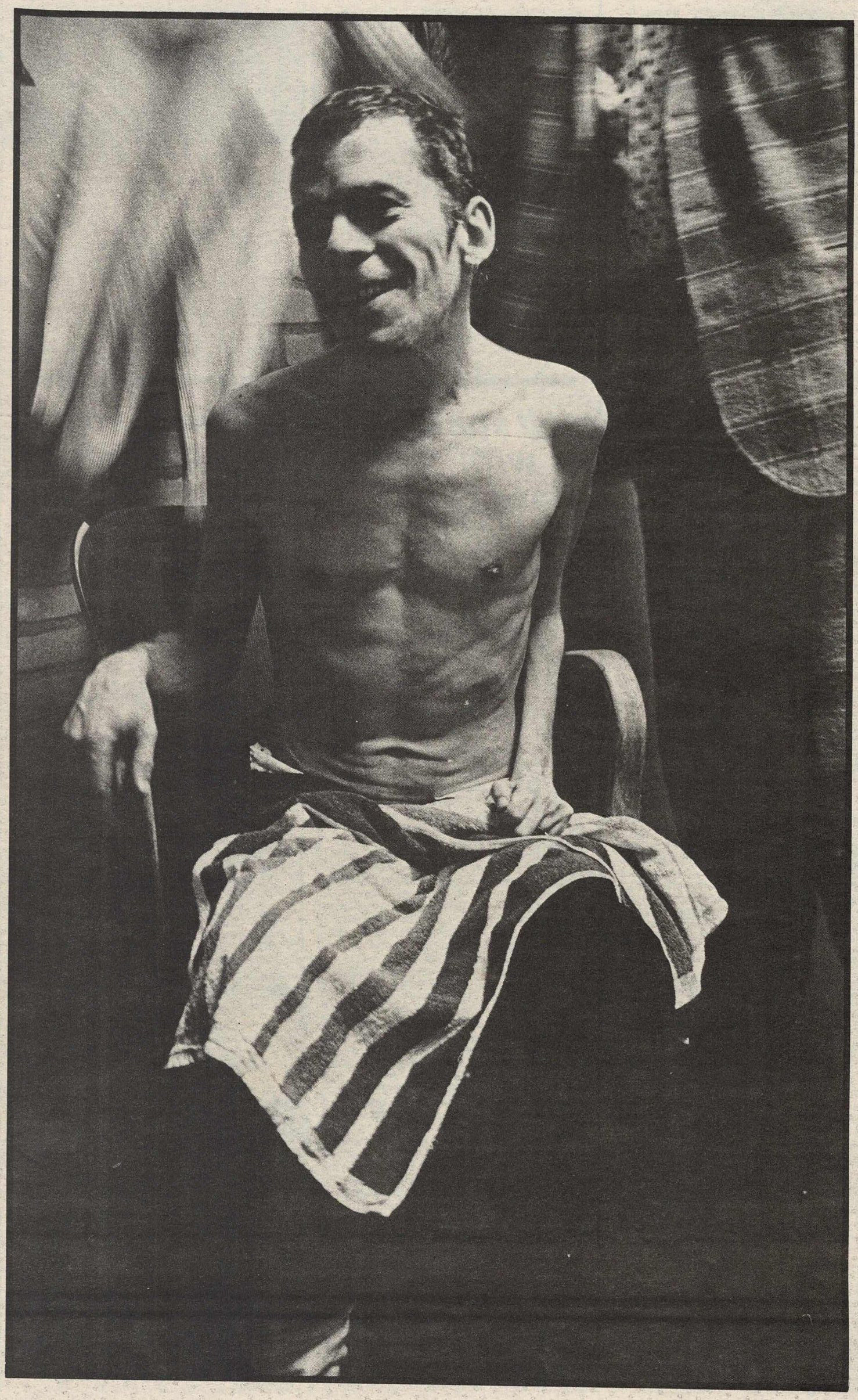
He drifts a little, and remembers when he was eleven seeing a girl in a hospital bed next to his who had legs like a W. The little girl Shirley died. "But I don't think I was ever nasty to her," he whispers. He sobs, holds himself. My mind hums loudly, my mouth dries up.

He carries on. "Your defects really, looking at it positively, should make you better, cos they should make you compensate where you need to . . . it's not an umbrella that covers your life. It's not, nothing is. And that's why I really respect people who have obviously lost everything, yet still haven't lost everything. People who know they're going to die with the cancer. And quite often they live, because their spirit goes YEAH! well fuck it I'm gonna die . . . cos cancer, we don't actually understand it, but if it's not of the spirit I'll be very amazed. Because I believe that cancer is of the spirit.

"But yeah," Dury shifts, "there are new currencies and there are so many secret societies in this world brought about through reasons of potential and through reasons of excitement too. If there is to be a shared knowledge then it's gonna happen anyway, there is no need for a messiah. And to be a rock'n'roller is to become immediately aware of the possibilities that someone . . . wants to climb through your window. Nothing more. Either with a kiss or with a shooter . . . or with a message from somebody or whatever . . . and er I don't want . . . I'd rather be nervous in that respect . . . I just want to be an entertainer."

I remind Dury of something he said to me just a little while before: that the reason for his success was the obviousness of his ailments. Is this flippancy, Ian?

■ *Continues over page*



Interview:
PAUL MORLEY

Pictures:
DENNIS MORRIS

■ *From previous page*

"No, don't call me flippant," he protests, grinning.

But in all the time that I have known of Ian Dury, through his struggle and his success, it has never occurred to me that his disability was a particularly influential force, either for or against him. You really can't think that's the reason for your success, Ian.

"I think that's really very likely," he frowns. "Somebody comes up to me — and this happens quite a lot — and they say, how much of that are you putting on?" Dury glances down at his crumpled legs that seem as tiny as a ten-year old's. "They say c'mon, how much of that is real, oi oi, c'mon. People come up to me and they say OH! you're limping — you don't do that on stage.

"I try not to. A doctor I saw once, he said to me, I saw you on telly the other day, and you really do hide your polio well, and I said thank you. He said you're really good. I saw you walking in here and you're really cool. I said thanks. He sussed me: I try not to limp. I don't want to be seen as that. I'd rather hover. Like that." He holds his hand in mid-air, and we all laugh.

I ask for what reasons would he like to hope that he is successful?

"Because, erm, everybody feels that it's partly for them possibly. It seems to me like that. You said I was a household name today; lots of people tell me that — in Britain I'm a household name. They really seem to have taken to me, they really seem to have taken me to their bosom. That's the right expression for it, it feels like a big mummy has gone like that, pat pat, against her bosom.

"Well I ain't gonna complain about that! And I don't really want to go away, cos it's really warm there . . ."

I wonder if he would like to be taken into America's bosom, and he replies no, it would be too much to cope with. But can he stop it?

"I don't have to go. I spent most of last night talking about it with business people. I think the best way of doing anything is doing it by wanting to do it. I've been there once, I've checked it out, and with a little bit of hype we could be well away, but we're glad not to have any hype. We went over to support Lou Reed for 56 gigs, worked our bums off and learnt a great deal. We played really well and we're very proud of ourselves. Bloody hard graft. I liked some places — Georgia, Philadelphia — but on the whole I see America as a very old-fashioned, very boring country, which follows in our footsteps like a great big old fat labrador dog. A nice old dog, apart from the shit everywhere and the fleas, but nice. It dribbles a lot . . ."

He talks some about Patti Smith, who he met over there; he feels a bit sorry for her, he says. Suddenly, he veers off.

"I think that Noel Coward was a real clever bastard. I do really. Cos he was gentle and he had a sting, and the sting came afterwards and that's the way I like it."

Maybe that's what you've got, I offer.

"That's what I respect. I haven't got it yet. I'm trying but my sting's too strong at the moment. I'm not on a mission, just things that used to make me happy that aren't there anymore, that make anyone happy.

"It's easy for me to go out and be like a Walt Disney film, because I'd rather be that as an entertainer. I'd rather be insignificant in terms of anything except the passing of time. It makes me more of a human being in one way."

He stops short and sighs, a little unhappy, "There seems to be a responsibility though. What do they want me to do, Paul?" he pleads. "If they tell me then I'll check it out. Do I have responsibilities?"

I sit there feeling a little dumb, and then remember the smiling faces at the two shows I've just seen. The people, you make them happy, I say, and there's no condescension or abuse. The people, they know you want to be their friend. I don't feel twee saying this in the quiet room 111.

"That's alright then," Dury smiles, and then fixes me with a quizzical stare. "Y'sure??" Yeah, I say with confidence.

"That enough so far. I shouldn't try for anymore."

The conversation naturally softens. We talk about John Lydon, comedians, Wreckless Eric, Ian's two children — Baxter, 7, and Jemimah, 10. Then Ian decides he'd better crash out. It's been a long day. We all ease stiffly out of our sitting positions. I say goodbye to Ian, and give him a little hug. My fingers almost touch in a circle around his puny shoulder bone. I open the door to leave and turn round. Ian is hobbling towards me, his walk a soft effort, a strangely tidy mobility, a half smile on his large face. Nervously I smile back.

In my room I sob myself to sleep. Not out of pity or any of that crap. Just that . . . Ian Dury has a massive heart, and it thumps thumps thumps. Sometimes it thumps away so hard he falls over. Mostly it thumps away so that everyone can feel it. I spent two days close to his heart and it shook me.

I could be the catalyst that sparks the revolution
I could be an inmate in a long term institution
I could lead to wild extremes, I could do or die
I could yawn and be withdrawn and watch them gallop by
What a waste, what a waste . . .
Because I chose to play the fool in a seven piece band
First night nerves every one night stand
I should be so glad to be so inclined
What a waste, what a waste,
ROCK'N'ROLL DON'T MIND!!!

('What a W'aste' by Ian Dury)

WEDNESDAY, MIDDAY, and the large Blockheads community, a sprawl of characters like you travelled through school with, are collecting outside the Dusseldorf Intercontinental Hotel. They board their newly acquired luxury coach for the four-hour drive to Ludwigshafen. Last night's Dusseldorf show was pleasing for the group, many new friends were made.

On the stationary coach, a plush beauty that you could live on for three months and not get bored with, the Blockheads family are disbelievingly watching a flickering video of *Deep Throat* whilst they wait for Ian Dury and his lady Zen. Sausages are peeled and spittle dribbles in full colour at the front of the coach, greeted with groans and tuts.

Let's see. There's happy Bombay-born Norman Watt-Roy, invisibly quiet Charlie Charles, a small smiler with a tummy ache Davey Payne, pretty John Turnbull with the lovely eyebrows, smart and affable Mickey Gallagher, the droll 'living juke box' Andy Dunkley who's DJ-ing on the tour and a couple of unidentifiables. And the main stars of the attraction . . .

Fred Rowe! A man with the smartest bald head I've seen, a head that almost makes you look forward to the day your hair falls out. Straight backed ex-army man who walked into Ian's flat one day and said he'd like to work for him. "Me and Fred sometimes let all the tension out by shouting the hell out of each other, and it's not a very pretty sight and it's not particularly dangerous either as he ain't gonna hit me and he knows it, so he can *really* let me have it, really shout at me, so I hope I can really shout at him cos I know he can stand it. We don't do it that often. It seems with all the good friendships I've had there's always been one moment of tension. I think that's how you discover what's happening with each other."

"If somebody's looking at me with rapture all over their face I want to throw a bucket of water over them."

Kozmo Vinyl! Fast talker, smart thinker, who's dyed his hair with vegetable dye so that when he sweats it stains his neck and forehead. Ian's press man and general guide. "I don't think Kozmo's gonna be a bloke with his feet on a desk with four telephones on it in six years. He's more like a caricature of that. Kozmo is to me someone who's beginning to explore his own creativity. Fred, me, Koz, we use each other and we help each other and we sort of tell each other things. On the album we didn't know what to call them, so we put handler for Fred and Fromage de Pompadour for Kozmo. They seem quite fitting titles."

Chaz Jankel! The Blockheads' cultured and academic musical director, who writes most of the music and arranges it all. Ian puts everything into Jankel's hands, and he does not abuse his role. "The first thing I ever said to Chaz was fuck off. He came into the dressing room at the Nashville after a Kilburns gig, we wuz looking for a piano player, and he went hello and I went hullo do I know you, cos I was steaming, I'd just come off stage and I was trying to get a sit down, just have a little rest, very depressed, and I said well do you mind if I say fuck off? And he went, oh O.K. and went out and I just sat there. And then I thought oh fuck and I asked Ed Speight our guitarist, do you know him cos I was really rude, and Ed went out and saw Chaz and apologised. Saying fuck off to people always makes me want to go up and say sorry."

Ian Dury and Zen arrive, move up the middle of the coach through the Blockhead family and settle at the back of the coach. There it's possible for Ian to stretch his legs. Seats facing each other are joined with a padded section so that two persons can lie down quite comfortably.

The coach pulls away for Ludwigshafen. The sweaty flesh of the pornographic fairytale *Deep Throat* is soon replaced by a video of the first episode of the recent *Fawlty Towers* series: good humoured disgust replaced by honest belly laughs.

After three quarters of the first video, soon to be replaced by more from the series, Kozmo asks me if I want to talk to Ian. I move down the coach and sit next to Dury, we stretch our legs out, whizz backwards down smooth autobahns dissecting forest and town, and talk, a picture forming of A Life, backed with the Cleese-induced laughter of the Blockhead family.

DO YOU consider yourself to be special?

I'm getting really freaked out because everybody is so really very nice to me and everybody's polite to me — well that's fair because we're really polite to everyone all the time. But if I thought . . . er, the main thing that's worrying me now, all the time — after what? a year and a half? — is, if I'm just lucky, then that's cool. But if there is something that I've got that most people haven't then that is *not* cool. So I just don't believe it.

That means to me that then I've got to say to myself everybody can do what they like. That's the only way that I can live with myself. Otherwise I'd stop doing this, cos I used to be very private with what I did and I didn't used to have my back scratched at all. And I felt quite O.K. I don't feel that much success, or that much I'm - all - grooving - along. I feel much groovier now. I'm a much happier chap.

But I know there's something wrong about being superior, in any way at all . . .

People do seem to hold you in some way as being superior.

Yeah, well a lot of people come up to me and tell me that I am, and sometimes I feel as if I am. That is a conundrum that I don't um, I don't really take it very seriously and I don't take showbiz very seriously. I take the responsibilities that are there afterwards as seriously as I can.

You like people a hell of a lot, don't you?

It seems to me that I rarely ever meet any that aren't smashing. And I do definitely approach it from the beginning to find the 'OKness' of it all and lots and lots of people do that, enough people show me that. I am only here as a result of all the people that I know, so everyone I meet I think right let's have some of that then! Cos it's going to do me good. And it does, always! Always! Sometimes you ain't got enough time — usually on the road, you can't meet again or it's gone too quick. But to have a brief encounter with the man who owns the hall and is very proud of his carpeting in the dressing room . . .

There was a guy the other night, he was giving me good vibes cos he was saying you're working hard you guys and it's a pleasure to have you in my hall — what do you think of my hall? And we was going you have got a great hall!! And we're looking at his carpet. And in a way he helped to make our day. That made me feel great.

So those kind of instant partnerships . . . I think that people can always have partnerships of one kind or another, they don't have to be defined particularly, and with a friend maybe you've got, oh, sixty different things that you can do together that you can produce something . . .

I think togetherness is how you become creative, I don't think creativity comes out of one person. Mine doesn't. Mine comes from all the other people that, y'know, some give me information, some go like that, nudge my elbow, in the dark or in the daylight, and I'll do that to people if I'm feeling cool. I can do that to people so that they can do it to me. You've got mates, you can do that too. So having mates is where it's at, I reckon. Girls, boys anything.

Do people ever let you down?

Ah, no one's ever let me down.

Because of your attitude?

I do very small things for somebody, not big things. I try anyway, cos big things, they look after themselves usually. Maybe.

When I first met Fred he came in and he said to Denise if Ian ever needs any help I'm really good at carrying stuff, and if he wants — a roadworker is it? or whatever he said — if he ever wants some of that, I can really carry stuff. So I said would you mind helping out with the donkey coz I've got a few gigs to do with the Kilburns. So that red van we put on the inside of 'New Boots', we called that the donkey, and he drove that and carried the boxes.

He came into the flat I was at and he said, this is me crash crash crash, and he told me all this gear about himself. I mean, he gets going, and tells you a few things — so he gives me about three-quarters of an hour's worth which I wish I'd got on tape 'cos it was brilliant. It was like, it was not like a seduction scene but it was almost like a seduction scene and I was hooked! I was a junkie for Fred straightaway. I wanted to have some more and I didn't get withdrawal symptoms when he wasn't there, so that was nice — an organic relationship with a thrill. And he did that, he filled me up with something amazing.

That's not elitist, I don't think, cos I think anybody can do that if they're allowed to.

Was it hard for you to assert yourself along the way?

I didn't really think that I was doing something until I was doing something in music. Really ever since I was about 13 I've always wanted to be a musician, since I realised that music was terrific. I've wanted to be a musician ever since and I've never known how to do it. I've been thinking about it, how to be one. I'm beginning to be one now . . .

I just realised something. I went to art school so that I could become a rock'n'roll musician! I was there for seven . . . fucking . . . years. HA! HA! Ha! And I learnt to be a drawer. I learnt something that I had no talent for, which was drawing very well and I went, oh fuck alright. But every time I tried to be a musician they went, hey you can't do it, leave it out, so I went alright and got really uptight, sang out of tune and everything.

So I want to start playing one-handed piano next year. I could use a roller with my left hand and a switch with my foot . . .

I think that it's really good that people have accepted that rhythm is a necessarily constant thing until the change can be aware of the constancy of change, if you see what I mean. Free music — Danny Richman and Charlie Mingus had an empathy together, they swung so well together, and they could move off the rhythm and retain the pulse, they could swing and change tempo, which we can't do . . .

Was Mingus the music you were listening to at 13 that was making you feel terrific?

No. Jelly Roll Morton first. He had a drummer called Baby Dodds who was just a shit hot drummer.

Music made you feel happy?

Yeah. It flooded my body.

And that's what you wanted to do for people ever since?

Naaah! No I used to be a real bastard. Heh! Fucking hell, man. I used to project really horrible unhappiness. Not that I was vicious . . .

Is this because since your polio it's been like a series of fights?

Yeah, sort of. I've had to feel a certain sort of aggression that isn't aggression to hate anybody or hurt anybody but it does feel like the same sort of thing. I don't know whether it is the same sort of thing or not, but I feel sort of tough. I feel really really very tough indeed, but I don't feel dangerous. So I don't know if I'm tough or not.

I'm not a masochist, I'm not one of them. I used to worry about it a real lot that I was a bastard. Me and Nick Lowe were once having a cup of tea and that and he told me about him and me one night and I was totally drunk, and he said I was a total fucking bastard to him and I used my intelligence to do it with and therefore it made him really unhappy, cos he likes me and I like him.and if that's one result of me growing up heavy, growing up tough, then . . .

It was defence?

Maybe. Maybe it's something that I've needed up to now. If I'm recognising it as that then I want to get rid of it. So Koz and Fred, we had a deal last year, that if we ever felt aggravation to anybody we'd kill them with kindness and we'd hopefully put the emphasis on the word kindness, leave out the kill, but that would be our excuse to be kind, that we wanted to do them if we felt heavy. We do them the opposite way round, to what toughness is usually used — without trying to wax too poetic about it or anything — just a way of keeping ourselves in order really.

But when I'm really pissed I can't do that. Nick told me about it and that means to me that he's my friend and told me something bad about me. I said to him, OK, thanks for telling me. Thank God somebody would tell me that. It's like bad breath of the body or of the mind. It's not a thing that is necessarily done on purpose.

So maybe it is your intention to share happiness with other people.

I'm a latterday hippy. I wasn't a hippy in the late '60s. I was a labourer style type person, overcoat, rolled up straight leg Levis, put a lot of bleach on them. I had a style that was very organic.

For me it's all wound up in the way you think, clothing. That white shirt — Zen's wearing it just makes me think of . . . I love it! I mean, it's the best garment on the bus today. HA! HA! HA! I do really. It's nothing to do with what's happening or anything like that, it's just it'll always be smashing, and I thought that about Dr. Marten boots. The first time I saw them I thought, hey they're always going to be nice!

You know what Picasso said? He said you can't paint a Communistic picture any more than a cobbler can make a Communistic pair of boots. To me a Communistic pair of boots is a pair of boots that gets better and better and lasts and lasts and that doesn't have built-in obsolescence. And a Communistic car is a car that doesn't fall apart from rust on purpose.

Communistic?

Whatever that means. I take it to mean everybody should share out the bread. I subscribe to that but not if they call it something. I mean, we all want the world to be a better place, I take that for granted. I've never met anyone in my life who wanted to be unhappy I don't think. I've never actually met anyone who wanted to be better off by being worse off. No, Never. It's quite a simple formula to me. No one wants to be unhappy. Nobody wants to hurt anybody either. So all displays of anguish, whatever from they take, don't really convince me at all.

This what I'm trying to say. You've sort of admitted that you do try to bring happiness through your music.

Not try!

You do!

My mum came to a gig earlier this year and she always wanted me to be a lawyer. And she came into the dressing-room and she said

they're all happy, and I said — good. That's enough, innit? And she said yeah they're all happy, and I said — good. That's enough innit? And she said yeah, and she didn't want me to be a lawyer anymore. She accepted what I was doing.

I was alright. I was 35. It's quite a nice time to be accepted by your mummy. Before I caught polio I was a sort of clever kid. I was six, and I'd decided that school wasn't a particularly terrific idea, so I decided not go anymore. And then I had to go and see a child psychiatrist and it was said that I was the product of a broken home and that I should go to a school with potential for the brain of some sort and then I caught polio, thank God — I thank God in terms of that I avoided going to some school where they all go, cluck cluck cluck come on Yehudi!

Who needs that? Cos your emotional development is retarded immediately. You're put into a mental hot house atmosphere. I was in a normal physical world straight away, getting my head punched in as soon as I could walk, things like that, and punching a few heads as well. But I was nine, like, and if you had a fight with a geezer with two leg irons on you had to sit next to him. And there'd be two heavy bastards walking up to you on crutches and they'd let go of their crutches and fall on top of you and you'd be lying on the floor and they're on top of you and there's about half a hundredweight of metal on each leg and they're punching the shit out of your nose . . . So I learnt to put the boot in.

I had to fight with my right knee, my foot and my right hand . . . and my nut. But I never nutted anyone cos that seemed to hurt them too much. So we never really had a lot of fights, mostly pathetic fights.

But that was for three years, and it seemed I was in a kind of a physical jungle of equality with a load of bleeding so-called disabled people — which was a very normal world of accepting everyone in a mental way, cos there was a load of so-called jubblies. So-called . I don't know what the word they use is, I don't agree with the word . . .

Communication is taken for granted in a place like that. It's not thought about. You have a moan at the bloke next to you and he can have a moan at you back, and there's no barrier between you, there's no hierarchy.

I went through a lot of horrendous things that as I am now I would regard as horrendous, but while they were happening I wasn't regarding them as horrendous. I was a kid. I was aware of myself as any child is aware of themself.

You know a child when it's on its own, when it's in a room with you, and practising something — like a girl who's doing ballerina classes goes, y'know, pulls the poses, or a boy blazing away, you know? Slowly that disappears with most people. But not with some.

What about you?

Mmm. I work at it to keep it. I'm a bit too self-conscious about it, I think. I mean it's like a comedian tells a hundred jokes and maybe he'll get one good joke out of telling his mates a hundred — and his mates are his mates for that reason. Presumably they don't mind. They help him out, y'know.

So to me, talking is . . . I have to trust you — as much as I trust the geezer I'm buying a packet of cigarettes from. That's all. That's enough, isn't it? I don't mind if I appear to be a lemon, but I don't want to believe that I *am* a lemon cos I don't think I could get up in the morning if I felt that. I've been getting up early in the morning very easy now for eight years.

What kind of doubts do you have?

I'm very scared of going . . . going horrible. Getting too prima donnary. Cos you do prima donna yourself to get a gig together, you psyche yourself up begore a gig. And you say HURRY UP! and things like that. 'Please hurry up with that!'

And you really shouldn't say things like that, but you've got to, you have to go uuugghhh!!

It's like being a kid really, I know, but in the songs I write I try and feel a different feeling on each one, and maybe on one LP it won't be like a 'gamut of emotions' ha ha or anything like that, a spectrum, but it'll be a few different things. It won't all be calypsos, knorramean? They won't all feel like the same oh-she's-gone-again, again, or here-it-comes-again, again, or boo all the time, and it won't all be a celebration. Hopefully, it'll be a little bit if this, a little bit of that!

WHAT YOU do now, do you think that in some way it is 'teaching'?

In a way. I hope it isn't as boring as that. It's really just being there. And if anything about us is in any way admirable then I'm sure it's easy to steal it. I don't believe that imitation is any more unnatural to human beings than it is to monkeys.

I personally am an imitator. Anything I think is good, I want to imitate it in some way or other. Not for an end result, but cos it seems to me that it's good fun or something.

I feel like that more now than I used to. I've just finished writing. When I write lyrics I'm trying to describe something that's shareable, that seems to try and understand something that we can all . . . not to put something into words, but to leave something out of the words.

Do you consider yourself a knowledgeable man?

No. I consider myself a barrack room lawyer of the lowest stripe. HA! HA! HA! Or of low stripe, I don't want to be the lowest.
No, my opinions are no more valid than Fred's, yours or Koz's and my knowledge is no more wide. I just can bring out my words and you can bring out yours and I bet I find yours as interesting as you find mine. I feel that communication isn't easy with everybody, that they feel the same things too.

So being a latterday hippy is sort of waking up to realise that it's basically . . . no one wants any aggro. As simple as that really. I'm not interested in nobody's guns, don't even want to think about guns really. I don't want to perch on top of a molehill anywhere and just ignore it all, let it all gallop by. I could be the catalyst that sparks the revolution, I could be an inmate in a long-term institution, I could lead to wild extremes, I could do or die, I could yawn and be withdrawn and watch them gallop by. That was as many things that I could think of that you could hype to the masthead about and gallop along for.

I was slightly worried about you at one time, 'cos you seemed to be seeking a profundity from music that would've helped it sustain its pride for everyone involved, lonely people who weren't ashamed to say that they read books, or people who didn't feel that it was the end of the world to have seven groupies and a polaroid camera and to be a musician.

I thought, wait a minute, there's too much defence going on here. There's no need for it. We're all the same. You've sussed that one anyway. Learning drawing for me . . . well I learnt drawing without having any natural talent, by someone helping, who was very nice to me, and then somebody else helping, then somebody else.

And then Peter Blake walked in and said to me, Do you like rock'n'roll mate? And I said yeah I bloody love it, and he said who do you like, and I said I like Gene Vincent first, and Little Richard or whatever and I like wrestling and boxing and tits and criminals, but I want to do painting, and he said, well, paint that, all that stuff mate.

And I said what a good idea. I didn't have a natural skill for drawing, I couldn't draw to save my life, but I learnt it like learning to play chords on the guitar. And I was really bloody proud when I learnt to draw. And I tried for the Royal College of Art and the happiest day of my life was the day I got in there.

The best day of your life even up to now?

Yeah, that was the only time I'll need that experience.

If that was your ambition, wasn't it like an end when it was achieved?

It was an achievement. I didn't need to achieve any more. I did work hard really. I didn't con them. It wasn't an anti-climactic experience or anything. It was a time for me to be able to say to my parents, my mum and my dad, I haven't let you down. I chose my own education, I always moaned about the education that was offered to me. So I felt like I'd passed a real exam, not a piece of paper.

I'd passed my work through 15 people's eyes and they'd thought I was a reasonable geezer, and I was so proud to go to that place, that establishment, that institute, and I knew that it was possible that an institute could exist and be fruitful.

What was it like once you were at the RCA. Was it a new beginning?

Oh, I struggled like hell. I realised I wasn't going to be a painter straight away. It sorted me out. I started doing illustrations. Peter Blake put me on to that — be an illustrator for a while. So I started to do that. Peter Blake is a painter, and he inspired lots of the things that David Hockney does. He's 46, 47, ten years older than myself and he's the first guy I met whose life really really impressed me . . . as a human being, and he's the first person I met who I never saw being nasty to anyone. He's a man that I've respected most of all that I've met. Still do.

He's the man who made me go into rock'n'roll with my spirit high, cos he came up to me after a gig the Kilburns did at the RCA, incidentally, and he came up to me and he said, you know what mate, you're magic.

And I went whaaat! Now as a painter he never said that to me. That man is like a guru to me. I don't know what a guru is even, but if I wanted to sit at somebody's feet and watch him for about a month, it would be him. I would sit and watch him working.

What Peter Blake said to me would last me the rest of my life in rock'n'roll music, pure and simple, I knew then that I should be doing what I'm doing. I don't know whether it was amazing or magic or not, it didn't matter to me.

YOU TAUGHT for a little while. What saw the slip from teacher/painter to rock'n'roller?

One guy left the art school where I was teaching, and he wrote and said it was because of me, because I'd said to him you don't need to be in the library reading books, you can do that when you're in bed. You should be drawing something at the moment, you should be learning with the hand. Take away the brain and learn with the hand and the eyes. In fact, I think books are going to be bad for you at the moment, you should get out into the physical thing. And er he left next day, he fucked off, wrote and said tell that to Ian Dury — I don't like your methods, Ian.

And another boy there was really working hard, and they put a lot of pressure on him when I wasn't there — I was only there part time, one day a week. I go in one week he's like a jubblee, and I say to him why haven't you been doing all those pictures. He used to paint, say, a hedge and he used to do every single leaf of that hedge in detail, each one. Top marks from me! It was a big green hedge, a boring privet hedge ha ha when he'd finished it, it was really boring . . . hell man.

So they put a lot of pressure, bad heavy pressure on him and he stopped doing it and he joined the Jesus freaks and went off somewhere and a year later he came back to the art school with some swarthy looking abstract painting that were nothing whatsoever to do with this technical thing he had, which I thought was great. But maybe it was me that was putting too much on him. So I didn't do anymore after that. I stopped teaching after that.

I got the sack for non attendance, really, but the thing was I couldn't go there anymore cos at the time I was a rock'n'roll singer. Trying to be. I wasn't a painter any more and I was waffling. I didn't have the right to say anything. It nearly broke my heart.

You told me that you 'conceptualised' Kilburn And The High Roads.

Uh, yeah, well I checked out a few things with some jazz musician friends who I knew liked me enough and would tolerate an hour's practice down the Jubilee Studios in Covent Garden under the auspices of George Khan.

George fell asleep at the first rehearsal. HA! HA! Put his head down, got a gig with Westbrook tonight, snore, I thought, there's one gone! Davey Payne lived round the corner and he walked in and just walked straight out again! First time I ever saw Davey.

Did it feel good once you formed the Kilburns?

Well, it was always changing, it was always somebody's a bit upset, so it never really felt good, it never really felt *formed* to be honest cos as soon as it felt formed somebody said they were going. The only people who ever got sacked were the drummers . . .

I was really proud of those guys. You know what, we were walking down Manchester after a gig with The Who and we'd just been for an Indian . . . we were all walking down the road in a long line, and David, our drummer, he had crutches, and we were walking in a line, and we stopped, and we all looked at each other, and started laughing our heads off! For about an hour we were just going aaah, look at that one, look at us, aah fuck, and we were just laughing and laughing. That kept us going for a long, long time. There weren't many times like that.

Your whole thing seems to be the way you react to things about you.

As much as I can. I keep awake as much as I can. I've taken speed, used to take a lot but I didn't like that, so I stopped it. I get washed out every now and then . . .I've seen a lot of people strung out doing junk so badly it seemed to me they wanted to kill themselves rather than do junk. I've never done a healthy junk exploration situation and I haven't had the time or the inclination. I've been too busy really, and I don't know about risks and things.

I don't have an axe to grind at all. I can accept junk in other people, I never go oh dear dear. But in the '60s I knew 14 people who died from heroin . . . so it seemed to me they wanted to die, and I didn't want to help myself do that.

So I just smoke a joint now and again.

DO YOU feel happy at the moment because lots of people seem to love you?

Sort of yeah . . . you know sort of yeah you know love sort of you know. Know what I mean, get it! (Sings) No greater love have I, once I had a secret love, that wore my best suit trousers, cos he pissed in his own, and he went out of the house in them.

Yeah yeah, and I'm not looking HA HA HA. No really, it's in live with hope. It's like being in love with being proud. It's just like being optimistic. It's very hard to feel optimistic about the world, but I do cos I don't see the point in not. I've been practising crying a lot lately, not in order to be Joan Crawford, who can cry with either eye, but . . .if I can get a bit part in *Coronation Street*, to supplant Herman's Hermits in the public affection, then I will accept. If Russell Harty really wants me to go on the telly then I'll do it as long as I can have my back to the camera. I think everybody should have their ten-minute Warhol stardom then maybe they should keep their trap shut for the next ten years.

Are you toying with that idea?

No. I've got a commitment, I think. Giving up now would be silly, but I don't want to get any more famous. I want to get less famous, have a month's holiday every so often.

Is it possible to get less famous?

If I just jacked up now, if I just disappeared quickly, like that guy with The Doors, Jim

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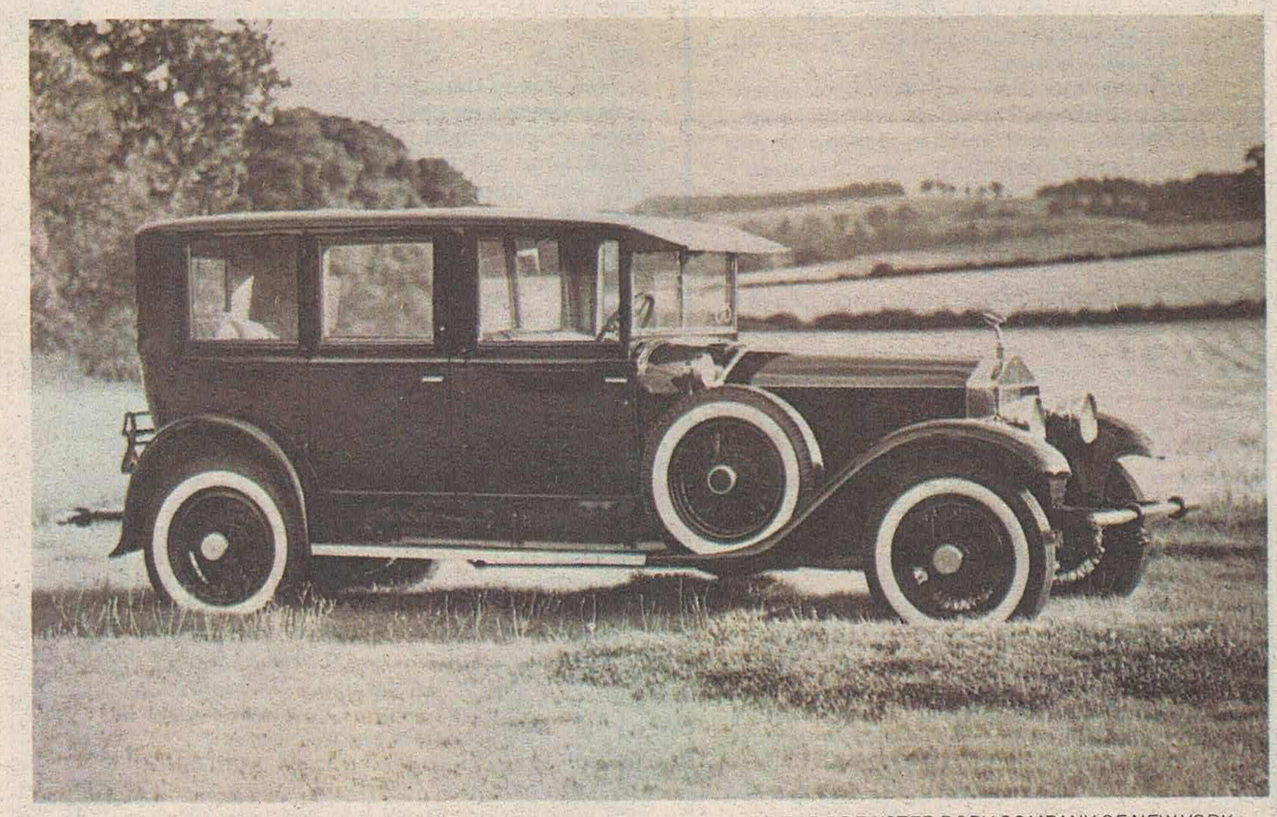

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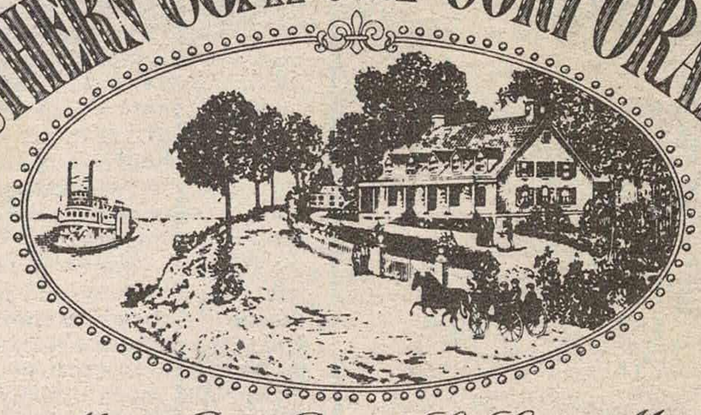

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■ *From page 31*

Keyhole. If Jim Morrison's dead it makes no difference. If he's living in a hole on an island in the Pacific next to Marlon Brando he's more famous than if he'd stayed alive.

Me, I'm very proud in one way that if we continue with this we're not going to get any worse. We try very hard to get better. That's what we care about really . . . We're not any of us particularly impressed by someone who is in the public eye as a person.

I think that one thing remarkable about you is the way your music is so hugely successful while dealing with all kinds of broad things — eccentrics, pain, soft things, hard things. Someone so completely varied is rarely so monstrously successful.

Yeah, I thought at first that I was some sort of revolutionary dangerous figure and that all the vested interests wanted to soak me immediately into the Des O'Connor thing — wack me on the telly every half hour, make me a eunuch or something. But I didn't know where my non-eunuchness was. I hadn't thought about it really.

When did the fame hit you?

It was overnight. Yeah. Brighton on the Stiff Tour. I talked to Annie Nightingale who's a person I really really like and really love, and she was doing an article on me for the Expresso — the first time ever for me to be in a non-musical journal. And that same night I discovered it was possible for me to go to Barbados for a holiday. My manager told me there was enough money in my bank account to let me go without getting into debt, and I reconciled myself to one thing: The Scottish *Daily Mirror* said everyone should go to the Caribbean Isles to get the hotsies — but I was actually going. I had the bread to go and I had to live with that.

Up until Feb 1976 I earned £25 a week, so this is OK, y'know — I know how to live without money.

Money doesn't really enter into my motivation at all. I enjoy doing silly things with it, but only the silly things I could do without. Barbados meant to me survival in the hotness, and swimming — so I could get back on the road. I couldn't do that in late November in England.

So I went there and I didn't really enjoy it. And then I came back and went on the road — without Chaz. He wanted to stay at home and write, and that nearly broke my heart. Cos I really love him. He's nearly ten years younger than me, and there's plenty of time . . . I wanted to say that to him but it wasn't my business.

I love the band so much, I love everything everyone's doing so much, that I feel committed to it. The people on this coach give me that. No choice. I don't really want a choice. I'm team handed. I don't feel like the captain. I'm allowed to do my bit. I've never been in that situation before in my life.

Equally, I've never met someone that I work with as well as I work with Chaz. I feel so equal to him, 'cos everything I want to do he wants to do with what he does in the same way, and we can just throw it at each other without being put down or feeling too superior. We spread it out and everyone else is the same.

Jankel really has a go at me. Get rid of all that lot! 'Cos the song's too long, and I think fuck it! He mixed me down on two of the tracks on the new LP.

Doesn't that upset you?

No! 'Cos I thought there's got to be a musical reason that I don't even understand. I'm going to listen to him.

On 'Dance Of The Screamers' I can just about hear the words, just about hear Davey, and I'm trying to hear him, so . . . it's like shouting your head off but a long way from the megaphone and that's somehow even more real.

The song is about what I think I felt when I felt impotent and the only idea of stating that to somebody and still hold my head up . . . which is just to scream . . . otherwise there's no point in opening your mouth I suppose . . . erm.

The words really amount to nothing more than a person getting uncomfortable listening to them, so when you scream maybe it's releasing that tension. I don't know what it is. I haven't really had time to think about it. I wrote it about two days before I recorded it and it came together when I didn't feel impotent no more. 'Cos I'm in love again, thank God.

How real is the fame?

It's removed my respect for myself. But the respect is coming back now a little, thanks to meeting somebody. That was horrible. I could get drunk and I was so nasty. Shouldn't happen. Unpleasant. Crying. I don't cry that much, and it's a bit crocodiley, but I don't mistrust it and I don't think the crying's serious when I do it.

Usually it's when I'm really tired, or feel really wound up. I've never felt I wanted to kill myself and I've never ever felt that I'm insane, and I've never ever felt I would go insane. At the same time I could be in a mental hospital with other people and I'd be OK. Or I could be in a prison and I could be OK in there.

I'm sort of mesmerised by imprisonment, by somebody's life and their experiences adding up to them being treated by the masses or being removed from the masses for a certain amount of time and put amongst sadists with sticks. I know that isn't right.

My attitude says close the schools, and also don't hurt anybody . . . so if you can't close the schools without hurting anybody well leave it. Because England specifically ain't that bad — 'cos I'm allowed and alive, and so's the really dangerous geezers, the ones who really go for it.

Sid! I only spoke to him once. He said what would you do if I made homosexual advances towards you, and I said, do you see that man over there with the bald head, I would tell him. And he looked at Fred and he said, oh O.K. I didn't know what else to say to him. I don't really like to say much about people dying, but rock'n'roll it doesn't need to kill people. It should be keeping them ALIVE. Totally. If there's ever any violence at our gigs and I see it, I stop the gig.

How do you feel when you're on stage?

When Fred's up the front, I can see Fred. He sees us every night and if he's smiling then I think we're doing OK. If he's looking a bit grumpy it really does worry me. He's never wrong, Fred, and if he actually cracks up laughing it means I've done something I've never done before or I'm doing one of his favourites.

If I can't see him I really get confused. 'Cos I can't see anybody out in the audience. I'm too embarrassed to look at them most of the time.

Embarrassed about what?

I just feel a bit silly. If somebody's looking at me with rapture all over their face I want to throw a bucket of water over them.

Some kid came up to me last year and he was going to touch me, and I said fuck off you silly prat HA HA HA. Last night all the Stiff people were talking about going to America. Strike it while it's hot. I don't want to conquer America at all. I feel like Britain has just conquered me completely. I feel so fucking lovely about Britain. That's made me happy.

But not too happy

Right. But quite happy.

AFTER THE Ludwigshafen performance I stand by the side of the empty stage watching 1,500 or so German kids filter out of the small sports hall. They leave behind a million white plastic cups and a tangible feeling of great love.

I walk backstage to the cramped rooms where the Blockheads reside. Dury has a separate room, and sits squashed up in a corner, a daft grin on his shaded face. He has made some more friends. Zen is near him, sighing protectively as Kozmo efficiently brings in some admirers.

He asks for some wine, and has to persuade the reluctant, suspicious Fred that he's only had a little bit.

A German enters with five different covers from the new 'Do It Yourself' LP and Ian happily doodles all over them. There's a little girl with the visitor, blond, shy, pink, and she's not scared by Ian.

Ian plays with her, easily overcoming any language barrier. He pulls faces, rocks about, and she whispers in his ear.

On the coach for the drive from gig to hotel, Fred is barking stern orders over the coach P.A.

"And tomorrow is a free day, but on Friday you will collect in the hotel foyer at 12 o'clock . . ." — The Blockhead family jeer and hiss good naturedly — ". . . for the drive to Frieberg where we play that night." More jeers. "And anyone who is late will be fined £5 and if you are late twice then you will be fined £10 and so on."

Norman and Mickey ask, seeing as how it's free day tomorrow, can they have their wages a day early?

"No!" shouts Fred. "If you can't make your wages last a week, if you want to booze it all away, then that's up to you."

Up in muted room three of the Ramada Hotel, Dury lies on his hotel bed and Zen tenderly drops some liquid into his sore eye. Ian stiffly wheels towards me and mildly moans about his ailments; the red eye, the cracking throat. He offers me a raisin tablet, a horrible confection. Such stuff, he explains with the beetroot juice and prune juice, helps the regularity of the bowels — another problem when you're on tour.

Graham enters with coffee. The four of us sip and talk. I think about the new LP 'Do It Yourself', the intriguing follow up to the best seller 'New Boots'.

'D.I.Y.' is to me a moving masterpiece that puts me in mind and mood of the two Robert Wyatt classics, 'Rock Bottom' and 'Ruth Is Stanger Than Richard'. Similar mixtures, similar puzzling out, similar pleading, similar perhaps relieving silliness.

The 'D.I.Y.' LP also seems to share with the two Wyatt classics a sort of urgent dreaminess.

Ian leans back in his chair and picks his legs up. "When we were making it, we looked at each other a lot and said, is this a psychedelic LP or not? Like that.

"There are a lot of accidents on it that we left on . . . there's a lot of little bits and pieces . . . like the doorbell ringing on 'Sink My Boats'. That was an accident. There's these bits and pieces that Chaz has kind of arranged — echoes. I wasn't there for a lot of the overdubbing — I was writing the lyrics. There was a rumour going around in the *Melody Maker* that we were shouting and fighting with each other, which was vastly untrue."

He shakes his head and mischievously remembers something he decides to keep quiet.

"I was trying to write 'In Betweenies' and

■ *Continues page 47*

"Necks please" — Klaus Kinski (teeth and nails) presides over Bruno Ganz in Nosferatu

Nosferatu The Vampyre

Directed by Werner Herzog
Starring Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani and Bruno Ganz
(20th Century Fox)

On the face of it Werner Herzog has never seemed much of a man of our times. His films' distinctive, often almost surreal imagery seems oddly anachronistic: more medieval than modern, more stained glass than double glazing, more of a quest than a curiosity.

Unlike other 'new' German directors, Herzog has shown little overt interest in his country's socio-political climate. Instead he's ranged around the globe after exotic locations in which to set his sometimes literally fantastic tales of men, madness and mystery.

Although much of *Nosferatu* is set in Delft, Holland, the locale seems anything but a quiet, prosperous port. The entire film's shot in an eerily translucent blue-grey tint that transforms canals and market squares into places timelessly strange, as 'separate' as the mist-wraithed forests and mountains that surround Count Dracula's Transylvanian retreat.

"Yes, yes — but does anyone like me?"

Nosferatu was inspired by Murnau's materpiece of the same name, but Herzog's idea of how a vampire should look and feel is transcendentally his own. At times he nudges playfully at the nervous, forced humour of Hammer horror — always a prerequisite of a good spooking — but is typically happier cracking more idiosyncratic jokes.

Herzog reckons chickens to be the ultimate symbol of stupidity. They've scratched around in most of his films and, sure enough, we meet one perching on the hall table when Jonathan Harker wakes after his first night as the Count's guest. Harker's imbecility — who'd be so dumb to try and negotiate in real estate with Dracula? — is admirably conveyed by Bruno Ganz, as is his wife Lucy's virginal innocence by Isabelle Adjani, whose looks and bearing complement this period piece like oyster and pearls.

But Kinski's Dracula is better still, an uneasily classic creation. Bald, theatrically white-faced, hunched and with horribly misshapen ears, he's The Compleat Count. Rasping and fumbling, his four-inch fingernails clicking like the mandibles of some huge insect, he demands both sympathy and fear. Lonely and lovelorn, he actively begrudges the fact that, as a vampire, he's been forever denied the sweet oblivion of death.

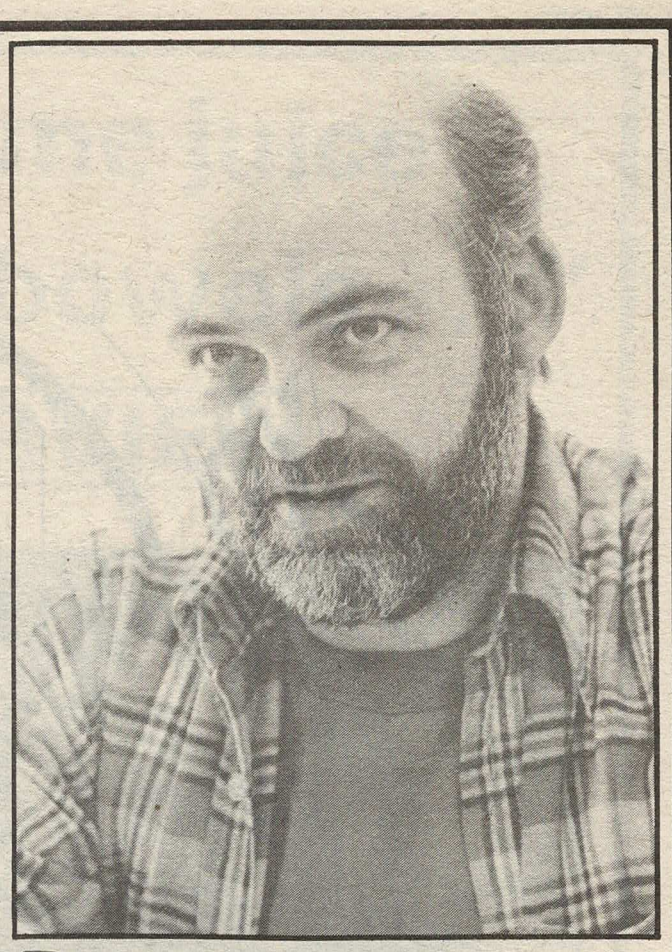
Dracula however remains evil personified, bringing madness and a Black Death plague of grey rats with him from across the sea. Herzog make his own view plain enough; the 'good' citizens of the town, who've let the churches fall into disrepair, are getting what they deserve. Not that Herzog moralises in a missionary sense. The doctor who denies all the evidence and refuses to admit that a woman's death was vampire-borne is merely another man-chicken, a fool who won't see there are forces in heaven and earth beyond his comprehension.

Herzog isn't alone in his rejection of reason and rationality. Nevertheless his cautionary telling of our folly and pig-ignorance, his keen awe of nature and ability to communicate it in a manner that verges on the mystical, these are all unfashionable virtues these days.

In fact Herzong might paradoxically be everything he appears not to be: a film-maker intimately concerned with the current shapes of things. He may generally prefer past over present, but it's only his point of departure that matters. Many 'uncivilised' tribal peoples attach great importance to the spirit and dream world they assert surrounds us all and is vital to our maintaining some mental and physical equilibrium in life.

Werner Herzog offers another striking interpretation of his universal truth, his own. He has an astonishing eye for beauty and the gall to suggest that modern man is very far from infallible. I admire him for both.

Angus MacKinnon



Page turns back

Anthony Page, that is, the movie director from the Royal Court. Snaps by Tom Sheehan.

AS HIS background is primarily theatrical — he was a director and administrator with London's Royal Court for several years in the '60s and early '70s — I expected Anthony Page to be quite stuffy about, ahem, movies.

After all, his first feature was an adaptation of a play he'd long been associated with — John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* (1968) — and he then divided his time between the stage and television, only recently returning to the cinema with *I Never Promised You A Rose Garden* (reviewed in *Silver Screen* 28.4.79) and *The Lady Vanishes (SS* 26.5.79).

Stuffy? The man is besotted with film. He has, he says, great hungers for film seeing four or five movies on the trot. He lives around the corner from London's Electric Cinema, which helps. His favourites at the moment are Peter Hyams' recent *Capricorn One* ("A terrific thriller, brilliant") and Carl Theodor Dreyer's 1931 *Vampyre* ("An amazing film — *Nosferatu* is quite boring by comparison").

The first film he saw was a tatty old Betty Grable musical called *Song Of The Islands:* "I remember being knocked back by all this colour, the magic of it, and I've always had a fantasy about making flims."

He always preferred cinema to stage and suspects it was his laziness — not being inclined to work hard at pushing through the lengthy preparations required in setting up films — that landed him in the theatre: "You can make four theatre productions in a year quite easily. Rather late" — he's 44 — "I decided to make some films if I could." He doesn't even count *Inadmissible Evidence* as his first: "I can't remember what it was like, to tell you the truth. I went to see the play again the other day and I can't imagine how we did it — it's virtually a monologue."

Anthony Page is tall and lean, his shiny pate neatly contrasting with a well-trimmed beard. He speaks quietly, thoughtfully and with a precise politeness, which could help explain why he's known as an actors' director (Nicol Williamson in *Evidence,* Albert Finney in *Alpha Beta,* Tuesday Weld in *Fitzgerald In Hollywood,* Kathleen Quinlan in *Rose Garden)* rather than as a *movie* maker.

"Well, I suppose the two meet somewhere," he says, defensively, in answer to that supposition. "But I can't help it — I love watching actors perform."

Whatever, the differences in stage and cinema directing must be acute?

"Yes. It's much more neurotic making movies. You're probably an egomaniac at the time. But when you get into a movie it's such a peculiar adventure. The director seems to be more responsible than in the theatre, which is both exciting and frightening. It's more healthy in the theatre, I think, with discussions, more balance of opinion and just sharing with other people. But it's terrible to have to sit and watch the same production night after night, whereas the actual shooting of a film — the thought that you're pinning something down forever — is very exciting."

Of his two recent films, Page is more concerned about *Rose Garden.*

"It needs nurturing because the idea of people going out to see a film about a hospital ward for the disturbed probably isn't very tempting. But it's optimistic and though it's a rather simplified version of the book I think there's something truthful about schizophrenia in it.

"It's an attempt to make it immediate and simple in an almost Hollywood '50s way. I remembered those films like *Caged* and *The Snake Pit* and I hoped it would have that entertainment surface to it while keeping the insights into mental illness from the book."

Rose Garden was made in 28 days for less than a million dollars, so naturally Page feels protective towards it. *The Lady Vanishes,* he thinks, is big enough to take care of itself. It is, after all, a re-make of the 1938 Hitchcock classic.

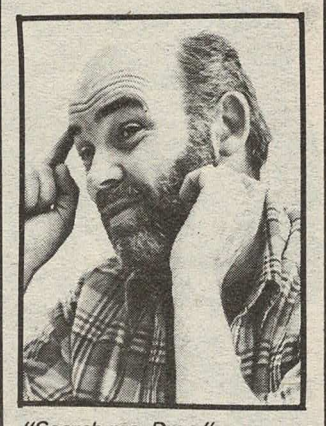
"It's a wonderful story, but knowing the Hitchcock film could be a disadvantage. I was completely bowled over by it, but it does seem creaky now. But you're competing with people's memories of it and if they've seen it on television that would make it seem almost sinister. By using a wide screen and colour we're pitching it in a more romantic atmosphere.

"I came in very late on it and the ingredients — George Axelrod's script, Cybill Shepherd, Elliott Gould — were already there. George's writing already gave it a different flavour, a strong bias towards wry comedy rather than suspense. But unless you set it in an Iron Curtain country at present, then it's bound to be nostalgic escapist entertainment."

Page's next film is the already-completed *Absolution,* a black melodrama set in a repressed Catholic school (is there any other kind?), starring Richard Burton and Billy Connolly. He's completely taken with the Big Yin ("A fantastic presence, a genuine original and very easy to work with") but is reluctant to talk about the Big Dick.

"I have to differentiate between what I say and what you can print," he says, laughing quietly. "He's very impressive in it, though."

Monty Smith



"Search me, Drac."

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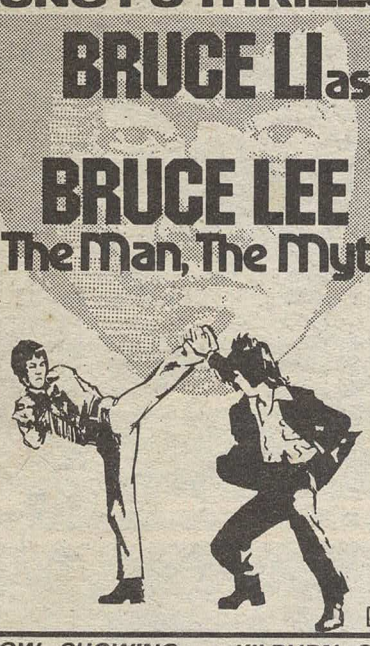

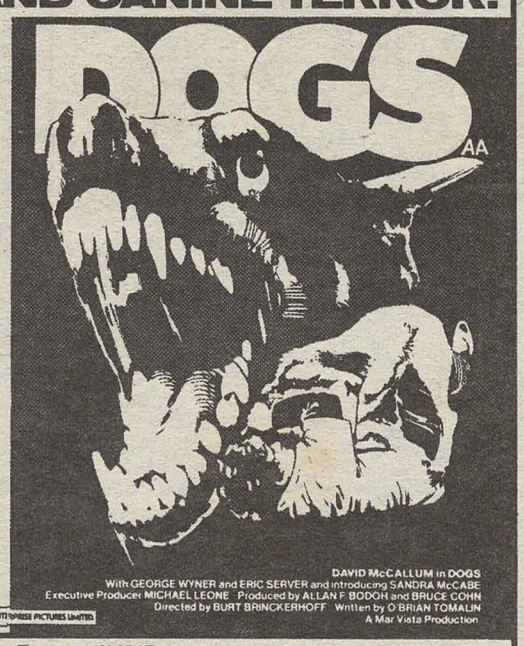

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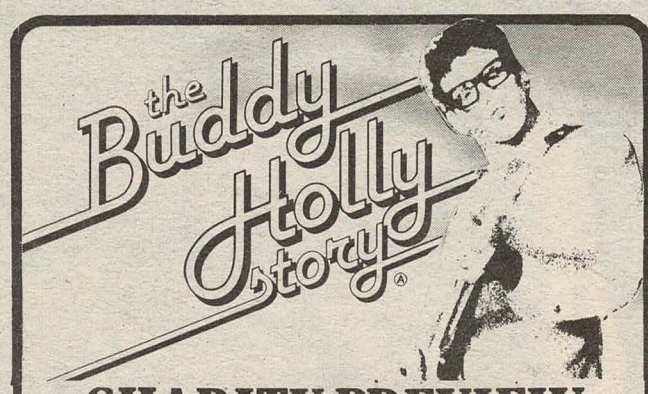

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A New Hi In Lowe Fi

NICK LOWE
Labour Of Lust *(Radar)*

In which a good ol' boy comes home.

Persons familiar with Nick Lowe in his recent incarnation as cynical-old-Basher, the man who'll steal any lick that isn't nailed down, disguise himself as anything on earth to make a buck and ally himself with unsavoury people like Jake Riviera and Elvis Costello in order to form vicious, self-congratulatory little cliques . . . boy, are they in for a shock or what?

On the cover of 'Jesus Of Cool', Lowe manifested himself as everything from leather-clad mirror-shaded sleaze-rocker to dumb hippie to wasted jetsetter to the greasy-haired dyspeptic hungover opportunist that most of his detractors like to think he really was. The dislocated ragbag of pearls and pigshit that the sleeve turned out to house reinforced Lowe's rep as seedy, scheming Macchiavelli, and as he metamorphosed from lurching pissartist to gumchewing truculent wideboy on Rockpile gigs and Stiff tour, it seemed that since the epoch-making release of 'So It Goes'/'Heart Of The City' as Stiff BUY 1, Lowe had done a fairly thorough job of reinventing himself.

After all, apart from a gang of superannuated pubrockers, who remembered the diffident, ponytailed bassist/vocalist/composer who'd slugged along all those years with Brinsley Schwarz, the ultimate no-hope goodtime losers who declared non-violent war on the dinosaurs and fought them in the cellars and the bars? Yep, that Nick Lowe. You didn't miss him? Well, he's back.

Bend an eye onto the big black'n'white pic of our humble hero on the inner sleeve of this album. Dig the lumberjack shirt and the sheepish grin and god does he *ever* need a haircut (Jesus!). Pure pubrock for pissed people is what Nick's selling here, and after the demented eclecticism of his work as producer and performer since '76, it's about the last thing he could've done which would still have been unpredictable.

Cases: the featured musicians throughout are Dave Edmunds and Bill Bremner (guitars and backing vox) and the immortal Terry Williams on drums (listen, God, when you get around to setting up that Rock Drummers Hall Of Fame you keep talking about, book Tel a seat as near to Charlie Watts as you can, awright?) plus guest shots from Bluesy Huey Lewis on harp and former Brinsleyite Bob Andrews (now gainfully employed with The Rumour) on synth, who get one apiece. The music stays within earshot of the old territories: R&B, country, lush pop with a bite and the odd touch of swaggering barroom rock and roll. Real straight arrow. The only surprise is no surprises.

First play through and it sounds a touch drab with the excellent single 'Crackin' Up' as the highspot and the wimp ballad 'You Make Me' as the lowest of the Lowe (damn thing's so soppy that it shorted out my stereo). Stick with it and you groove on the fake aggression of 'Born Fighter' (just the sort of thing us closet wimps like to stay in and listen to when we'd be going out and getting into fights if we were Real Men), the extraordinary every-instrument-playing-percussion 'Clapping Song' ripoff of 'Big Kick, Plain Scrap!', the innocent double-entendres of Mickey Jupp's 'Switchboard Susan', the mock-Spectorisms of 'Skin Deep' (which I hate 'cause I wrote a song called 'Skin Deep' myself and people are gonna think I stole it off him, as if anyone *could* be said to have stolen from Nick Lowe, bloody magpie that he is, grrr), the pure country corn of 'Endless Grey Ribbon', the R&B riffing of 'Loves So Fine' . . .

Nick Lowe's built his current rep by cooking up fiendishly frothy pop confectionery with arsenic frosting. Here he turns around and re-enters the room with a big platter of pure beef hamburgers (or pure ham beefburgers — have it your way). Recorded as a bookend to the new Edmunds album, which also features a straightahead Rockpile line-up (Edmunds and Bremner on guitars, Williams on drums and Lowe on bass — weren't you listening?), 'Labour Of Lust' replaces ingenuity with integrity, and thereby promotes the specious if unstated theory that the two are mutually exclusive.

I love the honesty and commitment of Lowe's Rockpile-oriented work but I miss the clever-dickery of his 'Jesus Of Cool' stuff, and possibly he does his best work when the two come face to face on things like 'They Called It Rock' ('Pile version available on the B-side of the 'Breaking Glass' single) or the live cut of 'Heart Of The City.'

'Crackin' Up' is the champ of this album for precisely that reason, and people who dig Nick Lowe because they love being amiably conned by a master may find 'Labour Of Lust' to be unaccustomedly plain fare by comparison.

Charles Shaar Murray

THE BEATLES
Hey Jude *(Parlophone)*

The '60s may be dead, but their ghostly presence hovers ever near, sprawling out amongst the decade's supposed freedoms and springing o'er its psychedelic horizon.

Avoiding the temptation to give (such) history a damn good kicking now that it's down simply ignores the difficulty of sorting out the present: problems don't go away to New York like working class heroes do.

History gives to the present a wide luxury of interpretation: something like *Rolling Stone* —as '60s as Nixon — is at liberty to regard rock and roll as a way of knowledge, an umbrella that comprises films, books, politics, sport, etc, to regard it as having micro-cosmological significance. Such lumpen objectification is the upshot of accumulated 'expert' opinion supported by the supposed hard evidence of consumer appetites.

Such cultural scrap-mongering is well up shit clique. Whether it's Dylan or The Beatles, the activiy *per se* is presumed to signify a practical issue of transformations in rock and roll strategy or in society at large. The distance between 'radicality' and *Billboard* is not very far, it seems.

The evidence for The Beatles in 'Hey Jude' — a long-unavailable import compilation of A and B sides from '64-'69 — is meagre.

There's an initial burst — 'Can't Buy Me Love' ('64), 'I Should Have Known Better' ('66), 'Paperback Writer' ('66) — that's satisfying enough; these are the Beatle-boys I saw as a kid in *Help!* and *A Hard Day's Night,* ones still in love with the showbiz beat, the theme/dream, still sane and potentially subversive, hip and clear-eyed. 'Rain' (also '66) is the best thing here: *"It's just a state of mind — can you hear me?"* and the ensuing coupla codas are real neat, sprightly, unformal, sabre-merciless arrangements in a *45* space.

After that, developments unfortunately get tangled up in the distant problem of historical detail. Because 1968 is next, and everybody is taking something — themselves seriously, acid, Ravi Shankarinadaylessons, busses to Morroco — without knowing why.

'Lady Madonna' is harmless enough, 'Revolution' on the other hand . . . *'But when you talk about destruction/Well you know that you can count me out'*, etc. In other words, 'revolution' is *really* all about wearing armbands, love-ins, *"freeing your mind instead"*, and *"giving peace a chance"*. This is worried English Utopianism at its worst — Lennon must have just read '1984' or something — sheep in wolves clothes bleating about that nasty Chairman Mao: a pathetic ideologocial myopia. Given the choice between him and 'mind-expanding' drugs, I know what *I'd* head for.

Which leaves the celebrated 'Hey Jude' itself, a miserable sort of campus campfire singalong, a marijuana 'Ging gang goolie goolie' by the sound of it; empires are imagined on such stuff.

Thus to the fag-end year of '69 ('Old Brown Shoe' — the only non-Lennon/McCartney here — 'Don't Let Me Down' and 'The Ballad of John and Yoko'), and the hangover after the garden-orgy. They're crawling home, into bags, the Shetland Isles, love, court: respectability.

You can hear the last struggling echoes of Abbey Road idealism swiping out against internal malaise and the decline into petty capital bickering. Rotten to the core . .

Yesterday's radical children now own IBM or *Rolling Stone* or get written about in the *Sunday Mirror.* Is there a moral to this story?

"I don't care too much for money . . ." 'cos money can't buy you what, luv?

Ian Penman

Missed you, Link

A 50 year old Red Indian gets it well and truly, er, on. Pic. David Warner Ellis.

LINK WRAY
Bullshot *(Charisma)*

Charisma release good album shock! And more to the point this here 'Bullshot' (I said *Bullshot,* boy) heralds the return of Link 'Rumble' Wray to the land of the long-playing living.

See, ole Link the Pawnee is no longer shackled by the increasingly ridiculous Robert Gordon; he's free to do what he wants to do best, namely turn the volume knob over-limits and let all hell loose jamming on the juice.

Give Wray a group that comprises Alpha Band stalwarts like Rob Stoner on sonic bass, Howie Wyeth banging the traps and Billy Cross on occasional rhythm guitar, give him a producer of the calibre of Richard Gottehrer and you've got a combination that dumps on every other rejuved rocker this solstice (even taking Jerry Lee's latest testament into account).

No more of this subjectivity. We need facts. 'Bullshot' is the first Wray outing since 'Rumble' to assimilate the man's love for showcased guitar extravaganzas performed with wit, flair and danger. No wonder that such recent peperinos as Townshend and Beck doff plectrums when the name of the missing Link crops up.

The proof is in the grooves.

You've already thrilled to Wray's masterful interpretation of El Zim's 'It's All Over Now Baby Blue', replete with Dylan's absurd drawl circa that mythical bike prang and oceans of resonating tremelo-o-o. Now the cheeky chappie contrasts last decade's singer songwriter fave with this season's golden boy, El Spruce. Betcha life Gordon won't be singing 'Fever' again when he hears how this ornery critter sweats. More highly strung guitars and a backbeat that could waltz you into the electric chair — music to make you violent.

Then try 'Good Good Lovin', a self-explanatory marriage of Ramones gonzo and wooden dance floor dementia. Furthering the tradition there are three straight instrumentals, the afterbirths being 'Switchblade' (Gottehrer adds new meaning to the percussive skill), 'Rawhide', exorcising the ghosts of Chuck and Gene, and 'Snag', a complex metaphysical thrash with divine stuttering breaks.

Wash this heady mixture down with a large slug of voodoo shimmying 'Wild Party' (MC5 meet Dr. John) and Link's homage to the Big Cheeseburger, "Don't" (sans Jordanaires unfortunately), and 'Bullshot' is literally fighting off you young punks with one hand tied behind its back.

How can you resist honest raw rock and roll when we really need it most? Link Wray understands this. Not bad for a 50-year-old backwoods Red Indian with one lung.

Max Bell

STEVE FORBERT
Alive On Arrival *(Epic)*
MICHAEL CHAPMAN
Life On The Ceiling
(Criminal Records)

Americans tend to dub anyone who plays acoustic guitar and harmonica as a new Bob Dylan, and the same simplistic twist of fate has befallen Steve Forbert.

He's not, of course' and 'Alive On Arrival' is one of those mildly frustrating albums with several good touches that never quite gell into something substantial. I suppose the word is "promising".

Forbert grew up on a lettuce farm in Meridan, Mississippi, leaving in 1976 to become a folkie in New York City. Unlike most folkies, he played CBGB's and was signed up by Danny Fields, manager of The Ramones. Now he's released his debut album, produced by Steve Burgh who gets a clean, spacious sound and who also leads the tight backing band.

Forbert has a light, slurry voice and a tendency for over-emphatic phrasing; he plays spare, melodic guitar and can turn out nifty catchy tunes. The weakness is in his lyrics. Too many of these songs drift into the inconsequential. The humour is slight and throughout there's a rather complacently self-centred air.

The songs are suffused with a youthful romanticism — all about "Shitty jobs" and "rainbow dreams" (ugh!) in the big city — with the odd bit of mundane advice tossed in. Forbert is fresh and pleasant but I'm not convinced he's not an anachronism.

Michael Chapman certainly sounds like he is. 'Life On The Ceiling' is a very disappointing album from someone who's had heavy critical support in the past. An ex-folkie who's flirted with hard rock, he's back now in that grey area peopled by nondescript but slightly-electrified English singer-songwriters who try to be sensitive and fun at the same time, only ending up interminably dull.

Here we have a number of routine songs about the end of relationships, a few perfunctory stabs at lightweight rock'n'roll, a couple of very ordinary instrumentals. There's even a song about waiting for a train. The sleeve is a final defeatist gesture. There's no imagination or originality anywhere on this album. It's all so tired and trivial. A Criminal Record with no conviction.

Graham Lock

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In which the past comes home to roost and lays a colossal egg.

Get ready for the get ready! EMI and Ronco move near simultaneously into the marketplace with a brace of TV-promoted compilations, both of which draw on semi-heavy '60s oriented rock material, both of which have the kind of packaging which makes the Sistine Chapel seem low-key and both of which feature Procol Harum's 'Whiter Shade Of Pale' and The Small Faces' 'Itchycoo Park'.

Since the packaging is vaguely conceptual, it would not seem unreasonable to expect there to be some kind of dominant aesthetic at work, some suggestion that the tracks were chosen as opposed to being slung together. Instead, they're just grab-bags, just boxes full of old singles.

The Ronco compilation reaches new heights in shabbiness by being a reissue of an earlier Ronco compilation, 'The Super Groups', originally issued in 1977. Ronco have dropped The Move's 'Fire Brigade', Sailor's 'Glass Of Champagne' and The Kursaal Flyers' 'Little Does She Know' and replaced them with Renaissance's 'Northern Lights', Foreigner's 'Cold As Ice' and Family's 'Burlesque', which is not encouraging.

Despite the presence of such bona fide examples of vintage excellence as the Sabs' 'Paranoid', Sly's 'Family Affair', Mott's 'All The Young Dudes', The Who's 'My Generation' and a tantalizing flash of a live Hendrix 'Red House' (not to mention F. Mac's touching tribute to Albert Ross and the aforementioned 'Itchycoo Park'), you'd be better off hunting out the original singles for the good stuff and leaving the sludge where it is.

The EMI job begins, unpromisingly enough, with ELO's 'Roll Over Beethoven' and George Harrison's 'My Sweet Lord' (God, if that's a monument to British Rock then the damn thing requires a headstone) before Van Morrison steams in to sort things out with the old Them version of 'Here Comes The Night'. The last half of the side stays at the gritty end of the spectrum with Johnny Kidd's 'Shakin' All Over', the acoustic stomp of McGuiness Flint's 'When I'm Dead And Gone', the engaging R&B fluff of Humble Pie's 'Natural Born Bugie', Chris Farlowe huffing and puffing through 'Out Of Time' and Quo's 'Down Down', which demonstrates how invigorating Francis' boys are in three-minute doses.

Flip it over and you get The Beatles' 'Get Back' and the return of 'Itchycoo Park' and then things go downhill with Ashton, Garder & Dyke, Deep Purple and Lennon's 'Imagine' before things get seriously nostalgic with 'Apache' and 'Make Me Smile' (the one Steve Harley song I ever liked). Then it's 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale' . . . oh Jesus, I've been sick of this song for twelve years and the damn thing won't go away. A taste of Merseybeat from the Swinging Blue Jeans, a whiff of fake '50s from Wizzard and out.

It's albums like these which give the '60s a bad name. Dynamite and dross slung together and tied up with a Woolworths ribbon. A pox on both their houses.

Charles Shaar Murray

CHERRY VANILLA
Venus D'Vinyl *(RCA)*

A friend close to the source told me that Miss Vanilla was somewhat taken aback by the release of this album. In fact, so distressed was the lady that she hiked home to the US of A with all possible speed, determined if not to end it all, then at least to end her association with RCA.

Personally I can see her point as nothing about 'Venus d'Vinyl' is even vaguely recommendable. Without exception the songs included lack any kind of sparkle, originality or wit, the musicians sound bored, and when they don't sound bored they sound drunk (or at least hung-over). Worst of all, Vanilla's voice sounds flat and depressingly unconvincing.

Nowhere is the sludgy malaise more painfully apparent than on the last track. 'Moonlight' was obviously intended to be The Big Production Number. Unfortunately, it would seem that producer Hoy-Stratton omitted to inform the assembled cast of his intentions — all we are presented with is a thick layer of slush concealing another, thin layer of slush underneath.

Oh, forget it. Television is cheaper and much more convincing fun than this.

John Hamblett

THE TOURISTS
The Tourists *(Logo)*

The Tourists live up to the name. This album never lingers long enough at any given point to stimulate more than cursory interest.

The band glide backwards into the '60s with such diletanntish commitment that it becomes pointless and meaningless to even consider a song-by-song index of their influences. Whereas some bands possess the ability to take such second-hand components and reassemble with originality, The Tourists just pick them up at random, toy with them and return them back as if un-suitable.

The Tourists appear to be utilising their album to market-test a dozen different brands of product. As a result, they have still to establish their own coherent identity. Their rampant eclectism — ranging from Renaissance to reggae, 'Low' to Lowe — smothers any suggestion of individuality. More's the pity, because at times some of their instrumental licks indicate that they're about to get to grips with the matter at hand but, unfortunately, they don't possess the discipline or direction to exploit such assets to any advantage.

At the moment, the impression is of five individuals simultaneously vying to push their own personalities to the fore. This can also be detected in the inconsistencies in Conny Plank's co-production; he's trying — often without too much success — to present a consistency which simply eludes the group.

The Tourists now have to decide whether to rework the past or prepare for the future. Whatever the result of their referendum, they've got to concentrate more on both arrangement and presentation of their music to accommodate a more collective vision.

Roy Carr

Pair of Charlies

Charlie McCoy — as real as Feathers

CHARLIE FEATHERS
Rockabilly's Main Man
(Charly)

Time was when one could impress friends and influence record collectors by merely claiming to have heard a Feathers track. A legendary figure — "greater than Elvis" ran the myth — he seemed to spend his days working for a succession of increasingly obscure labels, thus preserving his aura of mystery.

Nowadays mention of the Feathers name no longer causes gasps of amazement. He's played gigs here, appeared on a couple of album releases and has ultimately been logged as just another good ol' country boy who climbed on the rockabilly wagon but got shoved down the wrong ravine when the race to stake early claims got underway.

Because I've got this seemingly antiquated belief that music is music and it don't matter a damn if it's rock, blues or country, I find much to admire on this Charly release. However, I can't imagine some of rockabilly's D/A and bovver boot clientele giving much of an approving nod to some of the early tracks featured here.

Fred Dellar

CHARLIE McCOY
Appalachian Fever
(Monument)

Legend has it that Charlie McCoy once played trumpet and bass at the same time on a Dylan session in order to save the Zim from indulging in too many overdubs. But here on his own solo jaunt, Nashville's most potent multi-instrumentalist has plumped for the whole studio technology bit, employing every track on the studio tape in order to cut such songs as 'Cripple Creek' and 'Fair And Tender Ladies', on which he provides not only all the lead and harmony vocals but also every last note of the instrumental back-ups.

For the most part though, it's McCoy in multi-dub vocal mood, attempting to out-Eagle the Eagles harmony-wise and merely adding a soupcon or two of his own hip harp to the choice back-up flavouring provided by the Barefoot Jerry brigade and other worthy Tennessee M.U. dues-payers.

The result is commercial country in the best possible sense of the phrase.

Fred Dellar

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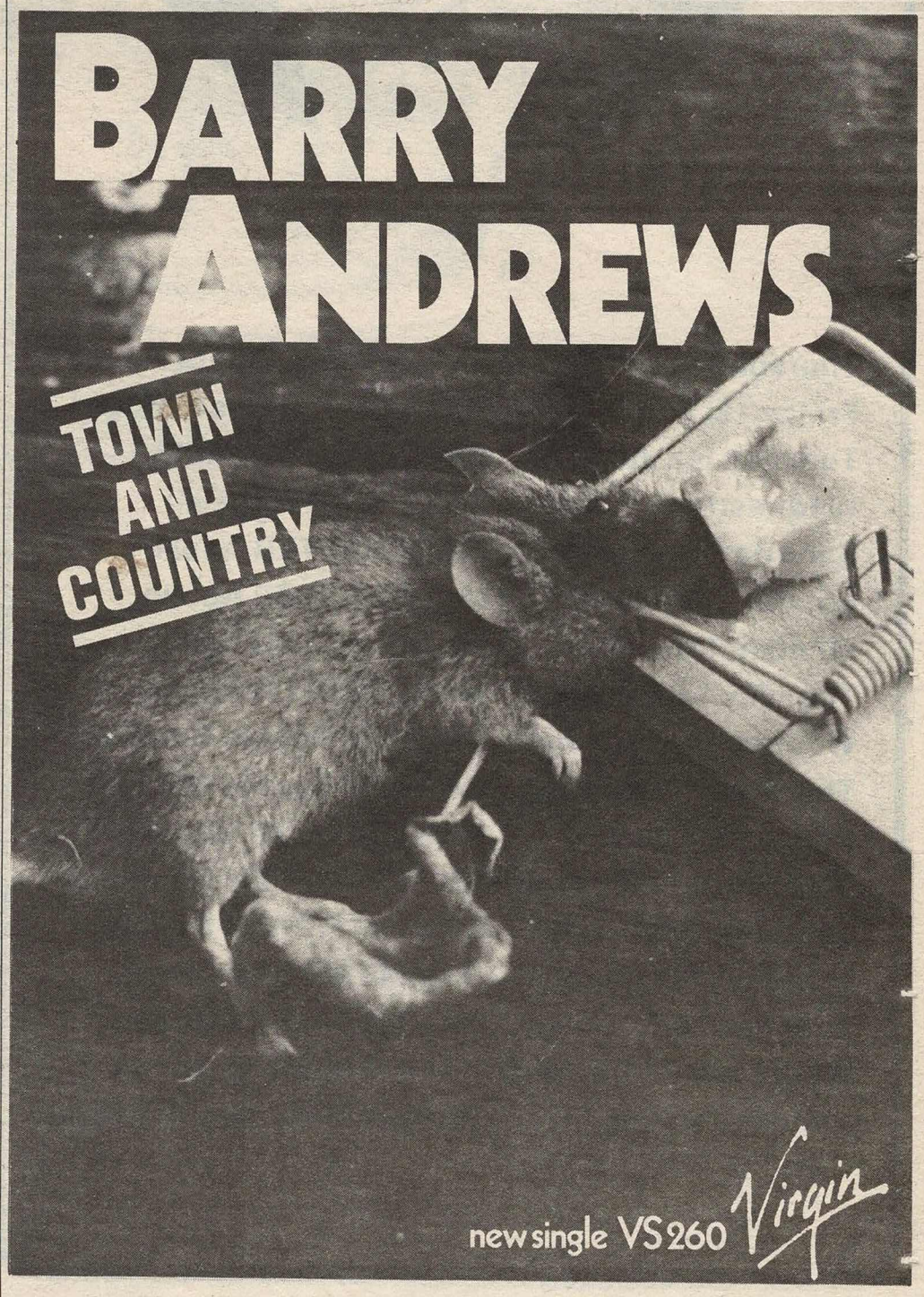

Status Quo

Thursday 31st May	BLACKPOOL Opera House
Friday 1st June	BLACKPOOL Opera House
Tuesday 5th June	SHEFFIELD City Hall
Wednesday 6th June	SHEFFIELD City Hall
Saturday 9th June	MANCHESTER Apollo
Sunday 10th June	MANCHESTER Apollo
Monday 11th June	MANCHESTER Apollo
Tuesday 12th June	MANCHESTER Apollo
Wednesday 13th June	CARDIFF Sophia Gardens
Thursday 14th June	CARDIFF Sophia Gardens
Friday 15th June	PORT TALBOT Avon Lido
Wednesday 20th June	SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont
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Tuesday 26th June	HAMMERSMITH Odeon
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Sunday 1st July	DUBLIN Dallymount Stadium

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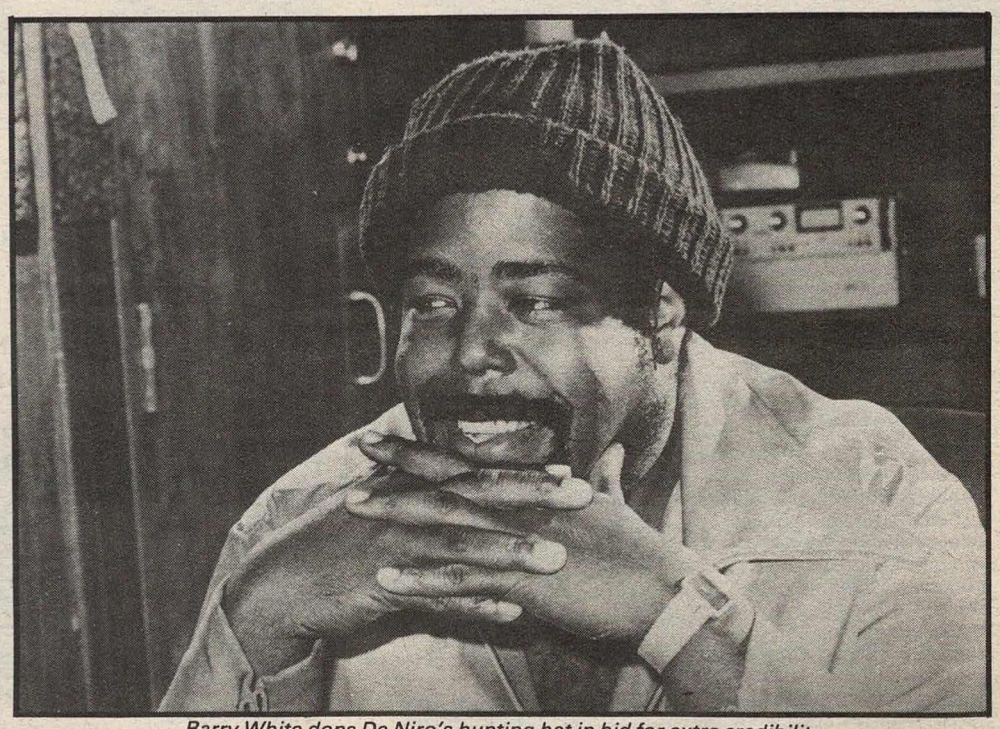
Toting the violin case: TONY PARSONS



Barry White dons De Niro's hunting hat in bid for extra credibility.

DAVID ESSEX
Imperial Wizzard ***(Mercury)***
What were once pretty pop tunes are now laborious and po-faced pretensions, sort of 'Sergeant Pepper's done without drugs. For rich, theatre-going Trotskyists under the age of 14 only. Shave off that Bolshie beard and give us a smile, David.

BURL IVES:
The Times They Are A Changing ***(CBS)***
Old bog-brush chops is back proving that even if you look like Hemingway on the morgue slab you can still show the young whipper-snappers you're there by recording an album of covers of such vital, contemporary singer-songwriting talents as Jim Webb, Paul Simon, Tim Hardin and, mostly, Bob Dylan. I have burned all my copies of 'Ugly Bug Ball', Judas.

This is Brownsville . . .

VIOLINSKI
No Cause For Alarm ***(Jet)***
Ah, the horrible fate that awaits all faceless men who score a freak hit (in this case, the coy 'Clog Dance' jig-a-jig), appear on television and get a contract to cover 24 inches of plastic with whatever their creativity can come up with. Poor sods. Like Equity members without a script — awkward, hestitating, derivative as in trying to cut it with a thousand remembered snatches of someone else's stuff — this is truly painful to behold. Imagine 801 with strings instead of brains.

FIRST CHOICE:
Hold Your Horses ***(Gold Mind)***
Fond memories try to cut in on Munchen Madness nine months too late and I just get depressed. It's like seeing your grandmother coked-out or something. Unarmed and extremely dubious.

BARRY WHITE:
The Message Is Love ***(Unlimited Gold)***
The Black Barbara Cartland sounds like a mawkish drunk who thinks the way to a woman's heart is through chocolate, flowers and contagious diabetes. Please, Barry, stop sticking two fingers down my throat. It's been a lovely evening, don't spoil it now.

ABSOLUTE ELSEWHERE:
In Search Of Ancient Gods: An Experience In Sound And Music Based On The Books Of Erich Von Daniken ***(Bomp).***
After the BBC's exceedingly well-argued, meticulously detailed documentary on Von Daniken televised earlier this year established the man as a lying, twisting fake, the transcendental magic of Absolute Elsewhere's music lacks the pure, unequivocal conviction one experiences listening to Karen Carpenter's moving comment *"Weeeeeevvve beeeeen up-surfing yooo"* on 'Calling Occupants Of Inter-Planetary Craft' or indeed, Absolute Elsewhere's own last outing 'Tolkien Bootlegged Live At The Middle-Earth Budokan'.

PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
Night Out ***(CBS)***
Once they built a Biba. Now it's under different management. Man Tran, can you spare a white tux?

THE MISTER MEN:
The Mister Men Songs ***(BBC Records).***
A superb, delightful album, a modern 'Ogden's Nut Gone Flake' for grown-ups long past the stage of wandering round the flats having a bit of a cosmic vision, a clear-eyed and challenging tale of a Mister Man in search of himself, full of insights into our most perplexing contemporary social, sexual, spiritual and political dilemmas. A glorification of desperate individualism, the ultimate celebration of the outlaw myth: Mr Greedy, determined to gorge himself to death; Mr. Small, the mini-Mussolini driven by megalomaniacal delusions of grandeur; Mr. Silly, tormented by the nightmares that had driven him to insanity; Mr Sneeze, Mr Bump, Mr Topsy-Turvey . . . all of us have been to Mister Lane.

"Walky round the garden, / Like a Teddy Bear, / One step, two step, / Tickle me if you care. / Walky round the garden, / Like a Mister Man, / One step, two step, / Tickle me if you can . . ."

They're probably a bunch of smelly old hippies.

WALDORF TRAVERS:
Night Blindness ***(United Artists).***
Trite blandness from expensively dressed-down sub-Marshall-Hain couple singing hackneyed ditties of listermint libido with raunchy orchestra, guitarist from Wings and clothes from Fiorucci. Privileged ambition without one iota of talent to back it up.

IRONHORSE:
Ironhorse ***(Brothers).***
More featherweight metallic pop from Randy Bachman's new project. I know that you had a soft spot for BTO; I've seen you've got one of their singles.

BELL & JAMES:
Bell & James ***(A&M).***
Steely Dan done disco. Classy.

BADFINGER:
Airwaves ***(Elektra).***
West Coast session men operating under the impression 'Venus And Mars' marked the start of The New Age. A comeback album, Hollies gone heavy. Sickening.

LES GO-GO PIGALLES:
Cote Coeur ***(Philips).***
Camp Kingsmen piss on Plastique Bertrand from a great height.

KENNY ROGERS & DOTTIE WEST:
Classics ***(United Artists).***
Quaint Kama Sutra corn for swinging menopausals.

*. . . and this is Violinski. Can **you** tell the difference?*

MICK JACKSON:
Mick Jackson *(Atlantic),*
Mick Jackson writes the odd good song, like 'Blame It On The Boogie', but sings it like a real sloth. The just-over-shot of this album that hasn't already been out in single form (weigh it) shows most of all he wishes he could be like Stevie Wonder circa 'Innervisions', and his impersonation is hackneyed in the extreme. I wish there was some modern equivalent to the Brill Building that we could lock him up in. I know it's inhumane.

BLUE:
Fools' Party *(Rocket).*
Excruciatingly tasteful close harmonies with guitars plugged both in and out, impeccably produced with semi-imaginative scenarios, this could be the Eagles if Doris Lessing had joined their ranks instead of Joe Walsh.

BROWNSVILLE:
Air Special *(Epic).*
Meat eating brassy foursome hold heads high, never say die, chins walk proud, tie chest hair up in pretty pink bows and dare short-haired fruits to utter one titter. Much talk about showing no mercy, losing control when you do what you're doing to me and elongated soloing, but nothing to touch 'Smoking In The Boys' Room', of course.

Tony Parsons

MONEY
First Investment *(Gull)*

After Heavy Metal, here's a whole new category: Precious Metal.

Precious because this band mix the familiar ponderous riffs with arty, intellectual lyrics, and what's more they make a point of it.

The words are printed all over the back sleeve, and the songs have titles like 'Mari-Anna', 'Leo The Jester' and 'Finale'. What's more, the lead singer has a double-barreled name (David West-Mullen).

Happily, none of this will deter the punters, because musically Money trade in familiar currency. Mr West-Mullen has clearly been listening hard to Messrs Gillan and Halford, and guitarist John Overton is as fierce as Ritchie Blackmore without too many of the flourishes.

Give them a couple of years and they'll be filling the gaps left by ageing predecessors who've grown too rich to really bother.

Bob Edmands

Imports

Police take the strain as unruly mobs await the arrival of the latest imports at Heathrow.

"And here we go with Sam "The Man" Taylor, Big Al Sears and Haywood Henry, the big three from our sax section!"

The audience screams, cheers, whistles and generally goes bananas as the reedsome threesome tear into a riff called 'Pretzel', honkin' and hootin' their way through a succession of chase choruses. Again, pandemonium unlimited.

The voice and the band is that of **Alan Freed,** the album on the turntable being 'Rock And Roll Dance Party Vol. 1 — Recorded Live On Stage' (WINS), undoubtedly the most atmospheric chunk of rock'n'roll nostalgia ever to wing its way into the import racks.

For around a fiver you can tune into **Chuck Berry** offering chart-fresh renditions of 'Maybelline' and 'Roll Over Beethoven' while the teenies yell "Go, go, go!", the St Louis duck-walker being followed by **The Moonglows, The Robins, The Drifters** and **The Teenagers** — the last being headed by a then 13-year-old **Frankie Lymon** — each group seeking to prove that black five-pieces originally ruled rock. Then, finally, there's some honky rockin' from **Johnny Burnette,** who chips in 'Tear It Up' and 'Oh Baby Babe' in an effort to show that Memphis could be a name to reckon with.

Unbeatable stuff? Well, sorta. Thing is that there's a 'Vol. 2' around and that equally desirable slice of vinyl includes **Big Maybelle**'s lusty workout on the normally supersmooth 'Candy'; early glimpses of **Gene Vincent** via 'Be Bop A Lula' and 'Hound Dog'; a great 'Money Honey' courtesy of **Clyde McPhatter** plus various choice portions of rock and doo-woppery from **The Flairs, The Flamingos** and **The Valentines.**

Cut around 1956, nearly five years after Freed embarked on his first "Rock And Roll Party" at WJW, Cleveland, this brace of 14 trackers, recorded live by station WINS, New York, comprise an incomparable rock history lesson. I can only suggest you attend class.

Ben Sidran's 'Live At Montreux' (Arista) is, sad to say, a less inviting prospect. I like Sidran a lot. I really rate his cooler-than-thou, 52nd Street vocals and admire the way he sticks to acoustic piano. I also dig the way he's edged a whole new audience towards main stream jazz. But 'Live' fails because it *is* primarily a jazz album — and Sidran's forte has always been periphery work. For though an accomplished keyboardist, he lacks that odd spark of genius that sorts out the Tatums from the tea-time tinklers.

Also, on this set — which was recorded at the Montreux Festival of '78 — his main aides are the **brothers Brecker,** again fine musicians but ones that more often than not fail to produce jazz of any lasting quality. So while Sidran flexes his tonsils on the toddlin' 'Sucker Like You' and an oddly effective re-run of 'Come Together', all is well.

But the trumpet showcase that is Benny Golson's 'I Remember Clifford' pans out as just so many facile notes, while a lurching arrangement of 'Someday My Prince Will Come' — despite Brubeck's recording, a gruesome jazz vehicle — also fails to notch up just one totally effective solo. Maybe if Sidran had employed Woody Shaw, Blue Mitchell, Phil Woods or some of the more inspired musicians he's worked with along the way then things would have gelled more appetisingly. But then, life's full of maybes.

Fred Dellar

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Four Freds in flight — from the boot.

"I just put my feet in the air and move them around"

Fred Astaire remembered (fondly)

FRED ASTAIRE
By Benny Green
(Hamlyn £5.95)

"I feel I just worked very hard to do something and sometimes I liked what I did and sometimes I didn't like what I did, I've never been completely satisfied. Maybe when I see things I did I like them better than I did at the time. But when you're on the spot you say 'My, is this good enough?'." — Fred Astaire, terpsichorean (turpsiko *Ri*-an) *adj* of dancing.

Top Hat, Silk Stockings, Follow The Fleet, The Gay Divorce: the images pile one upon another in rapid, flickery-exciting fashion — bewildering almost. The boy next-door-but-one dressed in hire clothes b/w tux and tie, patent tap: PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ.

Emotions and Style drawn elegantly and gracefully through Motion and Rhythm: a man relaxing, in a syncopated sort of way, loosely falling into step. One, two, a-one, two, three, four . . .

Visions of an essentially American hero with a quintessentially English manner: Fred Astaire to you.

It must be pretty tough to write a biography under these sort of conditions — in a situation where the text is forced, almost, to play second fiddle to the pictures (which, incidentally, are great). When, in other words, you've got a lot to say and not much space to say it in. But Green does okay. Occasionally the flow is unfortunately cramped and the script shallow, but mostly Green's presentation of warmly positive impressions, clearly defined opinions and interesting facts is thoughtful and snappily readable.

Green is obviously a big fan and there is an intrinsic, seductive warmth that runs through this book, implying empathy, proposing delightful conspiracy. I loved reading it, I didn't want to come to the end because, simply reading song titles like 'They Can't Take That Away From Me', I could imagine Green writing them down and smiling crazily. And I could hear Fred Astaire singing them, *almost* see him dancing — and there is *nothing* that I can bring to mind I would rather watch than Fred Astaire dancing.

Style *(stil) n:* general characteristic and manner of an individual, group or period in practising any art, craft, skill or sport; elegance of manner . . .

"You're the nimble tread of feet of Fred Astaire/You're an O'Neil drama/You're Whistler's mamma/You're Camembert." — Cole Porter, 'You're The Top' (1934).

John Hamblett

THE JOHN FRANKLIN BARDIN OMNIBUS
By John Franklin Bardin
(Penguin 95p)

I had an improbably retarded case of German measles and a temperature when I was left alone with *The John Franklin Bardin Omnibus,* a series of potent and febrile chronicles of crime and mental peril: *The Deadly Percheron, The Last Of Philip Banter* and — crescendo in a rising tide of hallucination — *Devil Take The Blue Tailed Fly.* Enough to aggravate any existing condition.

The culprit, John Franklin Bardin, is an American writer who wrote and published these three novels between 1946 and 1948. He disappeared (from the 'literary' scene, at least) for a good number of years and then re-emerged as 'Gregory Tree', whose books were effectively purged of the strangeness displayed in the *Omnibus.*

And a fearsome catalogue of the strange pervert the course of these books: a sun-spattered wakening in a pale green room. A creamy, sun-like farm butter being churned. Today Ellen can leave the sanatorium. Delight! Everything is 'all of a piece'. A striped lawn. A window frame. A fretwork of fingers fanned against the light.

Discharge. Return to the husband, the New York town house, the harpsichord — whose key is lost. A fresh start is retarded, creative faculties further suspended. In the search, mockingly unfamiliar personal items are uncovered in drawers, a spilling of powder in the 'wrong' shade, accessories not precisely to her taste. Strange!

These are the meagre hints of a continued disturbance whose roots are in a terrified, guilt-shattered past with a crime — actual or illusory? — that is gradually revealed. The dairy sun of the first chapter doesn't stay friendly very long. Spearing vengefully through slatted blinds, it taunts and goads further savagery and heralds the re-emergence of Nelle, Ellen's alter-ego, the 'Blue Tailed Fly' of the piece and her agent of persecution arising out of a clammy, incestuous Southern rural past whose fatal pattern is to be a horror in infancy, an adolsecent rebellion escalated to monstrous degree, engulfing shame, treacherous conformity, total breakdown . . .

Although these novels do function as standard detective fictions with unsolved crimes being investigated by professionals — policemen and psychiatrists — you don't just follow tricky cases but become involved in convincing and powerful human dilemmas which are tumultuously and compassionately evoked.

So George Matthews, the psychiatrist about whose casebook the first two novels revolve, is both narrator and protagonist of *The Deadly Percheron.* Fully armed as he is with a battery of knowledge about how things go wrong, he finds it happening to him, first disconcertingly, then catastrophically. The professional consultant mysteriously becomes the bearer of a huge identity-transforming scar and is rendered broke and amnesiac. Found derelict in the Bowery, he is incarcerated in a mental institution and in order to get out, he has to construct a pseudo-case history that his captors will believe.

In this enforced reincarnation, he ends up as a counterhand in a seedy Coney Island cafe. The patrons of the cafe and the personnel of nearby funfair become his friends and associates: they are freaks and unfortunates. His girlfriend is a lean young existentialist — without lipstick. The scenario is huge, Modern American epic. Submerged in a surreal new world that surrounds and mocks his attempt, he fights to regain his identity in the face of unlikely odds.

Likewise Philip Banter in the second novel *The Last Of Philip Banter,* who — although he has ample reason to doubt his own sanity, including advanced alcoholism and a budding garden plot of neuroses, suspecting that an actual and not illusory conspiracy is aiming to tilt him into psychosis — feverishly conducts his own investigation despite his terror and confusion. This is moving. Dr Matthews, fresh from his experiences in *The Deadly Percheron,* is his only ally against psychological torture.

Bardin's work contains no sentimentalised glorification of insanity, no paeans to a privileged visionary elite, no invocations of the quirky and freakish for its curiosity quotient. They are compassionate, piteous, horrified and — as far as I know — accurate. Madness has forms, and some of these John Franklin Bardin knows and has shown sickeningly well.

Susan Holland

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+ Modern Man

Monday June 4 75p
THE FLYS + Charlie Bravo

Tuesday June 5th *reggae night with* £1.00
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Saturday June 2nd
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Sunday June 3rd
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Tuesday June 5th
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Saturday June 2nd 50p
GERRY McAVOY JAM
Ted McKenna, Dave Edwards + Friends and Guests

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R.D.B.
+ LOWDOWN

Monday June 4th 50p
Mods Monday
MERTON PARKAS + SMALL HOURS

Tuesday June 5th FREE
SPITFIRE
(Ex Sparrow / Capability Brown)

Wednesday June 6th 50p
THE EXTRAS

words words words words (Barry Clarke) words words words words

CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday June 2nd at 8 pm
CAROLINE ROADSHOW
Featuring D.J.s Robb Eden, Robbie Day & Harvey the Rabbit
Tickets £1.50
Tuesday June 5th at 8 pm
HI-TENSION
+ Spookey
Tickets £2.50
Saturday June 23rd, 8 pm
From America
WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
+ Trade Secret
Tickets £1.75 advance, £2.00 on door.
All tickets available from Box Office, 37 Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 65411, or on door. Cheques and POs made payable to St. Albans District Council (with SAE).

QUEENSWAY (CIVIC) HALL, DUNSTABLE
Saturday June 16th, 8 pm
THE REAL THING
+ Special Guests
Advance tickets £2.50 + 10p booking charge from Queensway Box Office. Tel. 603326; F L Moores; Record Room St Albans; Old Town Records Hemel Hempstead, or on door.
Sat. June 30th: GORDON GILTRAP & BAND

words words words words words words words words words words words words

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5 JUNE 1979

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Sat. June 2nd,
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Friday June 1 75p
RED BEANS AND RICE

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Winners of Southend rock contest
PHOTO

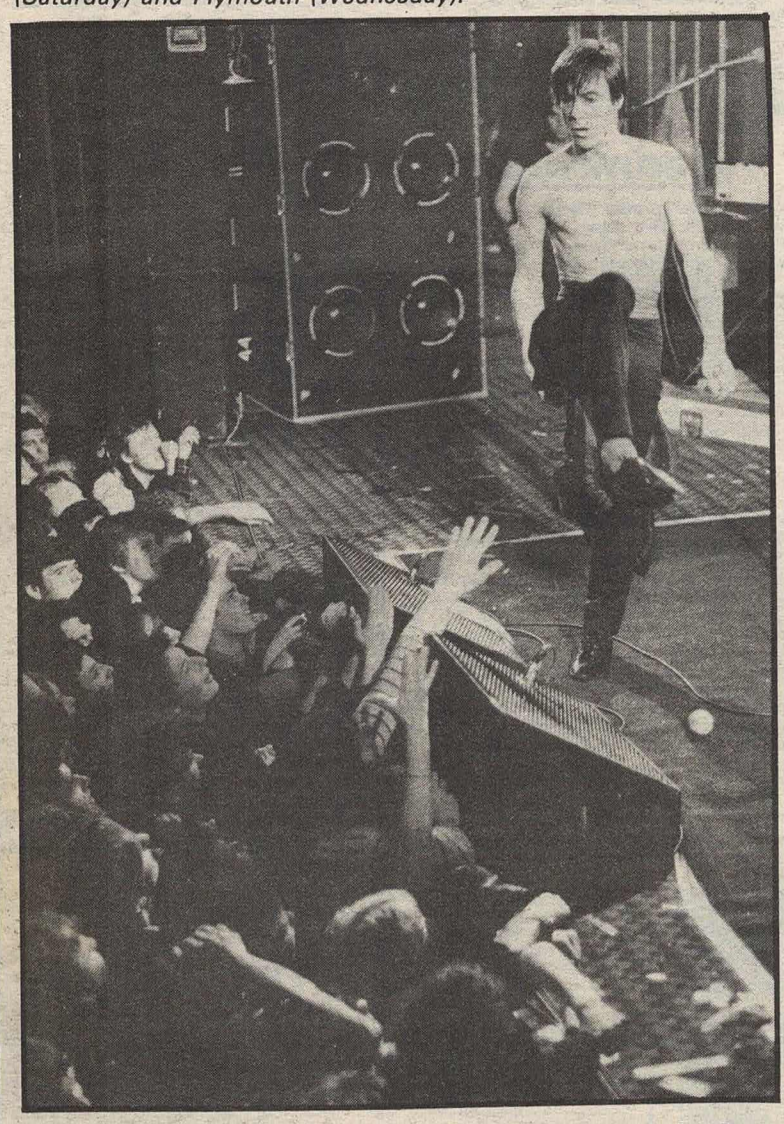
Wednesday June 6 75p
LITTLE ACRE

Sunday June 3 75p
DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS

Thursday June 7 £1
ESSENTIAL LOGIC

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

*Right: **THE DAMNED** are going out on their first-ever tour of major venues. Supported by The Ruts, they open at Malvern (Thursday), Newport (Friday) and Exeter (Monday). Our picture shows Dave Vanian provoking at least one member of the audience at a recent gig. Below: **IGGY POP** follows his recent triumphant tour by returning here, after a European jaunt, to play another string of dates starting at Portsmouth (Tuesday) and Brighton (Wednesday). He, too, is busy whipping up the audience in Pennie Smith's picture.*
*● Also opening a tour this week, though not pictured (well, he had a news-pic last week) is punk poet **JOHN COOPER CLARKE**. His first series of headlining concerts begins at Brighton (Friday), Colchester (Saturday) and Plymouth (Wednesday).*



Thursday

Birmingham Barley Mow: **Paradox**
Birmingham East Hospital: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Odeon: **Judas Priest**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Birmingham The Bell: **The Clerks**
Blackpool Opera House: **Status Quo**
Bodmin Jail Club: **Lip Service**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Accents**
Brighton Conference Centre: **The Tubes / Squeeze**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Black Slate**
Bristol Crockers: **Thieves Like Us**
Bristol Polytechnic: **Roy Hill Band / Voyager / The Fans**
Burntwood Troubador: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Burton Allied Breweries Club: **Slade**
Cannock Star & Garter: **Bright Eyes**
Chatham HMS Pembroke: **Soul Direction**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **J.A.L.N. Band**
Chesterfield Fusion: **Punishment Of Luxury**
Colne Union Hotel: **Property Of / Rare Device**
Coventry Tiffany's: **The Undertones**
Doncaster (Thorne) White Hart: **Helsinki 5 Below**
Eastbourne Lottbridge Arms: **The Numbers**
Edinburgh Astoria: **Shake**
Glasgow Apollo Centre: **The Police / The Cramps**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Underhand Jones**
Godalming College: **The Piranhas**
Gravesend I.C.G.B.'s Workhouse: **Rebel**
Grizedale Theatre In The Forest: **Mike Harding**
Gt. Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Zorro**
High Wycombe Maxvo Club: **Light Of The World**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Crooks**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **Frances Gilvray & Mick Burke**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Pop Group**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Big Brother**
Liverpool Eric's: **Angletrax**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Fresh Air / Spring**
London Camden Brecknock: **Scarecrow**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Carol Grimes' Main Sauce**
London Camden Music Machine: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club / Simple Minds**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Sassafras**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Jags**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Skin Deep**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **The Beast**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's All-Stars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Smirks**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Marquee Club: **999 / Pinpoint**
London Maunkberry's: **Upper 5th**
London Mile End Queen Mary College: **Neon**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Little Jimmies**
London Notting Hill Old Swan: **Fast Livin'**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Clint Eastwood**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Brian Lemon Quartet**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **Matchbox**
London St. Moritz Club: **Red Tape**
London Tooting The Fountain: **Shooters!**
London Victoria The Venue: **The Psychedelic Furs / Doll By Doll / Merger**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.C.1. New Merlin's Cave: **Big Chief**
Malvern Winter Gardens: **The Damned / The Ruts**
Manchester Factory: **The Invaders / Bitch**
Manchester Ideal Homes Exhibition Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Newcastle City Hall: **Harry Chapin**
Newcastle Tuxedo Junction: **Sponooch**
Norwich Boogie House: **The Cure**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Lap Region**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Sledgehammer**
Oxford The Pegasus: **English Subtitles / Rank / The Reporters**
Perranporth Ladbroke's: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Dr. Feelgood**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Interference**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Steel Pulse**
Port Talbot Troubador: **The Bishops**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Mr. Beveridge's Maggot**
Preston The Warehouse: **Mistress**
Sheffield Fiesta Club: **Johnny Nash (for three days)**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Gary Boyle Band**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Executives**
Southend Shrimpers: **Steve Hooker Band**
Warrington Parr Hall: **Foggy**
Wellingborough Sports & Social Club: **Gina 'n' The Rockin' Rebels**
Weston-super-Mare Sloopy's: **The Leyton Buzzards**

Friday

Basildon Double Six: **Dog Watch**
Bedford Cranfield Institute of Technology: **Roy Hill Band / Voyager**
Birmingham (Balsall Heath) New Inn: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Fashion**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham (Small Heath) The Sydenham: **The Crack**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Blackpool Opera House: **Status Quo**
Bournemouth Capones: **Tours**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Fairport Convention**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Alternative British Army / Devil's Dykes**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Matchbox**
Brighton Sussex University: **John Cooper Clarke**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Dials**
Brighton Top Rank: **Hi-Tension**
Bristol Crockers: **Thieves Like Us**
Cambridge Corn Exchange: **The Skids**
Canterbury Kent University: **Tennis Shoes**
Carlisle Wigston Market Hall: **The Soft Boys**
Carshalton Park Carnival: **The Cure**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **Linton Kwesi Johnson / Rico**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Angletrax**
Falkirk Tamfourhill Community Centre: **The Deft Jerks**
Horsham Capitol Theatre: **Alan Price**
Hull University: **The Pop Group**
Ilford King's: **The Floaters**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Kirby Lonsdale Village Hall: **China Street**
Knaresborough Folk Club: **Sam Stephens & Anne Lennox-Martin**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Jags**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Tragician**
Leicester Trade Union Labour Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Lincoln A.J.'s Club: **Capital Letters**
Lincoln New Boultham Club: **Strange Days**
Liverpool Eric's: **Clint Eastwood & The Freedom Fighters / Bongo Danny**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Acton The Windmill: **Agony Column**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ramrod / The Agents**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **London Blitz**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Merton Parkas**
London Covent Garden: **John Spencer**
London Enfield Hop Poles: **Scandal**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree: **Sta-Prest**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steel Pulse**
London Marquee Club: **999/Pinpoint**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Greig & Nigel's Folk and Blues Night**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Faireweather Quartet**
London Tottenham The Spurs: **Agenda**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Protex / La Starza**
London Westminster Tower Hall: **Shades**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
London W.C.1 Shropshire House: **D-Notice**
Manchester Middleton Civic Hall: **Misty**
Manchester (Stalybridge) Commercial Hotel: **The Cheaters**
Manchester Stockport College: **Alien Tint/ Stress / Housewife & The Burglars / The Curbs**
Manchester The Factory: **Simple Minds**
Manchester Valentine's: **Johnny & The Hurricanes / Del Shannon**
Manchester Wythenshawe Forum: **Mike Harding**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Headboys**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **George Hamilton IV**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **No Dice / Straight 8**
Newport The Village: **The Damned**
Norwich Boogie House: **Spring Offensive**
Norwich St. Andrews Hall: **The Undertones**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Last Call**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Kleenex / The Raincoats / Spizz Energi**
Oxford Oranges & Lemons: **The Carpettes**
Penzance Gulval Meadery: **The Brainiac Five**
Peterborough Wirrana Stadium: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Bilbo**
Ramsgate Van Gogh: **Rebel**
Reading Caribbean Club: **El Seven**
Redruth London Inn: Lip Service
Scarborough Penthouse: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: **Local Anaesthetic**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Kangaroo Alley**
Southampton St. Matthew's Hall: **Lip Moves / Temple**
South Normanton Shoulder of Mutton: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Stoke Green Star: **The Accelerators**
Stretton Dun Cow: **Paradox**
Swansea Hafod Inn: **No Quarter**
Swindon Oasis Leisure Centre: **Dr. Feelgood**
Taunton Cheddon Hall: **Silent Movies**
Watford Red Lion: **The Injections**
Withernsea Grand Pavilion: **Slade**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Angelic Upstarts**
Worcester College of Higher Education: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
York Winning Post: **The City Limits**

Saturday

Ashford Robin Hood C.C.: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Aylesbury Friars: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Barnsley Wombwell Reform Club: **Helsinki 5 Below**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Thieves Like Us**
Birmingham Barbarells's: **Roy Hill Band / Voyager**
Birmingham Bogarts: **Bob Willimott's Experience**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Lata Mangeshkar**
Birmingham (King's Heath) Hare & Hounds: **Jake Thackray**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **One Hand Clapping**
Blyth Golden Eagle: **The Junco Partners**
Bognor Ocean Bar: **Light Of The World**
Bolton Institute of Technology: **Whitefire**
Bradford Palm Court: **Clint Eastwood**
Bridgend RAF St Athan: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Tinsels**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Undertones**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **The Wild Beasts**
Bristol Granary: **Days Of Grace**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **The Cure**
Colchester Essex University: **John Cooper—Clarke**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Slade**
Dorking Betchworth Hall: **Kay Russia**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Steel Pulse**
Egham Centre: **Streetband / Thin Ice**
Faversham Town Football Club: **Chalet / Rebel / Ripsnorters / Lynx / Monster / Ignorants / Wipe Out / Cross Section**
Gloucester Bowden Hall Hotel: **Johnny & the Hurricanes / Del Shannon**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Linx**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **The Jags**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **The Leyton Buzzards**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Alwoodley Jets**
Leeds (Rothwell) Blackburn Hall: **Red Eye**
Leeds Wine Bar: **Foma**
Lincoln Drill Hall: **The Skids**
Liverpool Empire Theatre: **The Police / The Cramps**
Liverpool Eric's: **The Pop Group / The Good Missionaries**
Liverpool Oscar's: **No Dice / Straight 8**
Llanelli Glen Ballroom: **Soul Direction**
London Camden Dingwall's: **Blood Donor/ Nik Turner's Sphynx**
London Camden Music Machine: **Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
London Central Polytechnic: **Tiger Ashby**
London City Polytechnic: **Oxy & The Morons / Spoilsports**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Cygnus**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scandal**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Hi-Tension**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Anniversary**
London Kensington The Nashville: **The Soft Boys**
London Marquee Club: **999 / Pinpoint**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **Spring Offensive**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dog Watch**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Martin Franklin**
London Southall Hamborough Tavern: **The Injections**
London Southbank Polytechnic: **Amba / The Piranhas / The Escalators / Guy Jackson**
London Victoria The Venue: **Link Wray**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Extras**
Manchester Wythenshawe Forum: **Mike Harding**
Martleway Cross Hands: **The Special A.K.A.**
Measham Ex-Serviceman's Club: **Strange Days**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **The Lurkers**
Northampton Plough Hotel: **Matchbox**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Quartz**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **The Understains / The Disturbed**
Oldham Saddleworth Arts Festival: **Dr. Feelgood**
Oxford Exeter College: **Eddie & The Hot Rods / John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Reading General Hospital: **D-Notice**
Retford Porterhouse: **Angletrax**
Ruthin Free Fayre: **Geisha Girls**
Salford Broughton Recreation Centre: **Heathcliffe**
Sheffield Crazy Daisy: **Local Anaesthetic**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Fairport Convention**
St. Austell New Riviera: **The Brainiac Five**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Prey**
Walsall Town Hall: **Eazie Ryder**
Watford Mex's: **Deliverance**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Paradox**
Winsford Civic Hall: **The Headboys**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (LUnchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: **The Records**

Sunday

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Accrington Lakeland Lounge: **Whitefire**
Ashford Burma Oil Cabaret Club: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Hippodrome: **Lata Mangeshkar**
Birmingham Post House: **Matchbox**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Grass/Poison Girls/Epi-x**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Mistress**
Bridgend Drones: **The Jags**
Brighton Buccaneer: **The Piranhas**
Bristol Locarno: **The Records**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Cardiff The Philharmonic: **Red Beans & Rice**
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **The Undertones**
Cramlington The Club: **Sabrejets**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Fairport Convention**
Croydon Greyhound: **Shades**
Douglas I.o.M. Villa Marina: **Judas Priest**
Dumfries Stagecoach: **The Lurkers**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park: **Underhand Jones**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Dr. Feelgood**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **The Vapors**
Horsham Roffey Sports & Social Club: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Roy Hill Band-/Voyager**
Leeds Victoria Hotel (lunchtime): **Best Friends**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Singapore**
Liverpool Dove & Olive: **Prey**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tennis Shoes**
London Dalston Rio Cinema: **Spizz Energi/ Raincoats/Kleenex**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Dog Watch**
London Finchley Torrington: **Eric Bell Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Simon Townshend Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Dexy's Midnight Runners**

CONTINUES OVER . . .

GIG GUIDE CONTINUED

London Kensington The Nashville: **The Leyton Buzzards**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Fed Hunt**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Skids/Angelic Upstarts/The Edge**
London W.1 Billy's Club: **The Psychedic Furs**
Mansfield The James Maude: **Strange Days**
Newbridge Club & Institute: **The Headboys**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **The Special A.K.A.**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Theatre Royal: **Heathcliffe**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Playhouse: **Mike Harding**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Vin Garbutt/The Hughes Bros.**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Stylistics (for a week)**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Stiff Little Fingers**
St. Agnes Talk of the West: **Gerry & The Pacemakers (for a week)**
Stockport Thameside Theatre: **Foggy**
Stratford Ettington Manor: **Paradox**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Ricky Cool & The Icebergs**
Wolverhampton West Park: **John Miles**

999 *haven't been around much lately due to their continuing success in America. But before they begin their next U.S. tour, they're slotting in three London gigs — at the Marquee on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. They won't be touring here until autumn.*

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Video**
Brighton Dome: **Fairport Convention**
Bristol Crockers: **The Fans (for three days)**
Bristol Stonehouse: **Mugshots**
Bromsgrove Stars Night Club: **Little Acre**
Canterbury Odeon: **Hi-Tension**
Chester Smartyz: **The Lurkers**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Dunstable California Ballroom: **Dr. Feelgood**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **The Heptones**
Exeter Routes: **The Damned / The Ruts**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **George Hamilton IV**
Ipswich Tracey's: **The Vapors**
Kingston Noise Factory: **Zorro**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Kyro**
Leeds (Yeadon) The Peacock: **Jab Jab**
Leicester Bailey's: **The Floaters**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Camden Dingwalls: **20th Century Heroes / Sue Van Drunick / Lee Bender**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shocking Stockings**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **McGuinness Flint & Jones**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Stickers**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Charlie Bravo**
London Marquee Club: **Bruce Woolley & The Camera Club / The Sinceros**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Miles**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Local Operator / The Leopards**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **The Merton Parkas**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **John Dowie & Sounds Incarcerated**
Newcastle Quayside Cooperage: **Sabrejets**
Newport Tiffany's: **Bilbo**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Tiffany's: **The Cure**
Old Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Headboys**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Belt & Braces Band**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Reading Caribbean Club: **The Angelic Upstarts / The K9's**
Stockton Fiesta Club: **Slade**

Tuesday

Airdrie Town Hall: **Underhand Jones**
Bath Tiffany's: **Whitewing**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **The Soft Boys**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Moth**
Blackpool Norbreck Hotel: **The Headboys**
Chester RAF Sealand: **Paradox**
Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: **No Dice / Straight 8**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Cure**
Keighley Kings Head: **Juno's Claw**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Teacher**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Liverpool Oscar's: **The Records**
London Camden Music Machine: **Kay Russia**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Charlie Bravo/The Little Jimmies**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Raincoats/Kleenex/Spizz Energi**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sussex**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Mighty Vhybes**
London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom: **Dr. Feelgood/Lew Lewis Reformer/The Purple Hearts**
London Marquee Club: **The Cramps/The Stickers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ralph Sutton**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Miles**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Ear Aid/The Soul Boys**
Manchester The Factory: **Lord Cass/Blacka Bullett**
Newcastle The Red House: **Roxoff**
Newport Stowaway: **Sassafras/Zipper**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Tom & The Quads**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Scandal**
Padstow Leisure Centre: **Electric Direction/Generated Strangers**
Portsmouth Locarno: **Iggy Pop**
Sheffield City Hall: **Status Quo**

JOHN MILES *hasn't long finished a British tour. but he's playing three more dates during this Gig Guide week — an open air show in Wolverhampton on Sunday, followed by two nights at London's The Venue (Monday and Tuesday) which are being recorded for an album.*

Sheffield The Marples: **Cardboard Criminals**
Sheffield Totley College: **The Jags**
St. Albans City Hall: **Hi-Tension**
St. Albans Horn Of Plenty: **The O.K. Band**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**

Wednesday

Ashford Ben Truman: **Rebel**
Ayr Pavilion: **The Jags**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham Bogarts: **John Grimaldi's Cheap Flights**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **The Police/The Cramps**
Birmingham Newman College: **Soul Direction**
Birmingham Odeon: **Hi-Tension**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bradford University: **No Dice/Straight 8**
Brighton Alhambra: **Nicky & The Dots/Chicane**
Brighton Top Rank: **Iggy Pop**
Burton Royall's Club: **Johnny Nash**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Cheltenham Whitcombe Lodge: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Chippenham Blues Club: **The Injections**
Halifax Bulls Head: **The Headboys**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **The D.M.'s**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **Disco Students**
Leicester Il Rondo: **After The Fire**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Prince Hammer/Prince Far I/Creation Rebel**
London Camden Music Machine: **Sore Throat/Tennis Shoes**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Extras**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Plain Sailing**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Eddie Riff & The Action**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Little Acre**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ralph Sutton**
London Victoria The Venue: **Gerard Kenny**
London West Ealing Halfway House: **Dangerous Rhythm**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Lee Fardon & The Legionaires / Berlin**
London Wimbledon FC Nelson's Club: **Local Operator**
Manchester Bowden Vale Club: **The Accelerators**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Nottingham Tiffany's: **Gaffa**
Plymouth Woods Centre: **John Cooper Clarke/Electric Direction/Generated Strangers**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Lurkers**
Scunthorpe Civic Theatre: **Mike Harding**
Sheffield City Hall: **Status Quo**
Southend Eastwood Youth Club: **Steve Hooker Band/The Sports**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Staindrop Folk Club: **Paul Roberts**
St Helens Railway Hotel: **Mistress**
Wakefield Bretton College: **Agony Column**
Whitley Bay Rex Hotel: **The Damned**
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: **Stiff Little Fingers**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Soft Boys**

Open Air Concert
Friday 1st June 6-11 p.m.
THE CURE
Merton Parkas
The Assets Dead Cert
Carshalton Park, Ruskin Road, Carshalton, Surrey.
Admission £1.00 on gate.
First band on at 6.30 p.m.
Part of Carshalton Carnival.

ALEC LESLIE ENTS. LTD. PRESENTS IN CONCERT
WEATHER REPORT
Saturday 7th, Sunday 8th July
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Tickets £4.50, £4.00, £3.50, £3.00
Available from Theatre Box Office
Tel: 01-748 6045 and usual agents
Monday 9th July
THE DOME, BRIGHTON
Tickets £4.00, £3.50, £3.00, £2.50
Available from Theatre Box Office
Tel: 0273 682 127 and usual agents
All concerts start 8.00 p.m.

ALUMINIUM MANAGEMENT *PRESENT*
'NORTH OF THE TROPIC OF CAPRICORN'
DISCO STUDENTS
Saturday 2nd June — STAGING POST, LEEDS
Monday 4th June — ROMEO & JULIETS, HULL
Tuesday 5th June — FAN CLUB, LEEDS
Wednesday 6th June — VIVAS, LEEDS
Thursday 7th June — DUKE OF WELLINGTON, CONGLETON
Friday 8th June — ROYAL STANDARD, BRADFORD
Saturday 9th June — ROYAL STANDARD, BRADFORD
Sunday 10th June — BARBARELLAS, BIRMIMGHAM
Aluminium Agency – Aylesbury 27962

FRIARS AYLESBURY
ART DECADE
June 2nd 1969 — June 2nd 1979

SORE THROAT + Tennis Shoes + Scooters
at the
MUSIC MACHINE
Wed 6th June
8pm - 2am Adm. £1.50.

1st (Un) Official
MOD DAY HASTINGS
Westway Presents
THE
PURPLE HEARTS
FIXATIONS — TEENBEATS
SCOOTERS — CHICANE
(from Brighton)
Plus D.J. JERRY 'PARKA' FLOYD
HASTINGS PIER
—which still hasn't recovered from the Subs Easter visit
Saturday 9th June
Show starts 5pm. Beach entertainment throughout day (doubtless)
Approved dress. Miniskirts, mohairs, parkas (if it's not too hot)
Licensed bar. Food. Palm reading. Pinball

medium medium

Norwich	Fr ... 1	E. Anglia Uni
Nottingham	Su ... 3	Hearty
Bristol	Th ... 7	Poly
Huddersfield	Fr ... 8	Poly
Cheltenham	Sa ... 9	Whitecombe Lodge
Nottingham	Su ... 10	Hearty
Corby	Mo ... 11	Shafts

All band enq 0602/813662

ST. ANDREWS HALL, NORWICH
Friday June 1st at 8 p.m.
THE UNDERTONES
+ SHAKE (Ex Rezillos)
and
THE CHANCELLOR HALL, CHELMSFORD
Sunday June 3rd at 8 p.m.

STRAIGHT MUSIC & MARSHALL ARTS PRESENT
SYLVESTER
+ GUEST
SATURDAY 23rd JUNE at 7.30 pm.
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
QUEEN CAROLINE STREET LONDON W.6.
Tickets: £4, £3 & £2 inc. VAT in advance. Theatre Box Office 01-748 4081.
London Theatre Bookings. Shaftesbury Avenue London W.1. 01-439 3371.
Premier Box Office 01-240 2245
Usual agents or on night.

Published by IPC Magazines Limited, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS, at the recommended maximum price shown on the cover. Editorial and Advertisement Offices: Kings Reach, Stamford St., SE1. Printed in England by EMAP Provincial Newspapers Limited, Kettering, Northants. T.U. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Sole Agents. Australia and New Zealand, Gordon & Gotch (Asia) Ltd., South Africa, Central News Agency Ltd., East Africa, Stationery and Office Supplies Ltd., Publishers.

dog watch

Friday 1st June
BASILDON
Double Six

Saturday 2nd June
PUTNEY
Half Moon

Sunday 3rd June
EAST HAM
Ruskin Arms

Friday 8th June
SOUTHWARK
South Bank Polytechnic

Band Enquiries:
SOUND SCENE AGENCY
01-261 9741/9744

THE Venue
160 VICTORIA ST, SW1
(opp Victoria Tube station)
01-834 5500
Doors open 6pm

Wednesday May 30th
JOHN MAYALL
On Stage 8 pm & 11 pm £3.00

Thursday May 31st
ZigZag 10th Anniversary Party
DOLL BY DOLL
Merger
Psychedelic Furs
SPG
Tickets available from ZigZag, 118 Talbot Road, W11 and Venue Box Office.
Doors open 8 pm £3.50

Saturday June 2nd
from America — his only London appearance
LINK WRAY
On Stage 8.30 pm & 12 midnight £3.00

Monday June 4th & Tuesday June 5th
More Miles per hour
JOHN MILES
On Stage 9.30 pm £4.00

Thursday June 7th
Debut nationwide tour of
AVIATOR
On Stage 9 pm £3.00

Friday June 8th
Rocket Records
BLUE
On Stage 9 pm £3.00

Wednesday June 13th & Thursday June 14th
THE ALBION BAND
On Stage 9 pm £3.00

Saturday June 16th
GREG KIHN
+ Xdreamysts
On Stage 9.30 pm £3.00

DUMBFOUNDED BY DISCO?
BORED WITH BOOGIE?
TRY
PTARMIGAN
LIVE
Wed. May 30th:
THE BALMORAL, WORTHING
Thurs. May 31st:
THE BALMORAL, WORTHING
Fri. June 1st:
THE COUNTRY BUMKIN, ANDOVER
"A Tasty Change From So-So Groups!"

STRAIGHT MUSIC PRESENTS
THE POLICE
THE CRAMPS
BOBBY HENRY
EXTRA CONCERT
LYCEUM
STRAND, W.C.2
SUNDAY 17th JUNE at 7·30
TICKETS £2·50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., TEL: 439 3371; PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, OR ROCK ON RECORDS, 3 KENTISH TOWN RD., NW1, TEL: 485 5088

FRIARS AT THE MAXWELL HALL AYLESBURY
Saturday June 2nd 7.30pm
Ten Years
June 2nd 1969 — June 2nd 1979
The Friars Aylesbury Tenth Birthday Party with
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
+ Starjets
A C Sound and Vision
COMPLETELY SOLD OUT
Unfortunately, no tickets will be available at door on night. A souvenir list of all the Friars gigs over the last ten years is available to fact freaks, 15p + SAE to: Earth Records, Friars Square, Aylesbury, Bucks.
Many thanks to all the bands that have played F.A. over the last ten years and to all the 37,000 Friars members.
Don't look back

Essex S.U. Ents *presents*
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
+ support
on Saturday 2nd June
S.U. Dance Hall 8.30 p.m.
Tickets £1.30 from S.U. or Parrot Records
(Next week, Saturday, 9th June, Rockpile)

HERMIT LIVE Brentwood Youth House, Shenfield Road, Brentwood
Friday June 1st £1.00
64 SPOONS
with Special Guests: WILDLIFE
Monday June 4th 50p
BIG WILL'S ROADSHOW
Mods night commencing Thursday June 7th with
THE CROOKS

CITY OF LONDON POLY S.U.,
Fairholt House, 102/105 Whitechapel High Street, E.1
Friday June 1st
SECRET AFFAIR
+ BACK TO ZERO
Admission £1 N.U.S. £1.10 non-N.U.S.
Nearest tube: Aldgate East

VROOM VROOM, VROOM VROOM
So an Anglia was all you could get for The Motors gig.
Your fault — you should have consulted the NME expert Brian B. He will tell you how to fill the place with people.
In a word — ADVERTISE
Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 for details

IAN DURY

■ *From page 34*

'Screamer' and it was like a dream. The whole bloody thing. We really wanted to get it out."

What do you think of it?

"I'm not unhappy about it, if that's not too clever trevor . . ." He finishes off his coffee.

"I think we're going to take another week to really find our grooves. It's not easy. We're doing things really like it is on the album . . . and we play one tempo and then . . . suddenly change . . . we shouldn't really do it. I mean it's too early."

Considering the rumours, and the criticisms that the LP sounds little like an Ian Dury LP, how much do you feel part of the new one compared to 'New Boots' . . .

"I feel much more . . ."

Because you are part of a group?

"Yeah, and partly because I can hear the sounds in a way I've always wanted to hear them. In a way the first rehearsal with the Kilburns naturally played those sounds . . . the dreaminess is sort of wistful . . . there's a lot of hope . . . I feel a lot of hope . . ."

His thoughts stop, he twitches his body into a new position, and begins again.

"When I went to do 'Mischief' off the album, I sat down in the studio, put the cans on, and the lyric was there in front of me, and a mate was there, and nobody else except the engineers, and somebody had told me that day that there was an advance order of 100,000 for the LP and I was looking at the microphone.

"And suddenly I was like at Wembley or something — know what I mean — thinking, now wait a minute, they're all listening. I thought of all these people listening and I thought there's so many of them! Oh no! Yearagh!

"I'm saying things on there that maybe I shouldn't say."

I remember something a friend had told me, someone who works for Granada TV. At the moment Granada are preparing a documentary on Dury, with Jeff Nuttall, and Ian had said that he'd rather not see the finished programme because he might find out that he's not very good. Perhaps it's this kind of vulnerability that maketh the man.

Why don't you think you should say these things, Ian?

"Well, I don't know . . . I don't think it's necessarily OK. I'm a bit worried about it . . . being on stage is different because the people see your face . . . that's why I don't like playing to more than 4,000 people — cos you don't have that visual communication.

"I like it when little kiddies are there and grannies . . . I was thinking three years ago" — his thoughts have slightly shifted again — "when I was off the road for a bit, biting my nails and wondering what the hell was going to happen, I wrote all these cranky letters. HA HA HA." His face snaps into one of his endearing Basil Brush open mouth cackles, "to send to the *Telegraph* and places like that. But I never posted them."

What kind of letters were they? State of the nation ones? "No, sort of I'm over here!"

You were trying to tell everyone that you were still existing in some way?

"Something like that. But they were trying to be jocular, in the same spirit that I did the singles review for *NME*."

Was that a bad time — between the Kilburns finally crumbling and the eventual surfacing with Stiff?

"I made a lot of friends . . . but Peter Jenner, our manager, couldn't afford to keep it going."

Ian then begins a story that seems irrelevant but quickly slips into focus.

"I remember seeing John Curry on telly skating away really amazing, and he was an amateur and he had to go to Russia the next weekend but he couldn't afford it. He had to go and work in a supermarket and stack these tins up. And this guy who came to watch him practice went up to him one day and said, look, you should be skating all day long. So I'm a rich guy . . . and I don't want anything at all from you except to let you skate. That's enough for me.

"That's amazing. And meeting Peter Jenner was like that for me. But it wasn't secure enough to maintain the team. The Kilburns couldn't quite get it together. We bloody tried and it was great trying. We came off the road and I thought I'm going away and I'm going to write a lot of songs and it'll be worth not giggin,' it'll be useful. And it was really horrible.

"I was still working, and it did feel like something was happening. But really slowly. It took ages writing that first album. It took *too* long . . . I think it's sort of stodgy. This one was written over a period of time, but not in the same way. It was always written to a really hurried deadline . . . and I don't think it's stodgy, I think it's careless in places. It hasn't had enough attention from me . . . not inspired enough . . ."

Since the 1976 Stiff tour Ian Dury has become the most popular, significant, relevant contemporary rock performer of them all. Yet our conversations were littered with moments where he seemed to be searching for justification, trying hard to disguise a particular doubt he has about his own talent.

WE CHAT a little about Kozmo and Fred, and all the people who surround him and inspire him. I suggest that

■ *Continues page 54*

XTC

■ *From page 16*

muscle is in no doubt, but if XTC want a mass audience they should for the time being axe some of their more abrasively convoluted material.

"I think quite honestly everyone feels they're in a group now," enthuses Andy. "There's a kind of an urge to make it more than just trotting along, which there was before. Our attitude was quite pedestrian. Now we're a proper bunch of desperadoes," he beams.

"We became the critics' pets for a while. A bunch of cults, you know." Laughter. "We have to break out from being a cult and make big cults of ourselves.

"But we're not prostituting ourselves to write hit singles. We write a bunch of songs, then we send 'em to Virgin and say 'Watdaya reckon?' And they obviously pick the most commercial one for a single."

As it happens, Virgin have so far never agreed with XTC about which song should be released as a single. When the record company released 'Statue Of Liberty' XTC wanted 'Into The Atom Age' and when Virgin put out 'This Is Pop' XTC wanted to go with 'Radios In Motion'. And soforth.

How does he describe 'Life Begins At The Hop'? — a song which reminds me of classic Manfred Mann.

"Mmm. Do the Booker Ts. It sounds like Booker T And The MGs meets the Stones 'Stupid Girl'. It's got that kind of backbone slipping groove. That snare drum going on and on all the time. I like the little tune that Dave plays on the remelo guitar."

Me, I'm a sucker for Andy's skeletal guitar solo that, for my money, gets right to the heart of the band's affectionate satire.

Adds Partridge: "It's just a nice chunk of rhythm. I suppose it's the nearest we've been to anything disco. We're getting a lot more rhythmic. It's they way we're going.

"I'd like to carry on in that line. Otherwise. . .simplify our playing a lot more. Make one note more effective, rather than two, and not have a foggy, stewy mix.

"I would have even liked to have had 'Life Begins At The Hop' a bit more direct. I'm a bit of a fanatic for the essentials in a song. If there's anything that doesn't really need to be there I'm all for dropping it out."

WHICH brings one to the ubiquitous subject of producers. Steve Lillywhite, fresh from his success with The Members, not to mention Siouxsie And The Banshees, was behind the desk for the new single. He follows in the wake of John Leckie, Mutt Langer and Martin Rushent, each of whom XTC seem to have flitted between in quiet desperation in the quest for a hit single.

But as Andy says: "If we wanted hit single people we'd go to Chris Thomas or Tony Visconti and pay the money."

Nevertheless he admits that finding the right producer has been difficult: "We were in a bit of a quandary. We did well with Leckie, but felt it was time for a change 'cause we wanted a primitive bottom end, which is something Leckie is too nice a chap to do — trying to get a rude sound from the instruments.

"So we tried Mutt Lange who's messed with The Motors, The Boomtown Rats and a few other people.

"He did a pretty good job but he's very expensive. And he's very fascisistic in his approach. If you're not doing it right he'll. . ."

Ideally XTC would like Nick Lowe to produce their next album. Already they have enough material for it — material which, because of the two guitar axis, Partridge is already describing as the band's 'Revolver'.

'Basher', however is too booked up to work with XTC, so the matter is still undecided.

"To tell the truth," says Andy," I'd like to do it myself. I've got some very savage ideas of what to do with the mix, but unfortunately we need not so much a producer as a ringleader. We really need someone with a whip behind us who's just going to herd us into the studio and tell us what to do."

One last question. Does Andy think XTC have missed the boat?

"I think we built it for all the other bastards," he replies good naturedly. "No, we haven't missed the boat. We keep our feet firmly on dry land. I'm enjoying waiting at the quayside, to tell the truth."

Somethings tells me their ship is about to come in.

THE CLERKS
Tuesday June 5th
THE TRAFALGAR
SHEPHERDS BUSH
Thursday June 7th
WINDSOR CASTLE
HARROW ROAD

B L CKHEAD

DO IT YOURSELF
IAN DURY & the BLOCKHEADS
SEEZ 14

ON THE TOWN

Ian Dury And The Blockheads

Ludwigshafen
Dusseldorf

Imagine the tattiest curtain material, maybe the type your gran's got covering an old sofa; a couple of awful patterns flung together to make a huge oddly homely stage curtain. Now you know how it looks.

The lights fade. The standing crowd forward move and murmur. The curtains swish apart and there are seven bodies on the tastefully lighted stage. Music hops and slides, six of these people move their arms and legs and pull faces in concentration.

There in the middle! A funny old sight. A small man with a fine grin and eyes alive sits uneasily on a stool sweating apprehension.

Ian Dury! I catch my breath.

Both nights this happened. I couldn't help it . . . didn't want to. Ian Dury And The Blockheads open with an inviting 'Wake Up And Make Love' and I catch my breath; wake up and make love is just what I do. 90 minutes later I don't want to snap out of it.

The diligent amongst you may recall that not very long ago this trendy ineffectual wrote a depressingly smug review searching for a reason for the effect of Ian Dury And The Blockheads, and a little unkind was the content.

What has to be has to be, but changes come and I now refuse to swerve around mod magic for the sake of it, refuse to pretend that I remain unmoved, and I prefer to search for reasons with a kinder heart and hopefully a fine smile.

Ian Dury! I've caught my sneer and now toy with the damned thing. Forgive me or mock me, but don't knock me.

The second song they do in this new set is 'Clevor Trever', showing that the Blockheads have developed and settled into the tightest, flightiest small band within any terms of reference. They stretch like the 'Natty Dread' Wailers, hurt like an Ornette Coleman and tease like the best soundtrack music.

"The Beatles when they came over," an American black lady taxi-driver once said to Ian Dury, "played like a bunch of hillbillies, and you lot, you play like blackmen!"

During 'Clevor Trever' fresh faced musical director Chaz Jankel picked out a solo from his gleaming big-bodied guitar that had *such* style and smile. I caught my breath — again. During the two shows there were many such moments that caused me to catch my breath, shut my eyes and see all these colours.

Monty is so right when, with open mouth and proud eyes, he says the music from the extraordinary 'Do It Yourself' collection is smooth. This doesn't signify passivity, but a dreaminess. And as well as being smooth it's tingly cool, subtle and throbs with toughness. It's something to adore.

This new set runs through the 'Do It Yourself' LP, complete with stunning tempo switches, sweeping harmonies, complicated segues and dotty little funk runs. They separate these plush new rushes with the grown standards: 'Rhythm Stick', 'What A Waste', 'Gene Vincent', and 'Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll' still bubble with passion and gently bend into lovely positions.

The Blockhead brothers push and squeeze the songs through highs and sighs: Norman Watt-Roy's physical bass ceaselessly gallops; Dave Payne's saxes whine and slice; John Turnbull's guitars set up solid foundations. A beating human disco; a happy snappy jazz.

During songs from 'Do It Yourself', Mickey Gallagher and Chaz Jankel twist through complicated manoeuvres as they try to reach the music's subtlety and depth. Jankel leaves piano to play a guitar phrase and Gallagher leaves organ to replace Jankel, and so on. The sounds these two produce do all sorts of things with the mind. A cosy psychedelia.

Charley Charles' new small drum-kit, and the inspired way he uses it, says a lot about this new set: no excess, no laziness, just maybe a shade too much recklessness.

Watt-Roy seems to be grinning even more than usual as his fingers flurry and his hips thrust; but he said this was because of all the mistakes they made. Me, I heard no mistakes — but a lot of intensity, control and mutual love for the sounds, the rhythms and the space, with some chaos through the encores. A glorious rock'n'roll.

Ian Dury! I catch my breath.

Gone are the scarves and the toys and thus the tangles. His voice has softened and broadened. He perches, stumbles, falls over a couple of times, happily bangs percussion, wanders curiously about the stage, smiles and frowns and does his little dances. He's never lost, never really sure. He loves his Blockhead brothers, though. At one point he turns his back on the Ludwigshafen audience.

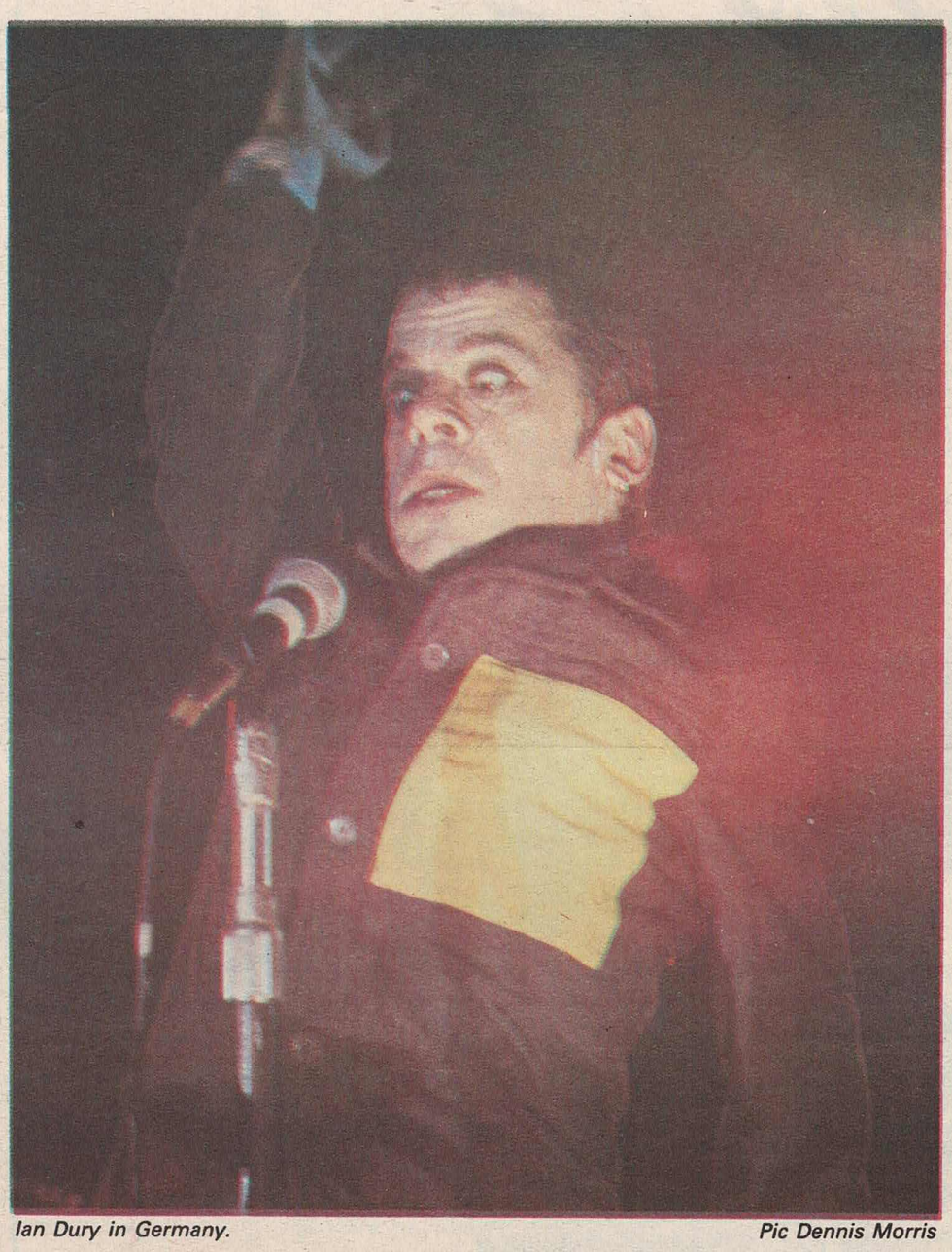
"You don't mind if I turn my back, do you. I want to look at this band. I think you're great, Blockheads, you know that?" *That* says so much.

Ian Dury And The Blockheads are pure politics, lotsa love, musical masters, utter idiots, very happy and as contemporary as a baby's first scream. Their music hugs me and nudges me and for that I thank them.

These two shows were early on in the long European tour and the general feeling amongst the group is that on the new songs things aren't quite right, yet. Kozmo Vinyl, as much Ian Dury And The Blockheads as Dury, Jankel or sex, reckons that by the time the wagon rolls to Britain it's all going to be super hot. Of course! Please don't be smug and ignorant like I once was. Make sure you see a show. You'll feel very good, I promise.

Until then, swallow that prune juice.

Paul Morley



Ian Dury in Germany. *Pic Dennis Morris*

Wakey Wakey! To A Beating Human Disco

Patti Smith in America. *Pic Robert Ellis.*

Patti Smith Group

New York

Sitting alone on the side of the stage, Patti Smith intones a rap that mixes passages of 'Wave', her latest failed-mystic monologue, with protestations of her dedication to Rock As Salvation backed by 'atmospheric' synthesizer. Above the stage, a three-way split screen shows us three different reels of Patti Smith Group home movies — disjointed filmed scenes of the band members eating, clowning, smoking joints.

"Uh-oh", the reviewer thinks, "it's going to be another arty-farty night."

But this unpromising introduction is quickly redeemed when the band hit the stage and launch into '(So You Want To Be A) Rock And Roll Star' and follow it with 'Till Victory', both played fast and tight. That familiar gut-punch force is there: Smith's voice sounds fuller and less affected than before — and all the reasons why I don't like the sound of 'Wave' start to hit home.

The album's production blends the band's instrumental work into a mush. But the inherent strength of this group is their ability to be sharp, biting, sinewy; their roots firmly garage-bandland. With the focus on Patti's permutations and tribulations, it's easy to forget that behind is a powerful band.

Patti Smith fans don't have to read interviews: they simply attend her concerts and hear what has happened in her life in the past year.

So tonight we were filled in on Smith's love life, living arrangements, musical opinions, politics and stories about her family.

Eventually even the most fanatical fan will ask "But who cares?", and the Palladium crowd was not entirely uncritical.

This new resistance may prove to be a blessing, as it is forcing Smith to pace her set better: her speeches were shorter and spaced so that the flow of the act wasn't interrupted. And whenever we suffered a long rap we were rewarded by the band striking up favourites like 'Horses' or 'Ask The Angels' to get the juices flowing again.

The band have also developed a greater facility in following Smith's quirky, erratic moods that erupt during the songs. So now she can launch into a speech about not being allowed to speak on the radio (something about having used "obscene language" in the past) in the middle of 'Poppies' and the group will follow her, never allowing the song to break down.

The years working together have created an empathy between Smith and the band that at times seems telepathic. And it's a thrill to watch them pull each other out of the holes they themselves have dug.

The current format calls for a short set, an intermission, and a longer set.

After a strong start, the first set got bogged down by weak material like 'Citizen Ship' taken at snail's pace. But they improved after their break.

'25th Floor' began the second set loud and sharp with Ivan Kral's guitar work piercing and mean, powerful in its forcefulness but too quick and thoughtful to slide into being Heavy. Smith's own stabs at guitar are still indulgent and futile emulations of Tom Verlaine, but her voice is now better-trained. On 'Kimberly', backed by deep, oceanic organ (welcome back Richard Sohl) it pleaded and provoked; on 'Ask The Angles' it soared.

Lenny Kaye and Kral picked up Rickenbackers for a rocking version of Dylan's 'Tambourine Man', pulling out glorious harmonies, ringing chord changes to cut the old Byrd's version to shreds.

They bravely followed 'Because The Night' with 'Frederick', confronting the accusation that the latter is just a sound-a-like follow-up, and got away with it by inserting a disco bass-and-synthesizer dance section in the middle.

But 'Seven Ways Of Going' provided the inevitable psychedelic interlude, featuring Smith tortuously coaxing squawks from a clarinet. When they followed this mess with a turgid rendition of a song from the Broadway musical *Annie*, the boredom level hit danger point.

Then it was back to the good stuff with a medley of 'Rock and Roll Nigger' (facile lyrics but a strong rhythm) and a confident, energetic 'Gloria', which was good but lacked some of the old passion.

While Smith publicly airs all the gossip of her life on stage, her performances have sadly become less a revelation of her soul. At her best she could charge her performance with a frank and open sexuality, turning songs like 'Horses' or 'Gloria' into small biographies — guides to her psyche.

But this talent diminished when she adopted her strident, Field Marshall persona circa 'Radio Ethiopia'. With her new material the Megalomaniac Warrior image has been replaced by one of the Supplicating Devotee and it represents yet *another* blow.

So moments of real excitement — when band and singer work together with one mind — alternate with moments of excruciating boredom. The current show reveals a move towards moderation — the low points are shorter, the high points less intense.

Ultimately it's hard to judge whether to paint Patti Smith a hero, a martyr, or a fool . . . give her a cloak of gold or a crown of thorns?

Your move.

Richard Grabel

Steve Forbert

HIS MUSIC SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS

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Gang Of Four
The Mekons
The Specials
The Delta Five

Lyceum

Another show, another Lyceum Sunday. Another downpour and one more bedraggled regiment lines the streets outside.

Fun-fun-fun.

Finally inside, it's The Delta Five who have to turn the crowd into an audience. With two basses, three girls singing and a scratchy guitar to fill the spaces, the group are brittle and inventive — even if largely wasted on a slowly-filling ballroom.

It seems The Delta Five are out to disturb or unsettle their listeners and *still* play teenage dance music. But they've yet to work out what to do with, or to, their public.

No such conundrums trouble The Specials, because they're sure of their niche and can plug it without embarrassment.

"RUDE BOYS DERE!" howls Neville Staple and, before you can blink, they kick into the tin-can intro of 'Guns Of Navarone'. Seven-strong, ska- and - bluebeat, this is a showband revelling in what they love — The Pioneers' 'Longshot (Kick The Bucket)', The Maytals' 'Monkey Man'.

The music is fluid and jumpy all at once, wired-up and buttoned-down, mobile and sharp. The Lyceum bounces, trilbies fall off. Time's flying but people get greedy for unscheduled encores: 'Gangsters' (dedicated, inexplicably, to their ex-manager Bernie Rhodes — *what* can this mean?) and 'You're Wondering'.

I wonder if The Specials have stolen the evening.

But such a sourly competitive note is obliterated as soon as The Mekons tumble on, their contrasting brand of loose, good-time confusion rendering comparisons odious and irrelevant.

Obviously unworried, or possibly exhilarated, by a shortage of talent, they rampage exuberantly through a set rebounding from the inspired to the dire and back again, carried along by their huge good-humour and self-deflating pop-star mockery.

Their songs are tuneless, crashing, rhythmic outbursts like 'Dan Dare Out Of Space (It's A Really Nice Place)' and 'Never Been In A Riot', and rely on wit and energy to see the group out of the building unharmed. Sometimes — as in 'Where Were You?' or the near-Shadows smoothness (well, comparatively) of 'Rosanne' — they'll pull off something very good indeed; and the word which comes to mind is 'lucky'.

But The Mekons are a happy accident, and I hope they'll happen often.

Like Margaret Thatcher, Gang Of Four owe a lot to press-coverage: some of it clueless ("Dialectics meet Disco" — do us a favour), but all of it adoring.

The band is tight, sometimes unbearably taut, incisively imaginative. They play the best modern rock'n'roll you can imagine and all of it allied to fierce, discomforting commitment. As entertainment it can be harrowing; but it's compulsive *and* exciting.

'Armalite Rifle' and '5.45' rage at the indecencies we've given up worrying about; while in 'Return The Gift' and 'Essence Rare' everyday culture gets cut-up to the point of irrelevance and exposes its quasi-magic, mumbo-jumbo functions. Lyrically and musically, 'Love Like Anthrax' is a jarring dislocation. 'Guns And Butter' and 'At Home He's A Tourist' are wry slabs of fractured reality.

They can be grim and angry or very funny, but they're also a good dance-band.

Compared to the Gang Of Four, so many groups are just giggling, facing the wrong direction. Excellent and relevant, they make me wonder if we tolerate too much.

Gang Of Four are: Hugo Burnham, John King, Dave Allen and Andy Gill. They're all good . . . but they look better in their raincoats.

Paul Du Noyer

Wayne County

Manchester

So Wayne County is now 'Jayne County', he-to-she claims.

The 'new' Ms County is a *gorgeous* creature indeed. The Dolly Parton wig has gone, replaced by a Debbie Harry cast-off, and the transparent dress lends an almost virginal appeal to the stunning body. All in all, County is a more attractive female than 'male'.

But *Wayne* had more balls. Tonight a lot of the former lewdness and spontaneity is lost. Although Ms County is generally carefully poised she occasionally tries to be provocative — and reveals the awkwardness of a school-girl who's been instructed to keep her knees together.

Most of the songs are from the album, opening with the title track 'Things Your Mother Never Told You'. A general (and familiar) preoccupation with Berlin is evident,

Wayne County. Pic Kevin Cummins

Would you like a body like mine . . .

particularly on 'Wall City Girls' and 'Berlin' itself. The Electric Chairs play about as well as they should, but when left onstage alone, they topple towards Heavy Metal.

Ms County has compelling stage presence, with a sharp, bitchy wit and familiar snarl of a rubber-lipped temptress. She loves the dirty-talk of the young boys in the crowd, and while a faulty amp is replaced, she struts out an improvised and unaccompanied medley of songs based on the dubious suggestions from the audience.

For the first 20 minutes it's an enjoyable show, but then it slithers into tedium; and wasn't this the band that used to play three minute rock 'n' roll gems and sets always too short to become boring?

Unfortunately there are now too many instrumental breaks and 'Jayne' stumbles into bouts of Patti Smith wailing. Even her strange mimes are totally unsuccessful — especially on a prolonged 'Mr Normal' and 'Max's Kansas City'. Luckily they end with the classic 'Fuck Off', always a restorative.

But I've never had a high regard for women in rock; they're either too busy projecting their femininity or else trying to be men. For County the latter would be a redundant exercise; so that leaves the former, and you can't help but suspect 'her' stance is calculated and contrived — like a phoney accent or platinum hair.

Obviously it's difficult to tell just how much of the act is meant to be taken seriously, and there's a real danger that the whole thing will inevitably become self-parody.

But maybe I'm just bitching because her legs are better than mine.

Susan Fletcher

Elvis Costello

Liverpool

They call him a fascist but he looks like Elvis.

After a crusade Stateside, keeping the steel-noses down, the Flip City Kid returns. You can pay for the ticket or fork out on the gang-plank, buy your pint and start ligging in the rigging.

This swashbuckling soiree was advertised as "The Cruise Of The Century" and was to feature The Yachts and Clive Langer and the Boxes — Radar Records' new, passionate, bright young things. The majestic old tub passes the scouse cultural heritage, pulls up and the Deaf School Cats start rubbing their rimless goggles in bright young anticipation.

The grey daylight means that it feels like an afternoon and when Elvis does appear (to an indifferent/incredulous reception), the band look anaemic and unhealthy. The stage has a tiny tots' playground rainbow are to frame the turns, like.

Togged up like a teddy boy on the African Queen in a baggy white suite and crepes, Costello grins, explains the "surprise" appearance and sets the band rattling into their pinball-flashy ricochetting set. The Merseybeats' number 'I Stand Accused' (might have known), is executed with cautious precision but plenty of smiles and sweaty foreheads.

The inter-song rapping is minimal, but reveals a scouse accent from Elizabeth Arden's finest songsmith, rolled 'r's sticking out like broken bottles in a sandpit.

'Oliver's Army' is next: a tune that makes your feet move and words that make your flesh crawl. By now the ferry is swaying and rising, as are a few just-eaten dinners. As I turn a fetching shade of pale green, another of Costello's Clattering Classics crackles out — 'I Don't Want To Go To Chelsea'. With added dub technique, the drums are ringing, spidery and epileptic, the guitar phrases taut, shortened or lengthened; cut to Elvis with his bottom teeth showing.

The reception for 'Chelsea' is solid applause sure; but Clive Langer, and later on The Yachts, are far more enthusiastically greeted.

Now, a predatory Bootsy/Dread bass stalks about, then the drums tumble in like oil drums dropped down a lift shaft. On board the Grey Star Ferryboat it's forward, idren, onto New Brighton not Zion; watch the swell and the dockland; *watch* the detectives.

The guitar takes over from the organ and guides the melody through the spiked dub (again) territory, cymbals and drums exploding like grenades.

Elvis grins, announcing that he and the band are "getting into another boat because we're entering dangerous water". 'Accidents Will Happen', a dull cog in the sparkling singles machine, is shown the door and the Mystery Attractions stride off. The Reticent One shouts "Thanks . . . see ya in the bar", and disappears for the evening.

What a card.

Kevin Fitzgerald

The Undertones The Chords

Lyceum

Pop groups from Derry and Deptford: one has subtlety, the other doesn't.

The difference is more in a subtlety of approach, and the reason for it is obvious. The Undertones have spent the last four years writing, rehearsing, playing live and coming to terms with a musical direction — a solid foundation for their sudden claim to fame.

The Chords suffer from the misfortune of having signed to Polydor while they were tuning up for a sound-check.

Almost overnight they have been catapulted from the pub-circuit to big venues like the Lyceum and Rainbow. Predictably their stage projection has yet to make the same transition. And frontman Billy H is unable to communicate with an audience of this size, very few of whom are packing parkas.

The Chords need to play an extensive string of club dates and stop juggling with their precarious reputation on bills that highlight their present inadequacies. This was a shabby, cold unconvincing set from a band capable of a great deal more.

Yet The Undertones can totally *slay* a crowd this size with all the unassuming, chaotic charm of a bunch playing their world debut in a nissen hut.

Fergal Sharkey is the true antithesis of a rock singer. Baring his skinny torso, arms flailing and shapeless jeans flapping, he charges round stage with graceless authority. Bent double, clutching himself in anguish, he addresses a lot of his lyrics to the floorboards. Yet this guy has *charisma.*

But he plays it down. He jabbers on between numbers unaffectedly, using bassist Micky Bradley like a sort of comic foil in an amateur double act. Returning to a screaming mob after the first encore, he yells to the rest of the band in the wings, "There's a couple of guys out here wanna see ya."

That, I call understatement.

Their lyrics too are stripped down to a basic urgency, leaving all the simple, effective colouring of ageless romantic pop. They impress you with their sheer directness and clarity, without being overbearingly intense.

It's the same with their music. Unpretentious and even unadventurous, they have the rare knack of making a set of similar songs all sound individual, fresh and energetic. Some of their numbers, like 'Here Comes The Summer' and 'Teenage Kids', are completely intoxicating.

Myself, I rate 'Jimmy Jimmy' as their most derivative, mundane and unimaginative offer to date. For those who've yet to dig deeper with The Undertones, the rest is solid gold.

Mark Ellen

Stiff Little Fingers

Bradford

SLF graffiti in fresh Humbrol and elaborate embroidery adorned leather, denim and flesh as the Bradford punters turned out to greet Stiff Little Fingers on their latest English odyssey.

With the diamond-of-fire backdrop high above them, the band — hot from Belfast and fresh from a five-week lay-off — hit the city and evoked the kind of euphoria usually reserved for ANL 'shows of strength'.

'Suspect Device' was all it took to prove that the band's effect on the human condition is staggering. 'Alternative Ulster' and 'State Of Emergency' followed as SLF systematically worked their way through 'Inflammable Material', interestingly enough leaving out only 'White Noise' (could it be that this was considered too close to the bone for Bradford?).

A comparison with The Clash was again inevitable with bassist Ali McMordie modelling his style on the drunken stroboscopic stance of Simonon, and leader Jake Burns spraying his vitriolic venom in the cleft-palated tradition of Strummer.

But two new numbers, 'Wait And See' and 'Straw Dogs' were healthy representations of the band's unique penchant for swift song writing: the former showcasing their instinctive reggae empathy; the latter featuring incredibly effective interplay between Burns and rhythm guitarist Henry Cluney. All very together, brutally efficient.

Introducing the numbers with warmth, humour and feeling, Burns seems to be on a higher level of consciousness than his run-of-the-mill English counterpart. But while it is commendable for the Fingers to stand up and be counted (and get through to the kids who would tune-out to the more conventional media), there must be a cooler way to do it than was demonstrated here, when human life looked very cheap indeed — a strong contrast to the ideals which SLF hold precious and sacrosanct.

Maybe more than The Clash and Sham 69, this band should be under no illusion about the heavy responsibility they have taken on as manifesto-compilers for the politically credulous and purveyors of radical rhetoric for the culturally deprived. SLF should be wary and contemptuous of some of the misdemeanours which went down here; if they're not, then they're as injudicious as they're already to some extent expedient.

This time around, though, the music triumphed: 'Johnny Was', the last of the scheduled set, was too intense even for the po-pikers, who just stood there. Stunned. And encoring with a competitive rendition of 'Tiger Feet' (Les Gray would have been proud of them) and 'Rough Trade', SLF exacted the last dram of pooled adrenalin before the house-lights mouthed off.

Outside in downtown Bradford, bouncers straddled the doorways of the pubs in a (frankly understandable) no-punks censorship measure. This is a heavy city, and sometimes you wonder just who it is who keeps the place in one piece . . .

Emma Ruth

One of the Gang. Pic Chris Horler

Come Dancing At The Lyceum

or mine (Costello Pic Marcus Featherby) . . .

or what about mine? (Fergal Sharkey Pic Chris Horler).

Mother's got a pair of concrete boots

Mother's Finest Baby. Pic Alain de la Mata.

Mother's Finest

The Venue

Jerry 'The Wizard' Seay, his hair fringed with beads, decked out in a flash orange satin suit, is playing a bass solo.

He slumps across the neck of his guitar, collapses onto the deck, waves his fantastic footwear aloft, switches to fuzz powerdrive and leaps up, cranking his machine heads and making noises akin to an air-raid siren. Fireworks explode.

Thus ends Mother's Finest's second number.

This band go right over the top and *'moderation'* is not in their vocabulary.

The Wizard's sartorial inelegance is out-grossed by the black glitter suit of guitarist Moses Mo, and the diaphanous shirt, tights and hair sash ensemble of vocalist Glenn Murdock — not to mention his partner Joyce Baby Jean Kennedy, who's hi-stepping it in frayed buckskin hoofers with her hair shredded into waist-length braids.

They look the part — act, sing, walk and jive the part; but they haven't got the absolute finesse to actually *be* the part.

Less naff than Bootsy, less slick than The Brothers Johnson, less of a wholesale *paaarty* than Funkadelic, they play black funk like it's an institution — where spontaneity becomes looseness and format becomes worn at the edges. They dance, but they don't dance together.

Routine is the backbone of their act and they take it to unchartered limits.

They are as routine as their own glossy MF logo backdrop. Every number they stretch to breaking point with thin dazzling solos and by taking them down to almost invisible depths and scorching back to predictable heights. At one point the entire frontline is engulfed in dry ice.

The sight of stray boots, arms and guitar-necks poking out of the smoke has all the cartoon craziness of Kiss Meets Captain Britain.

Not once do they divide up the audience for a massed vocal whoop-up, but thrice: those who paid and those who didn't (about equal numbers); left and right (it'll be boys and girls next, we murmur); and boys and girls (gasp!).

Routine — they flog it to death.

On record, MF excel in black funk soul music, but even the gorgeous 'Love Changes' — despite a stunningly powerful vocal from JB Kennedy — gets ploughed under by sheer overstatement. It fades to a minimal backing, with JB singing *sans* microphone, it slams back, fades again, and crescendos.

Maybe I'm unimpressed because I can't help approaching this brand of extravaganza with a sense of reserve. Even excess can be restrictively and effectively channelled. These guys tiptoe past subtlety in concrete boots. Maybe that's a typically British reaction, but judging by their moderate reception, I doubt it.

Mark Ellen

Essential Logic

Nashville

This is an odd, awkward music; bumpy, angular, un-natural. It's great.

Instant conclusion: all or any talk of E. Logic as somehow 'difficult', or obscure, or inaccessible, is two miles wide of the mark. But you don't have to *try* and like them: although their distinctive noise might be an unfamiliar brand of fun, it is — or so I found — an irresistible one as well.

Let Lora Logic, frontperson and saxophonist, explain the situation. "Statistically we is OK, our laughing man is one of the crowd, our perculating fan will cool us for now, we is OK, we is OK." ('Wake Up'). Yeah, right.

Essential Logic are unlike anything I've heard.

They're fooling around with the boundaries of rock music, dancing on a tightrope. If they ever fell off I'd hate to be there, because the mess could sound so unpleasant. But right now they're walking the line stylishly.

'Wake Up' is a sprightly, spirited, mischievous beginner, picked for the present EP. Following swiftly are 'World Friction' (flip of last year's 'Aerosol Burns') and the funny-peculiar 'Albert'.

Characteristically, 'Albert' and similar pieces ('songs' is too normal a name) approach with a dopey, loping beat, occasionally near-reggae, and then pull-up sharp — ricochet at the flick of a switch into some panic-dash jazz-run.

And Lora's a revelation.

As if that weird, unstructured joy-ride music wasn't enough of a surprise in itself, she crashes straight through the middle of it with bewildering vocal outbursts. She doesn't so much sing as fling her voice around the material, uncontrolled but consistent in impact. Standard ideas of quality possess scant relevance here — she is, so to speak, beyond good and awful.

The lyrics were superb: I didn't understand a word of them.

But most of all, Essential Logic are about saxophones: Lora on one (alto and tenor) and Dave Flash on the other. Together they define and dominate the sound, smearing these crazed, nonsensical noises over everything in sight.

The group's innovative commitment to this instrument might be nothing short of noble, yet I felt the twin saxes were excessive at times. And now that they only have one guitarist (Phil Lip, it says here), they may over-extend some people's tolerance in that respect.

Meanwhile there's Mark Turner's bass punching upwards, and the drumming of Rich Tea (it says again) holding it all from below. Just how the whole thing works I haven't figured out yet. But work it does.

Next there's 'Eaglebird', 'Rat Alley' and something to do with religion known as 'Shabby Abbot', leading to the magnificent strangeness of 'Aerosol Burns' — the record which announced Lora's solo debut last year, post-X-Ray Spex.

Finding the Essential Logics of this world is always a special pleasure, all the better for being unexpected. I went out smiling.

Paul Du Noyer

Angletrax

Marquee

Originally an instrumental band, Angletrax have benefitted from the addition of singer Wendy Herman who has a classic jazz / blues voice with a distinct Lovich flavour but with ten times the depth, range and power.

She has commanding stage presence too, supremely confident as she jerks convulsively to electronic jazz. The music begins with the jolting, jumping horizontal sound of 'Private Life' and 'We're In A Bad Mood' and comes more flowing and vertical with 'Propaganda Man', 'Match Of The Day' and 'Special Case', a song which Wendy enacts vividly. And yet, screaming like a mad-woman, Wendy loses control of her voice.

The crazy, futuristic, synthesized effects, created by Jerry Minge and similar to The Human League's, continue through into 'Anorexia Nervosa', accompanied again by Wendy's convincing dramatics. Things slow down for Metal Block' but the music loses none of its immediacy and momentum. It is an ominous, strange, electronic sound telling of the self-destruction of life, cutting with its stark reality.

Their soon - to - be - released single 'Things To Make And Do' is a fair representation of their music, but lacks the crazed edge of much of their other material.

Still, to Angeltrax live, as Jerry Minge told their audience, "Thanks for being fucking great".

Deanne Pearson

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■ *From page 47*

meeting these people was somehow linked with the Ian Dury success.

"Oh absolutely. Yeah. Totally. When you're got hold of and shook and told to go and do that! . . . well, then you ruddy well go and do that! I've got no choice and I'm glad I've got no choice. Fred will get at me and sometimes it feels like I'm the victim! It feels like it's beyond my control."

He sniggers. "And then I turn round and say it's my fault, cos I do have to say that to myself . . . so I can't complain. There's no point. I do complain! I go, Freddie!" He lets out a baby holler, his face contorted. "Like that! But only to Fred or Koz, not anybody else.

"If something is impossible for me to handle then I go straight to Fred and Koz, cos they're like brothers. And it's good they're not in the band. They do the same for everyone. Fred's like the older brother, and Koz is like the younger brother. A few weeks ago Fred made me walk through London in the sun. We were staying in Mayfair and he made me walk from Oxford Street to Mayfair in the rush hour. And loads of people recognised me, but it was good cos nobody interfered with us, everyone was good vibing.

"Fred, he said to me you're really having a laugh now; yeah! this is alright this. I was fucking shaking, man, just in case it got crazy, Marc Bolan-ness, people touching . . . I fell over in the tube once — all the people went through the doors and I went AAAH! — and I was laying on the concrete and people were stamping all over me and somebody grabbed me by the jacket and pulled me out of the way. I thought my head was going to get trampled. It was horrible."

How aware do you get of your body?

Ian moves his small, disorganised frame restlessly — and replies: "Very aware. Usually one or other part of my body hurts at one particular time, cos I'm not designed properly. It's not an unbearable pain, it's an irritant rather than a pain . . . it's a bit frustrating . . . cos you always have to work things out, how to do them. If I go like that" — he stretches to his left — "I have to think of that," he pats his right leg. "Cos this won't do it . . . but then this is just my degree of it . . .

"The curse is this . . . If you walk down the street with no shoes you'll see a man with no feet. There's that cure. I know plenty of people who are less disabled than me make more of a fuss. I know plenty of people more disabled than me who make much more of a fuss. And I think I am motivated — it might be the driving force that makes me want to be equal in some way. Compensate in some way. 'Course, you go through those changes in your head, and you just end up not giving a fuck cos there's nothing else to do about it. That's all! Fait accompli!"

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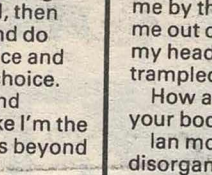
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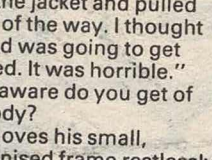
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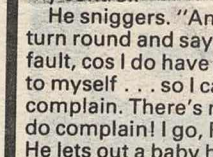
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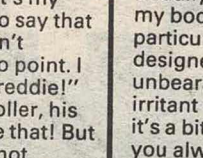
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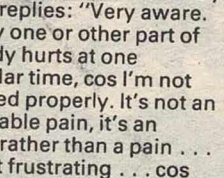
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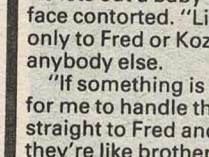
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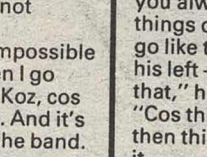
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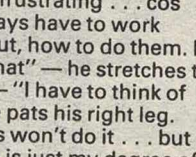
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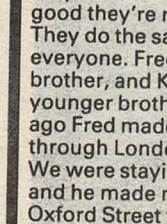
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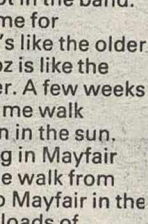
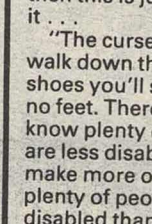

DEBBIE HARRY Giant 54" × 34" £2.35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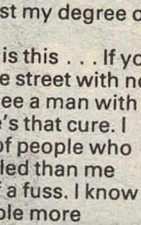
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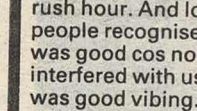
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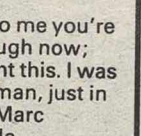
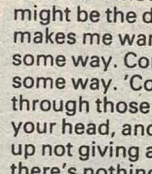

KATE BUSH £1.10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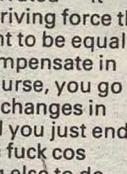
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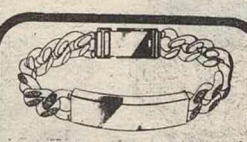
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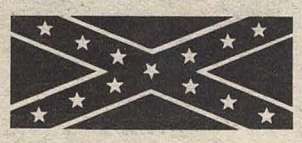

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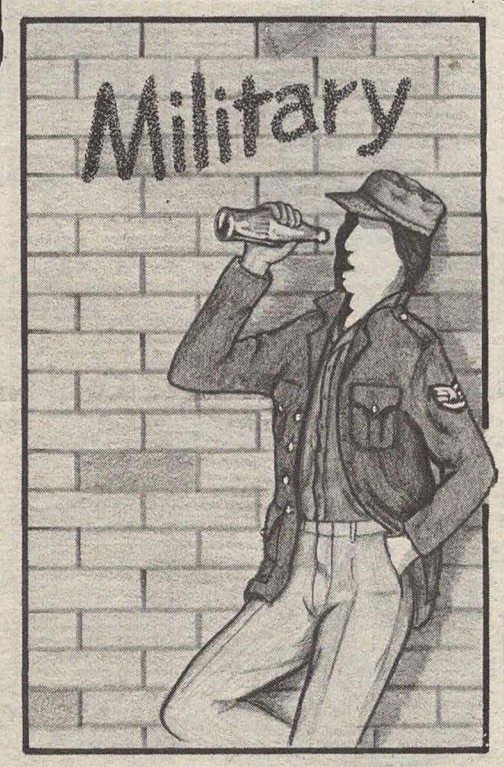
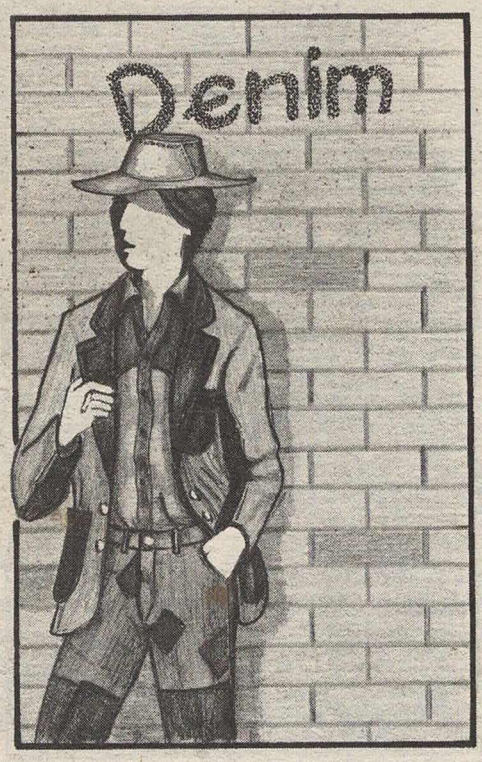


Hat — MS06, Jacket — MS09, Trousers — MS04.



Jacket — PD02, Shirt — PD03, Jeans — PD01

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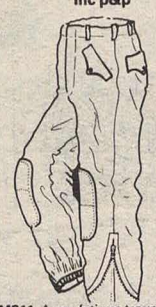

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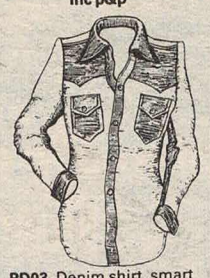

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On The Town Extra

Protex
The Venue

No, Protex are not a hair restorer, although Albie Donnelly of Supercharge (the headliners) probably wishes they were. Instead we have four Belfast innocents who thrash with class, quick-firing through their set at a rate which puts hairs on your chest if nothing else.

Fresh off the Irish youth club circuit with a Tony Parsons-approved single to their credit ('Don't Ring Me Up', a plucky little stage number too), and recently snapped up by Polydor, this quartet do not practice politics or try to exorcise Irish strife like compatriots Stiff Little Fingers. They explore more universal traumas — like your girlfriend pretending to wash her hair on Saturday night — in short, intense passion-playlets. Heads down no nonsense romance, if you like (who said 'Irish Buzzcocks'?).

A slightly over-amplified drum sound obscured most subtleties but Aidan Murtagh's guitar glinted in all the right places, especially in 'Strange Obsessions' and 'Can't Go Home Anymore' with its superb chorus. The boys could relax a little without jeopardising the musical edge, and this would doubtless improve vocalist David McMaster's shaky intonation and unglue Murtagh's eyes from his fretboard.

Minor quibbles aside, I hope they don't get spoiled by record biz shenanigans and I hope they stay fresh, forever young and guileless.

Elissa Van Poznak

Little Acre
Golden Lion

Just occasionally you find edging onto the pub circuit bands for whom experience has swamped direction. Panties is one; Little Acre is another.

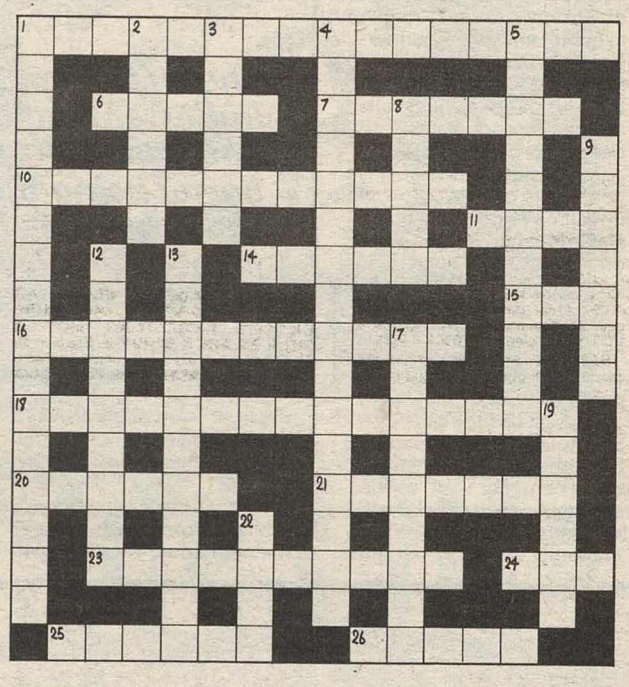
The latter, a seven piece of regulation skill, suffer as much from an unbalanced visual image as from the width of their repertoire.

Flanked by two gracelessly ageing guitarists, the frontline comprises a moustachioed funk-bass archetype, a stylish, slim black girl and a nervous, lanky vocalist who looks like Stan Webb in a tail coat.

Sweeping blandly and efficiently through the spectrum from funk, disco, Southern Rock and rock 'n' roll, they show a tedious versatility that drains colour and character from its every idiom.

The more complacent in the band seem to suit this commercial fusion; for its younger, more inspired vocal duo, success won't exactly leap from this context.

Mark Ellen



ACROSS
1 EW&F meet Walt Disney to produce disco nirvana?! (6,10)
6 Swings and roundabouts this group business!
7 Don McLean's follow-up to 'American Pie'
10 Thin, seek more (anag. 2 words)
11 Apart from own hits, currently helping Sister Sledge shift disco units
14 See 26
15 This week's thing? we ask
16 He'll give teas (anag. 2 words)
18 Mungo Jerry's 15 minutes of fame — topped charts nine years ago next month (2,3,10)
20 By Them, covered by Patti Smith
21 'Pop Muzik' maker joins remains of a fire to produce punk configuration!
23 U.S. pop veteran whose trademark was his falsetto yodel (3,7)
24 Nelson's Noise
25 See 9
26 & 14 2.5 of original 10cc

DOWN
1 Not only that but they can buy a home of their own, wear uniforms, learn to drive and lots of things! (4,4,8)
2 Damn right, Mike!
3 'Take It Easy' was their first big U.S. hit
4 Rod Stewart album (5,1,4,6)
5 Voice of Renaissance (5,6)
8 A.k.a. Herman the Hermit
9 & 25 Actor bore who had the original hit with 'MacArthur Park'
12 Mick or Mac?
13 Melt 'is lever (anag. 2 words)
17 Guitarist in a grey room!
19 Patti Smith album
22 And Dave?

ANSWERS
ACROSS: 1 Judas Priest; 5 Van (Morrison); 6 Malcolm McLaren; 9 Yardbirds; 10 (Wreckless) Eric; 11 "I Can't Help Myself"; 14 "Miss You"; 16 "Strange (Town)"; 17 "Sailing"; 19 Ian (Dury); 20 ELO; 21 Cheap (Trick); 22 Lee Dorsey; 25 Bobby (Vee); 26 (Brian) Epstein; 27 (Strange) Town; 28 "(Nice Legs Shame About) Her Face."
DOWN: "Jimmy Jimmy"; 2 "Accidents Will Happen"; 3 "Ram"; 4 "Tragedy"; 5 (Bobby) Vee; 7 "Meddle;;' 8 "Nice Legs Shame About (Her Face)"; 12 Motorhead; 13 "Shake Your Body"; 15 Olivia (Newton John); 17 "Say When"; 18 Ginger (Baker); 23 (Count) Basie; 24 Rita (Coolidge).

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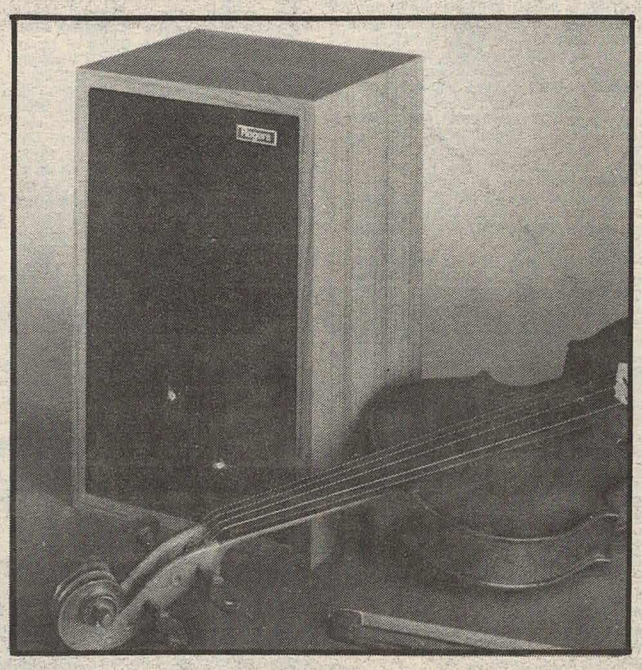
Big sounds from small boxes

The size of speakers is an important factor in getting the best results — the bigger the better being the basic rule. But modern mini-technology can create miracles. BERNARD FUTTER reports.



The Rogers LS3/5A Monitor speaker

THE OLD MAXIM that a good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un is still widely accepted when the talk gets round to speakers. Like all long-running serials there is a grain of truth in it.

In order to generate deep bass response of the type which is *felt* as well as heard, large volumes of air have to be shifted. Clearly the diaphragm of a bass drive unit in a mini enclosure, with a small surface area and a restricted travel, is going to have limitations when called upon to reproduce the deepest organ notes.

Theorising aside, most people are unable or just plain unwilling to devote a great slab of their living room floor area over to two great brooding boxes. And always ready to reflect a major shift in public opinion, manufacturers have increasingly upped their investments in the more compact types.

With all this latent technology being brought to bear, the performance of these compact — or, as they are often called, bookshelf — speakers has improved markedly. As a consequence the better compacts are able to compete on almost equal terms with anything on the market.

This month's review models really go from the sublime to the ridiculous. They are both as small as it's realistically possible to go for true hi-fi.

With little but a few millimetres to separate them dimension wise, but with a helluva jump in the price stakes, we're now going to check out the British **Rogers LS3/5A Monitors** and the Hungarian(!) **Videotone Minimax 2's.**

The LS3/5A's weigh in at a shop-around selling price of approx £165, while the Minimax 2's are a very reasonable £55. Side by side these speakers really *are* small. The Minimax 2's have a frontal area of a mere 10¼" high x 6" wide, while the LS3/5A's measure just under 12" high x 7½" wide.

The Minimax 2's are a little deeper, however — 8¾" against 6¼".

Both could not look more inconspicuous in a domestic environment.

Rogers are a long-established British manufacturer of amps, tuners and speakers operating out of Catford, S.E. London. Their product range has always consisted of good solid, reliable value-for-money products. If some have contended that some of their models have stayed in production too long, Rogers would doubtless contend with some justice that if the original concept is right why change for the sake of it.

In a time of the Japanese built-in obsolescence ingredient, this is reassuring from a consumer viewpoint, with Rogers' product holding its value well.

Whether this philosophy is shrewd commercial thinking is another matter. The firm ran into some severe financial problems a few years ago, but since a takeover by Swisstone Electronics their future is now secure. This can only be good for our ethnic hi-fi industry.

Anyway, back to the LS3/5A Monitors. In case you're wondering how in hell's name they came up with a crazy model designation like that, we should point out that the BBC conjured it up. It is in fact one of their engineering specifications for a small speaker to facilitate accurate monitoring in very restricted spaces such as O.B. mobiles, etc.

Production of this design is to very narrow tolerances and every unit is rigidly tested to ensure the spec is met. Currently three manufacturers hold the licence apart from Rogers: Audiomaster and Chartwell.

It's when you start getting to grips with these Rogers speakers that you begin to appreciate just why such a small box costs so much. They each weigh an absolute ton — well, 11.5 lbs actually — which is testimony to the specially selected woods used in the construction and some pretty sophisticated crossover circuitry.

Cabinet work, which, incidentally, is available is teak, walnut, black or rosewood finishes, is to the highest standard. The grille is formed from accoustically transparent black Jersey and can be removed to reveal the 4" bass driver and the ¾" treble unit.

This particular design is notoriously insensitive, which in practical terms means that the manufacturers amp/rec rating recommendation of about 35+35 watts into 8 ohms should be adhered to.

Now, on to the important bit about what the LS3/5A's actually *sound* like. Our auditioning was carried out over a two-week period using a wide variety of source material. Reproduction was at all times very detailed open and uncoloured. Bass was quite credible for such a small enclosure but not especially generous or fullsome.

Some electric bass lines on the excellently recorded Cat Stevens' 'Teazer' seemed a shade light, while further up the frequency spectrum the bass drum came over with a reassuring thud.

Subjectively, I would have thought that the mini Rogers' would appeal to those people who prefer an accurate sound balance rather than the exaggerated characteristic of much mainstream rock. It is very difficult to give a value-for-money rating on the LS3/5A. Clearly for about £170 there are other models without the apparent shortcomings of inefficiency and bass lightness.

However, if you can only listen in a small room, prefer your equipment to be heard rather than seen and like your musical reproduction to have a natural balance, then the Rogers LS3/5A demands to be at the top of your shopping list.

Since their introduction some four-and-a-bit years ago the **Videotone Minimax 2's** have been a steady best seller. The reasons for this are not hard to find. The Minimax offers a big speaker performance at what can best be described as a ridiculous price.

The Hungarian Government's involvment with the project probably has a lot to do with keeping costs way down. (Taking over the world by hi-fi? Is this a sinister plot?)

Cabinet work is to a goodish standard and had a very solid feel. Removing the grille reveals a rather utilitarian front baffle incorporating the two drive units. Only masochists will elect to keep the grilles *off*.

Hooking the Minimax 2's into circuit quickly showed their improved sensitivity over the LS3/5A's. There seemed to be about an extra 30 per cent gain at a given volume setting.

Although the manufacturers state that realistic sound levels can be achieved with as little as lOW input, I reckon that nearer 20W will yield better results.

These really are fascinating speakers to listen to. Sound quality is big, bright, aggressive and slightly larger than life but without any brashness. I never felt them becoming at all fatigueing. It seems chary to mark them down on anything taking into account the knock-out price. Well, the bass is not *that* extended and there is a trace of boxyness in the midrange — but for £55 . . .!

WHERE TO WRITE

Rogers LS3/5A Monitors. TSP £165. Details from: Swisstone Electronics, 4/14 Barmeston Road, London, SE6 3BN.

Videotone Minimax 2. TSP £55. Details from: Videotone Limited, 98 Crofton Park Road, London SE4.

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Where we did stop.

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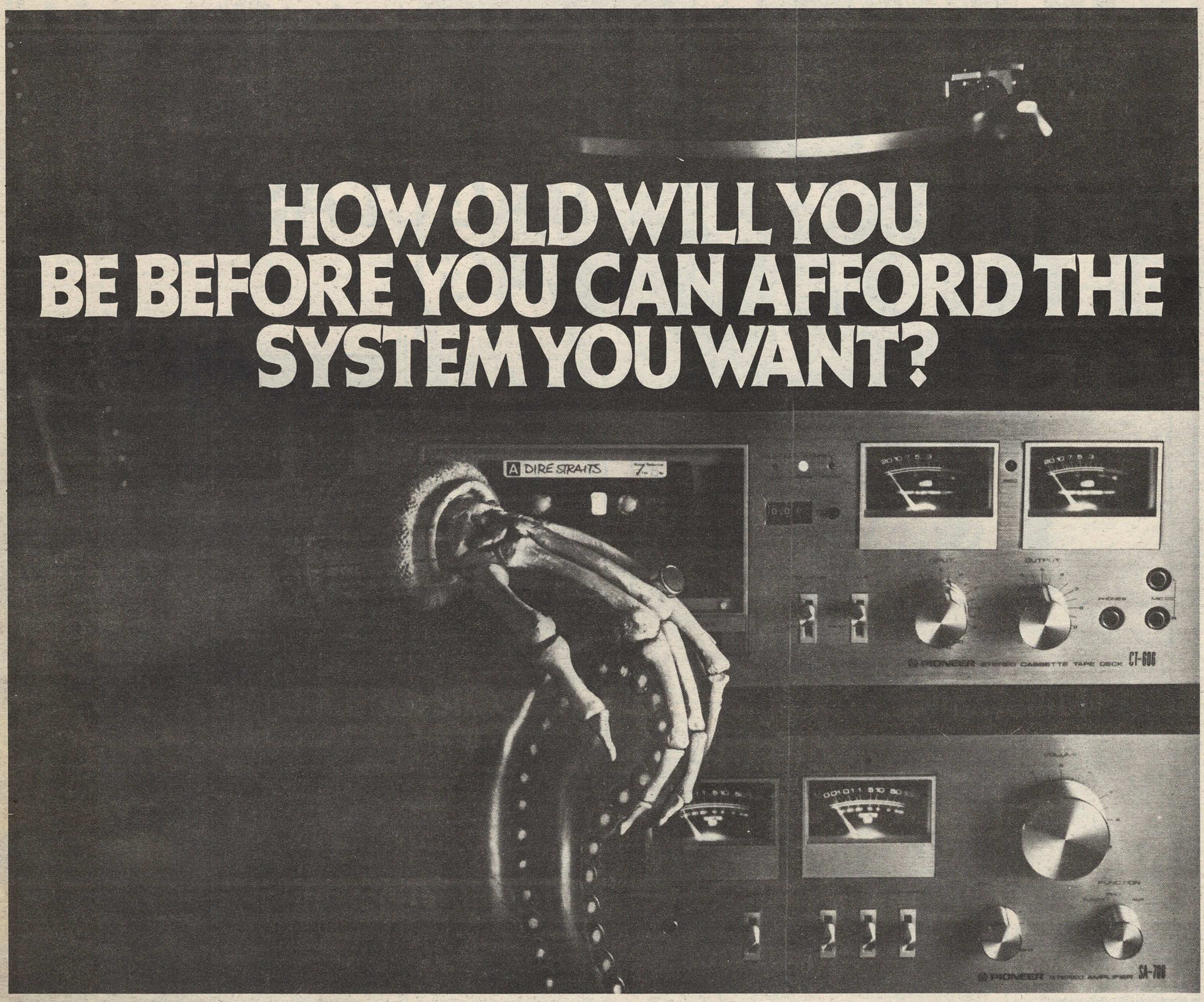

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Yes, it's another CLASH BAGCLASH BAG!!

I'm writing this letter in the hope that Joe Strummer will read it. In his *NME* manifesto he made the statement that the troops should be pulled out of Northern Ireland. Maybe he would like to see innocent people slaughtered, but I wouldn't. I've also seen him wear an H-block T-shirt. He obviously supports the IRA, and he is opening up the gap between Protestant and Catholic kids that punk had closed. I wonder if he would have liked to see all the protestant kids at The Clash's Belfast gigs murdered? Terrorist sympathisers like him make me sick. I really liked The Clash, but now I'm not so sure.
SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES FAN, aged 15.
Maybe Mr Strummer's problem is that he speaks of things of which he has no experience. While IRA prisoners go 'on the blanket' in the Maze Prison H-blocks, Joe goes on tour. The nearest he's likely to get to going on the blanket is a Hollywood toga party. — B.E.

This letter is an epitaph. R.I.P. The Clash. R.I.P. Punk. The game is over. I was reluctant to give up hope. I thought some magician would come along and save the dying corpse. He hasn't. I suppose I should have given up hope long ago.
All this desperate raving was provoked by The Clash's 'Cost Of Living' EP. All that trendy crap about *The Financial Times* (who cares?) and the half-witted pop-art cover. It was enough to make me put on my flares and cowboy boots so that I could turn against the tide.
So goodbye Mick, Joe, Paul and Topper. I promise I waved until you disappeared over the horizon heading for big money. Lucky bastards.
ONE OF THE MANY WHO THOUGHT THEY HAD IT, England.
They did have it. Now they've had it. — B.E.

After hearing the re-recorded version of 'Capital Radio', I ain't half glad I've got the original.
SMUG J. T., Cheltenham.
It's better to be mugs than smug — I. DURY.

My only complaint is that you can't hear the words on Clash records.
LITTLE CHEF
Aren't they an instrumental group then? — B.E.

May I be the first photographer to apply for a Led Zeppelin photo pass?
JILL FURMANOVSKY, London.
Pass — B.E.

Your Ian Penman works *for* Standard Notions of Anticipation. Potential Boredom.
It's a crying shame that he should be hanging about in dives with dreary half truths, wandering in a cultural ghetto of 'critical' language, probably ignored by most of your readership. You've heard the one about the dog looking at the pointing man's finger? Well, his is the one about the reader without privilege. Big joke, eh? If he thought you were worth it, he would probably give you some shit about a different lexicon, or ideolect or somefink.
The trouble with his half-cocked indictments of the stars, is that they end up as rock-flash on a par with Burchill and Parsons, but not half as 'merely' entertaining.
He might very well be right about the 'fiction' of Elvis Costello, created by marketing and the music press, but where does he get off calling it an 'ideological form of fascism'? Surely he doesn't claim our E.C.'s poetic license? All forms of bourgeois politics attempt to ignore real social conditions. They are not all fascist. The Labour Party governed in spite of 'social determination from the base' i.e. strikers' demands, unemployment, racial strife, the growth of the National Front. Those are real social conditions. Most of our cultural life tragically transcends the 'base of production' — including the life that Ian Penman is constructing.
An example of what happens when you get your rock-politick metaphors mixed: The 'orthodoxy' of Stiff Little Fingers' 'guitar thickness' is not such a big deal when considering the sentiments of 'Gotta Get Away' against the 'real social conditions' of street life in Belfast and Jake Burns' views on armed struggle on the streets. Or the fact that Thatcher will reintroduce hanging for 'terrorists' and seek a 'military solution' on those streets. Such things are worth talking about, more so than 'guitar thickness' some would say.
Ideo-critique (Ian will know what it means) like playing the guitar is not an alternative to organised opposition, but it can be part of it. Know what I mean, chief?
JOHN DENNIS, Rock Against Racism, London EC1.
No. — CHIEF.
This letter wins this week's award for intellectual verbosity. Know what I mean, John? — B.E.

I've just read Penman's singles reviews, most of which was pretty heavy going. But this Elvis Costello review was truly something to behold. What does it mean? Does anyone know? I didn't understand a fucking word. Is he taking the piss, or what? It was like another bleedin' language.
FRANK SPENCER, Walton On Thames.
It's known in the trade as lansperanto actually, Frank — B.E.

Ian Penman must be the most short-sighted, misinformed, conceited bastard ever to put pen to paper. It may interest him to know that at the Lyceum "the token working class youth" brought on to "perform" for the audience was in fact Hugo Burnham, Gang of Four's drummer who did a degree at Leeds University. Narrow-minded wankers like Penman can ruin a great group like The Mekons.
E. ROSS.

Who does Mr Penman think he is?
LAUREN AUDER AND VICIOUS ED, Middlesex Polytechnic.
The most short-sighted, misinformed, conceited bastard ever to put pen to paper — E. ROSS.

Hey, what's happening? We've just gone to a Ted Nugent concert and we can still hear. I've heard more volume out of my trannie. Sorry Ted, I know it wasn't your fault, but that's the last time we're going to Hammersmith. Couldn't move down the front for sodding bouncers who looked like they were rented from London Zoo. I mean you don't pay £4 to sit on your arse all night.
EUGENE AND JIMMY, Mile End.

Last Friday I went to see Ack Ack at Kingston Polytechnic after seeing it in your gig guide, but due to the short-sighted attitude of the elitist bastards at the place, I was informed that only students with union cards would be admitted. After much sodding about and waiting, I succeeded in bunking in through the back. Once inside I found the place half empty with more than enough room for everyone who was being kept out. Why do places impose these bloody stupid restrictions?
A.P., Kingston, Surrey.
Why do you think? They don't want you in their hall. They're not trying to fill it. The aim is to bolster their own sense of elitism — you hit on the right word in your first sentence. — B.E.

I went along to see Iggy's Lyceum gig only to be turned away at the doors because my hair was too short. Apparently it was a management decision that all skinheads (so-called in my case) were to be refused admission because they are disruptive. Pathetic. A troublemaker is a troublemaker because he's a troublemaker, not because he's got short hair. It's unfair. This is the second time I've had to miss a great gig for this reason.
KIERAN CULLEN, Tottenham, London N15.
Marje writes: There is no easy answer to your problem. Slow growing hair can be a nuisance, particularly in delicate circumstances like these. Clearly, you will have to wait for those follicles to lubricate thoroughly before you attempt to gain access to a third great gig. On the other hand, a wig need not be an embarrassment.

I am absolutely disgusted as regards the articles and interviews printed in your paper. Over the last few years, *NME* has stopped being a music paper which catered for most tastes and interviewed bands, writers, and composers who were actually contributing a great deal to music and its future, e.g. Yes, Moodies, Genesis, Mike Oldfield, Gong and Floyd to name just a few.
Now it's all new wave and punk and you can't exactly call it music. It's just a big rip-off. I can honestly say they are not even musicians. Anyway, it's not even new. The Stones, Pretty Things, Who and suchlike were doing 10 times better back in the early '60s. So unless you start printing articles and interviews on real bands, it's going to die. No offence meant, I would really like a reply on your views. Thanks.
ALUN HUGHES, Mid Glamorgan, S. Wales.
P.S. Could you please let me know if and when The Moody Blues are doing a UK tour and if possible the dates. I will gladly refund postage.
Moody Blues dates and venues coming right up. June 1, Lloyd George Memorial Hall, Pontrhydfendigaid, mid-Glamorgan; June 2, The Assembly Rooms, Llangannerch Wells, mid-Glamorgan; June 3, Pacific Hall, Nantgaredig-y-groes, mid-Glamorgan; June 4, Nye Bevan Memorial Rooms, Pont-rhyd-y-Dryslwyn, mid-Glamorgan. — B.E.

Roxy Music died — but on the third day they rose again, bigger and better than ever. So sod you and your bloody critics.
A. BELIEVER.
Just when we thought we'd nailed them. Makes you cross, don't it? — B.E.

Nick Kent's piece about Roxy Music surpassed Tony Parsons' emotive article on Bruce Springsteen. For a while I had been sickened by *NME's* attitude to the re-made, re-modelled Roxy. You preferred to exaggerate Ferry's idiosyncrasies instead of judging the band by their musical content. Also, as Nick Kent said, it was implied that the reason for Roxy's reformation lay in money, not in music, and the singles 'Trash' and 'Dance Away' and the album 'Manifesto' didn't get enough acclaim to assure Roxy weren't wasting their time. Was it kitsch to enjoy them a second time around? Or was it a case of "okay boys, you've had your fifteen minutes of fame", and now the backlash?
Nick Kent's article proves that you have at least one journalist on your paper. That's because he didn't limit himself to a personal opinion of Ferry. He remembered Roxy's past and put into perspective with the way the band is evolving now.
GHEE WHIZZ, Didsbury, Manchester.

Nick Kent is a complete wanker. His articles for *NME* are plain bad copy. They always tell the reader more about himself than they do about the band / artist he's supposed to be reviewing. People who specialise in mediocrity should not be allowed to work for *NME.*
BLUECHIN CAVEFIELD, Dronfield, Sheffield.
You leave people who specialise in mediocrity alone, Bluechin. We've got a living to make too. — B.E.

Who does that bastard Nick Kent think he is?
A TRUE ENO FAN.
A complete wanker. — BLUECHIN CAVEFIELD.

Stop censoring my let
D. WARF, England.

I am not going to be rude as I think it is more important to get my point across to you. Firstly
CASSANDRA GAGE, Richmond, Surrey.
Sorry, Cass, we've run out of space. — B.E.

The Bag goes on the blanket with Joe Strummer. Edited by BOB EDMANDS.

He's riling me, Joe . . .
He's riling me, Joe . . .
He's riling me, Joe . . .
You're riling me, Bob. I'll have to write to Gasbag about this . . .
Send it to Gasbag, 5-7 Carnaby St. W1.

T-ZERZ

Let us not talk falsely now (as some old tart with adenoids was occasionally wont to remark), the hour's getting late. In other words, the dots have absolutely no compunction about admitting to being totally confused. For the love of Monty, will someone please explain to us why London was crawling with pissed aggressive **Bay City Rollers** fans all weekend? 80,000 of the bleeders already! Stumbling around yelling at ordinary people, getting publicans so uptight that they closed their premises all Friday lunchtime, breaking things, waving flags. . .and all because **Les** 'The Wild One' **McKeown** has a solo album upcoming soon!

A valuable clue to these mysterious goings-on was provided by Mr **R. Stewart,** 37, a visitor from California. Stewart, a professional vocalist, attributes the invasion to some sort of football match which took place at Wembley over the weekend between football teams representing **England** and **Scotland.** This theory would seem to cover most of the available facts, especially since Stewart claims that Scotland lost. "That madman who ran onto the field cost Scotland the game," he elucidated. "They were going like a bomb until he upset their concentration. Don't ask me to smile after that result. I just wish we could stop these animals." So saying, he and his charming spouse boarded an aeroplane and sodded off into the wild blue yonder, ne'er to be mentioned in this week's *T-Zerz* column again (unless, of course, some particularly serious emergency arises later on). . .

And while four and twenty million schlubbos came down from Inverness and similar places to see balls get kicked aboot, another mob crawled through the mud an' t'ing to attend the Loch Lomond Festival. 17,000 showed up on Sat'd'y to see **The Stranglers** fail to ignite (which is why **Hugh Cornwall** presumably stayed at the bar looking dour most of the way through the **Gang Of Four's** Lyceum gig on Sunday), but over 35,000 showed up that selfsame Sunday for the second Loch Lomond nite when the **Average White Band** (who?) *almost* stole the show from the **Boomtown Rats** (well, that's what the dot on the spot reports). . .

The weekend's only unpleasantness occurred when 'security operatives' raised their knuckles from the ground and started whacking people about the head with them during **The Dickies'** set (well sheesh, you've got to do *something* during a Dickies' set) and two members of **Sneeky Pete** exposed themselves and got busted (the dots always thought that the veteran pedal steel virtuoso only had one member, but you never can tell). **Rockpile** failed to show after Dashing **Dai Edmunds,** still giddy from the joys of marital bliss, injured his hand when his car radiator exploded, and **The Edge, Blood Donor** and **Blue** were similarly conspicuous by their absences. Promoter **John Caulfield,** not to be outdone, threatened to charge the press admission (doesn't he know we're all broke because we spend our grossly inflated salaries on booze and flash clothes?) and then didn't show up at his own press conference. All the boring stuff (like what bands played and whether they were any good or not) next week. . .

When a man gets married, he feels like doing something different, and Eric Clapton is no exception. As the former Patti Boyd Harrison gets ready to have her living quarters cluttered up with a different selection of Stratocasters, Eric celebrates his new circumstances not by making a series of pointedly anti-racist remarks (which would be asking too much) but by standing between Charlie Watts and Georgie Fame while playing the bass. Elvis Costello, on the other hand, celebrates his return to matrimonial bliss by acting just like a human being (he's been doing this quite a lot of late and as devoted fans of his we're getting worried) and signing autographs at the bar of a Liverpool cruising vessel, cuddly fellow that he is. Pix: LFI, Marcus Featherby.

Still on the subject of kicking balls about, the long-suffering little town of Brighton was left holding the bag when vast numbers of punx showed up for a promised day of free fun, including a concert, fun-fair and 1000-a-side London/Glasgow punk football match last week. Sod all had been provided for them and there were mass busts and all sorts of unpleasantness. Bit of a raw deal that, ehhh?. . .

Connoisseurs of loud noise will be enthralled to learn that **Motorhead** and **The Damned** are planning a team-up single *(What? — Ed)* WE SAID MOTORHEAD AND THE DAMNED ARE TEAMING UP FOR A SINGLE *(Sorry, can't hear ya — Ed)* MOTORHEAD AND THE DAMNED ARE *(Okay, I heard you. So what? — Ed).* And in a slightly more gentlemanly vein, **Roxy Music** are enjoying their reunion so much that they're planning to return to the studio to churn out more product *(Watch it — Ed)* sorry, to chip more great art from their very breastbones as soon as they've fulfilled their current live commitments and yes, there will be more tours and they will be staying together and isn't life *wonderful?*. . .

Life is even more wonderful for happy beat funsters **John** and **Yoko Lennon.** According to a full-page paid ad that New York's answer to **Sid** and **Doris Bonkers** took out in the *New York Times,* **God** is always alive and magic is a foot or more. In part, the message states: "The past ten years we noticed everything we wished came true in its own time, good or bad, one way or the other. We kept telling each other that one of these days we would have to get organised and wish only for good things." Is this taking the piss or what? Okay troops, let's all wish for John Lennon to stop pissing about and release a great rock and roll album, and maybe if we all chant together we can stop this rain. . .

Anybody currently getting mucked about by the Inland Revenue can take comfort (not a lot, but some) from the fact that Chortling **Chuck Berry** has been indicted for three count-'em-three charges of tax evasion in the USA. It seems that old duckwalker has under-reported both his personal and corporate incomes (according to the US tax authorities, anyway) and that if he's found guilty, he faces a hefty fine and a possible return to the slammer. Run Rudolph Run. . .

At last a group who **Ian Penman** will admit to liking! The unfortunates in question are **Joy Division,** who have an album out soonest produced by **Martin Zero.** This bunch are also endorsed by **Max Bell, Paul Morley** and **Angus MacKinnon,** so what can we say apart from "Bet they're dreadful". . .

You can't keep a good man down — or even **Malcolm McLaren,** who is considering involving himself with frog combo **Telephone,** which isn't nearly as big an upset as **Kate Bush** turning down the opportunity to sing the **Paul Williams-John Barry** theme song from the new **James Bond** meets *Star Wars* 007 flick *Moonraker.* It's panic stations as the thing is due to open in three weeks but luckily **Shirley Bassey** stepped into the breach (whew). . .

Sing this all together in da altogether, youse cats: Los Angeles' Tropicana hotel was recently the scene of one of the most disgusting displays in the entire history of rock, not to mention roll. Ex-**Dead Boy** (and now presumably Live Boy) **Stiv Bators** went skinny-dipping in the hotel pool with **The Ramones** and — what with a break-in to Duke's, the diner (what a quaint Americanism) below the hotel — coppers were soon summoned to cart **Dee Dee** off to the pokey, presumably with a police cap over his genital areas. Yep, the hard news each week in *T-Zerz,* the column that's not afraid to call a genital area a genital area. . .

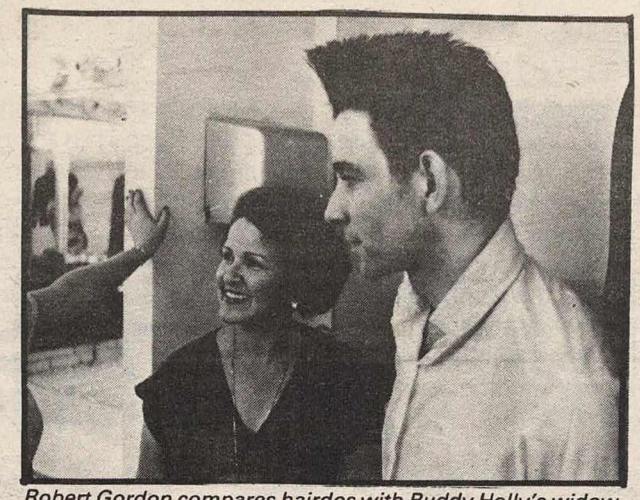
And still in Hollywood (this week's *T-Zerz* zips all over the globe so damn fast that you could get jetlag just reading the bleeder), the **FBI** just nabbed over $5,000,000 worth of coke by kitting young agents out with Ferraris and hip threads and sending them to infiltrate movie and rock circles. This however is judged to be peanuts compared with what's really going on. The Feds are also convinced that various "major entertainment figures" can assist them in their inquiries.

Cities on flame with rock and roll: leading Parisian venue The Stadium (or whatever that is in French) has burnt down, thereby making it rather difficult for forthcoming **Thin Lizzy** and **Rush** gigs to take place there. The last group to actually tread the stadium boards were French new wavers **Starshooter.** Lizzy's **Gary Moore** consoled himself by jamming with **The Bishops** at the end of their riotous two-night stand at London's Nashville, climaxing his appearance by flicking a guitar pick into the slavering audience. Flash bleeder — it wasn't even his pick. . .

Attractions' drummer **Pete Thomas** seen reenacting his mod past during **The Specials'** set at the Lyceum on Sunday **(Elvis** was there as well, but he was taking a leak at the time and the dots were too shy to follow E.C. into the can). When challenged by *T-Zers* to take The Specials on as support on the next Costello tour, Thomas riposted, "Are you kidding? They'd probably blow us off every night" and returned to his gyrating. Incidentally, Costello refused a blag from Honest **Ron Wood** to be a **New Barbarian** on the grounds that he was in need of rest. Ron offered to paint his portrait and delay his wake-up call until 4pm. but the Big El still wasn't having any (come to that, **Keith** wasn't having any either. Who said leopards can't change their spots or whatever). . .

Neil Young's next album has entered the mastering stage in an L.A. studio. Our technical staff report that this means that the album has already been recorded and mixed, and 'mastering' is the final stage before pressing. This means that the album should be released sometime within the next six years. . .

The dots offer their congratulations and envy to young, healthy **Max Bell** for being the third *NME* writer (previous winners **Tony Tyler** and **Mick Farren)** to break into *Private Eye's* Pseuds Corner. Bell announced that he was "chuffed", but when requested by a dot to make a slightly more pretentious statement, amended his comment to "very chuffed."



Robert Gordon compares hairdos with Buddy Holly's widow Maria Elena while they discuss the final casting for the forthcoming biopic The Gary Busey Story. Pic: T. J. Edwards.

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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BETTER BADGES

TOP TEN

This week		Last week
1	Rock Against Thatcher	(5)
2	Clash Police	(1)
3	Jam (red)	(4)
4	Undertones	(—)
5	S.L.F.	(2)
6	Jam (Tube Station)	(3)
7	Jam (Mod Cons)	(—)
8	Ruts	(—)
9	Highly Imflammable	(—)
10	Siouxsie Gauche Girl	(7)

Competition winners
1st — £5. Harder! harder! and now the width! Mr Great Person of Gwent.
2nd — £3. You are 'ed injury of the Surrey Vomit and I claim my blow on the head. Noel Jones of Kingston.
3rd — £2. Hang on a minute fellas my shoelace is undone!

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